

GENERAL LITERATURE
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER, 1919
METHODIST REVIEW
(BIMONTHLY)

WILLIAM V. KELLEY, L.H.D., Editor

CONTENTS

	PAGE
I. Bishop Franklin Hamilton. <i>George P. Eckman, D.D., LL.D., Scranton, Pa.</i>	673
II. Sarah Mehl, A Newspaper Idyll. <i>George C. Peck, D.D., Baltimore, Md.</i>	680
III. Miracles and the Modern Man. <i>Professor John A. Faulkner, D.D., Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.</i>	700
IV. Balzac's Brutal Facts in the Light of the New France. <i>Professor Charles G. Shaw, Ph.D., New York University, New York, N. Y.</i>	715
V. Legatees and Legators of Laughter. <i>Rev. H. A. Reed, A.M., Elma, N. Y.</i>	726
VI. A Layman's Diagnosis of Certain Church Aches. <i>James B. Scott, Consulting Engineer, Philadelphia, Pa.</i>	734
VII. "The Faultless Painter": Browning's Gospel of Aspiration. <i>A. L. Semans, A.M., D.D., Salina, Kan.</i>	748
VIII. Beyond the Sunset. <i>Charles C. Woods, D.D., Monrovia, Cal.</i>	757
IX. Neighbor Nameless on Ministering. <i>Anonymous</i>	770
X. Campo del Soñador. <i>Robert M. Gatke, A.M., Lyons, Ore.</i>	776

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS:

Notes and Discussions.....	780
Dr. Lyman on the Everlasting Arms, 780.	
The Arena.....	792
A Pernicious Propaganda, 792; Britain's Part, 794.	
Archaeology and Biblical Research.....	796
The Samaritan Passover, 796.	
Foreign Outlook.....	802
Dr. Lepsius on Germany and Armenia, 1914-18, 802; A Backward Glance over the Theology of the War-Time, 804; The Passing of Harriet, 805.	
Book Notices.....	807
▲ Reading Course.....	835

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Franklin Hamilton

METHODIST REVIEW

SEPTEMBER, 1919

BISHOP FRANKLIN HAMILTON

DELAYED twenty-four hours in sailing from Liverpool, Emerson bemoaned the tedium of his lot, and muttered: "Ah, me! Mr. Thomas Carlyle, I would give a gold pound for your wise company this gloomy evening." An uncounted host of lonely hearts have a similar longing for the gracious comradeship of Franklin Hamilton, and sometimes fancy they have it, forgetting that he is gone—so strongly does his spiritual influence persist. Therein lies the secret of the man. Above all his other fine qualities, and irradiating every one of them, was his power to make men love him. It would be an imprudence to print the half of what his friends still say of him. Months after his departure, asked for a critical judgment of his worth, all sorts and conditions of men with one accord praise him. It seems like a conspiracy of affection. We can only guess what the angels think of him, but God apparently shares the sentiment of men, and did a strange thing to show it. He gave Franklin Hamilton the best furnishing for the bishopric that could be provided at the time and then allowed him only two years to occupy it, evidently having a better position for him elsewhere. No other explanation of the facts is adequate. He was born at Pleasant Valley, Ohio, August 9th, 1866; consecrated a bishop at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., May 28, 1916; released from service by what we call death in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, May 15, 1918. Only one man in the history of American Methodism has held his bishopric for a shorter period. Erastus O. Haven was but a year and three months in the episcopate, but he was sixty years of age when elected. Franklin Hamilton was fifty when called to the high office. He was apparently in full vigor of life, but in twice twelve months his toil on earth was ended. Why he should have

been permitted to withdraw with his supreme work just begun is a mystery impossible for earthly minds to solve. Judged by human standards there is a bitter irony in such a culmination, but faith rests on the assurance that God makes no blunders, though His strategy be not justified in the sight of men. Martin Luther besought God to reveal the divine purpose in a certain inscrutable event, but he seemed to hear the voice of the Eternal responding: "I am not to be traced."

How great pains God took with Franklin Hamilton one sees from his birth and breeding. He was the youngest son of the Rev. William Charles Patrick and Henrietta Dean Hamilton. His father was a stalwart Methodist circuit rider in Ohio and Virginia, and his brothers were endowed with much force of character. The oldest is Bishop John W. Hamilton, now and for several years chancellor of the American University, a man of eloquence, high executive ability and ecclesiastical statesmanship. The second, Jay Benson Hamilton, is a well-known preacher who has wrought valiantly and effectively for the better support of the retired minister. The third, Wilbur Dean Hamilton, is an artist and painter of portraits. The versatility displayed in the family of the talented Irish preacher flourished luxuriantly in the latest-born son. Out of the straitened conditions of an itinerant minister's home, in a day when salaries were meager and toil was abundant, Franklin Hamilton came forth endowed with many gifts of heaven. He had a fine presence. No man could see him without being impressed that he was an unusual person. His portrait reveals the warmth of his temperament and the dominance of his brain, but one must have observed the whole figure in action to have a true measure of the man's native strength and symmetry. To his physical superiority was joined a mind of singular excellence, an instrument capable of unremitting toil, enriched by clear powers of discrimination, possessing an affinity for the finer things of the spirit, devoid of disturbing illusions, with wide vision, yet with practical sense; a good usable brain that could keep its balance and would go straight on with the business in hand. The inner nature of the man ennobled his body and illuminated his mind. He was a gentleman by instinct. His kindly disposition toward

men was not an acquisition but a gift. The grace of God was upon him from childhood, and "he increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man." He started life with a strong will. Without it bodily excellence, intellectual vigor and grace of spirit would not have availed to give him eminence. He was so constituted that, having embarked upon an enterprise, he would carry it through despite any discouragements, and having been set down in the center of things various and perplexing he would proceed at all hazards to master them. He had a deep moral nature, quickened and disciplined by spiritual aspirations. He saw truth clearly and embraced it ardently. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. He was incapable of a mean action. Thus he began with great natural advantages, and it was the peculiarity of his fortune that his friends usually referred to his inherited characteristics as if they had been acquired by his own perseverance and therefore ought to be set down to his personal credit.

What must be put to his account is that Franklin Hamilton met the challenge of the divine bounty by resolving to use it to the utmost of his ability. He did not want to disappoint God. He realized that every achieving man is the joint product of what Divine Providence gives him and what he himself does with the capital intrusted to him. God provides birth, breeding, talents, and opportunity. A man uses or misuses these benefactions according to the spirit that is in him. Jean Paul Richter said: "I have made as much out of myself as could be made of the stuff, and no man should require more." But God does demand that much, so Hamilton thought, and he set to work on the material at his disposal with great earnestness of purpose. What Browning places on the lips of a less worthy man he might have made his own—the claim to have

Braved sorrow, courted joy, to just one end;
Namely, that just the creature I was bound
To be I should become, nor thwart at all
God's purpose in creation. I conceive
No other duty possible to man—
Highest mind, lowest mind; no other law
By which to judge life failure or success;
What folk call being saved or cast away.

He determined to secure an education broad and deep enough to meet any emergency. Under the guidance of his big brother, now the white-plumed chancellor-bishop, he began his studies in the Boston Latin School. Here he stood so high that he swept off a whole sheaf of prizes, graduating with much honor in 1883. As the majority of his classmates entered Harvard he naturally went with them. His brother, John W. Hamilton, was then under the burden of the People's Temple of Boston. To pay the boy's bills was beyond his power. The brother next above Franklin in age, then also a resident of Boston and who died of a surgical operation many years afterward, undertook to finance the lad in college. It turned out to be a not difficult task, for Franklin nearly worked his way through on the prizes and scholarships he obtained. In 1885 he won the Old South Prize for historical studies in Boston. During his course in Harvard he secured both the Bowdoin and the Boylston prizes. He became editor-in-chief of the Harvard Daily Crimson. He was also chosen a member of Phi Beta Kappa and a member of its literary committee. The two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Harvard occurred during his junior year, and he was elected to deliver the oration for the under-graduates, the alumni address on the same occasion being given by James Russell Lowell. Both speeches were printed in a book published to commemorate the event. Franklin Hamilton was selected as class orator and served also as one of the Commencement speakers, graduating with much distinction in 1887. How he appeared to the student body in his under-graduate days is well described by one of his classmates, who says: "I shall always remember the first impression which Hamilton made upon me. I did not know him even to bow to, but I was tremendously impressed with his appearance, which was always that of a serious, high-minded scholar. . . . His features were so clean-cut and so strong and his whole bearing was that of a man much older than he really was. In fact, I was two years older than he and yet I always felt his junior." After graduation he spent a year teaching Greek and Latin in Chattanooga University. Then, being still unsatisfied with his scholastic attainments, he went abroad and spent nearly three years in post-graduate courses at Berlin Uni-

versity and in Paris. At Berlin he was a favorite pupil of the celebrated Ferdinand Piper, with whom he engaged in researches in pagan antiquities and symbolism. A fellow student in Berlin University says that together he and Hamilton listened to Zeller, Paulsen, and attended Paulsen's Seminary on Kant, and testifies: "Hamilton had a superb mind, and was in fact one of the two most brilliant men I ever knew as a student." One can readily fancy with what ardor Franklin Hamilton followed the bent of his intellectual craving as he pored over the treasures to be found in the capitals of Prussia and France and mingled with the personages who could best satisfy the aspirations of his soul. He was a student all his life, and when his formal education was finished he was just beginning that expansion of his equipment which never ceased until he breathed his last on earth. Doubtless his researches continue in the invisible world whither all too soon he took his pilgrimage.

God did not stop with simply endowing Franklin Hamilton. He issued to him a summons to spiritual leadership. The lure of the Christian ministry caught and held him. With a father and two brothers in that sacred calling it would naturally be suggested to his mind. But was this an intimation from heaven or the mere outgrowth of his surroundings? At last the drift of events and the desire of his own soul united to determine him. The conviction of his mission was upon him in Harvard. Professor George Herbert Palmer, after saying that Franklin Hamilton was a favorite student of his, standing among the first in his course in ethics, continues: "I thought him so promising that I suggested to him that he devote his life to teaching philosophy. . . . Such a life was very attractive to his taste, and I think it was largely on that account that he refused it. He had a soldierly temper and was determined to give his life to the poor and needy. Nothing could divert him from the ministry, though I felt he would be as true a minister in the teacher's chair. He gave himself to his work with all his heart." Those lines are worth pondering. They not only show Hamilton at a crisis deciding for the higher interests, but also reveal his love for humanity and his purpose to give sacrificial service to his generation.

A German university even before the war was not regarded by thoughtful Christians as a congenial place for the development of spiritual ideals, but in the case of Hamilton the reactions of Berlin were all to the advantage of religion. Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, who was with Hamilton in Berlin, says: "Often we have sat until one or two o'clock in the morning nibbling rye bread sandwiches and pretzels, washed down with cocoa, and discussing philosophy or metaphysics. We ranged far afield in our philosophical discussions, but he always came back to the fact that in any case he was going to go home and work in the Methodist Church because he loved it and believed in the work it was doing. Where we came out in metaphysical discussions did not seem to give him much concern, for his mind was all set on behalf of the emotional and practical attitudes that his Methodism involved. In this, of course, he was quite right from the point of view of the latest psychology, for the attitudes of strong and leading men never flow from their speculations but from their fundamental reactions to life and experience."

On his return from Europe Franklin Hamilton entered the Boston School of Theology from which he was graduated in 1892, being one of the Commencement speakers of the year. In this school of the prophets whatever depletion of the evangelical spirit he may have suffered in Berlin was corrected and his zeal for the service of humanity through the ministry of the gospel became intensified. He entered the pastorate with much enthusiasm and gave himself immediately to successful work. From 1892 to 1895 he was stationed in East Boston, where he organized a church and built its edifice. From 1895 until 1900 he was pastor of the church in Newtonville, Massachusetts, and in 1900-1908 of the First Church of Boston, the longest pastorate in the history of the church up to that time. His brother, John W. Hamilton, had been pastor of the church twenty-five years before and this afforded him a fine introduction. The union of the First Church on Hanover Street and Grace Church on Temple Street was effected at the beginning of his pastorate. During his work there, so writes one who has been a member of that church since 1875, "He was constantly active, alert, and able in forwarding all lines of Chris-

tian activity and was greatly beloved by all of our people. The most extensive repairs and improvements that have been made since the church was originally built were projected and carried to completion during his pastorate." He also took an active part in the municipal campaigns for civic reform. It was during this term that with his family he made a tour around the world, 1904-1905, spending much time in the Far East, where he studied foreign missions and acquainted himself with the literature and philosophy of the Oriental religions, thus fitting himself for missionary supervision and for certain literary productions which were to give distinction to his name as a writer.

From the pastorate to the chancellorship of the American University in 1908 was not so abrupt a transition for him as it would have been for some others, since so large a part of his life had been spent in scholastic experiences. However, the teaching function was not the primary requirement for the new position. He was now to assume the responsibilities of a high administrative trust. Sixteen years in the pastorate had given him valuable acquaintance with the business of handling money and men. But here was something essentially different. Scholarship would count for little more than to give prestige to an institution which must have for its head a man of erudition. What was most needed was a masterly hand to guide an enterprise which had never enjoyed the enthusiastic support of the church and the very practicability of which was still in question, and to make it succeed by skillfully securing friends for it and wisely directing its career to an achievement which would compel general approval. No formal inauguration occurred when he was inducted into the chancellorship. As another has said, "He quietly took the reins and held them." The situation was so unhopeful that many persons admonished Hamilton that he was making an undue sacrifice of his own interests. But no sooner had prosperity commenced to dawn on his undertaking than critics began to suggest that he had assumed the difficult thing only to feed a fond ambition. The cynic must always find some reason for a sacrificial act which his nature is incapable of explaining apart from a selfish motive. The fact which impressed the church was that Hamilton was surely making headway,

and immediately the place which he had taken when it was most undesirable began to appear very attractive to other persons. Consequently the tone of comment changed toward him and his work.

His approach to this task could not be better described than in the words of Bishop Cranston, published in *The American University Courier*, July, 1918:

Under the circumstances a weak man would have summoned the Board to a pretentious program which would have been a trumpet challenge to all adversaries. But Chancellor Hamilton came without pretense of skill or special wisdom. He brought no set program of campaign. He proposed no spectacular methods. He just came and went quietly about the drudgery of his office, first acquainting himself with every detail of the university's affairs and interests. His business instinct took quick account of essential values. He saw the need of keeping the Board constantly advised as to the condition of its trust, to the least item. He established close and confidential relations with his advisers, and relied so fully on their judgment that from first to last the administration was harmonious. . . .

Not one breath of useless lamentation did the new chancellor waste over the chronic inertia that had been for years the comment of the unfriendly and the disappointment of the friends of the university. He quietly garnered every hopeful utterance and was cordial to every friendly expression of interest in its welfare. He made no catalogue of adversaries, nor did he seek to identify anybody as such, but as if oblivious to all adverse influence he suavely smiled his way into every bellicose group or camp without apology for his presence, accepting good wishes for active cooperation and even apathetic neutrality as loyalty. Who could fight such a man? Winning new friends for his cause, silencing old enemies and making no new ones, he largely succeeded in creating a new atmosphere for the university, especially in the Church.

Then came the new Chancellor's plan for the actual opening of the university and the partial fulfillment of the dream of its founder, Bishop Hurst. This scheme was outlined in an article which appeared in the *METHODIST REVIEW* for March, 1914, and which is one of the best pieces of writing Hamilton ever did. It presents at the beginning the characteristic intellectual demands of the age; namely, the search for the ultimate reality, the vitalization of truth when discovered, and the extensive development of individualism. He then proceeds to show in most practical fashion how the American University can meet these requirements: first,

by utilizing the immense treasures laid open by the government in Washington for scientific research and scholarly investigation under capable direction; second, by the establishment of lectureships at the seat of the university, or wherever else may be deemed advisable, through which priceless knowledge may be made available to an increasing number of inquirers; third, by the maintenance of a system of fellowships granted to qualified students on the nomination of other universities for work to be pursued in any approved educational institutions or other places of investigation in America and in foreign countries. This plan was not born in a day. It took form after two years of conference with bishops, secretaries, religious and secular educators, statesmen, administrators, and leaders in almost every walk of life. At about the same time that it appeared the plan was placed before the Board of Education, the Educational Association, and the University Senate, all within five weeks, and adopted by these three bodies, unanimously by two of them, with practical unanimity by the third, and seriously and cordially by all. The American University was opened May 27, 1914, in the presence of a large company, with impressive exercises, in which President Wilson, Bishop Cranston, Bishop McDowell, Secretary Daniels, Secretary Bryan and other distinguished men participated. The plan was put into operation as rapidly as possible. Its beginnings were modest, but they went steadily forward and have continued during the present administration. The director of research was appointed and the work under his guidance has gone on with fine results. There have been forty-three annual fellowships granted in Columbia, Yale, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Northwestern, and other American universities. Some fellows have been accredited to institutions abroad, but the war made it impossible for them to use their privilege. Students have come from institutions within the church and from many on the outside. The lectureships are awaiting an opportune moment for their establishment.

It frequently happens that the bookish man is barren of hard sense and does not take kindly to financial affairs. It was quite otherwise with Hamilton. The vision of a great Protestant center of intellectual and moral influence at the heart of the nation capti-

vated him. Many men could have that experience without the ability to actualize it. To the surprise of most persons who were acquainted with the situation Franklin Hamilton immediately developed great strength in the handling of business. During his administration the productive endowment of the American University was greatly increased. With consummate skill he reorganized its funds and placed the institution on a sound financial basis. After his death the President of the Board of Trustees of the American University wrote: "He had great executive ability, tireless energy, and was a natural leader of men." The treasurer of the Board wrote: "He was a man of great gifts, eminently successful in the administration of business affairs and greatly beloved by all who were associated with him."

It is believed by those who knew him best that Hamilton's deepest longings would have been satisfied had he been able to proceed with the chancellorship of the university until it had realized and justified the hopes of its promoters. But the church had further business for him, and in 1916 he was elected to the episcopacy and assigned to the Pittsburgh area. By a strange providence he came into the territory which his father had traveled as a preacher many years before. He did so at the request of an influential body of ministers and laymen. It is confessed by the leaders of that section that Franklin Hamilton surpassed their expectations. He uniformly made a fine impression on the Conferences over which he presided. He showed a large grasp of the problems of his office, and he dealt like a statesman with the situations he met. In the fall of 1916, after he had held the three Conferences of the area to which he had been designated, the editor of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* wrote:

Bishop Franklin Hamilton is here with a defined area of three strong Conferences in the heart of the nation and of Methodism. He came to his kingdom, however, not as resident Bishop, but as president of the three Conferences which he has just held in as many consecutive weeks. It is simply to state the truth to say that he has won the hearts of the leaders of the people called Methodists in this region, the preachers and laymen who attended the Conference sessions this year. He has shown himself gracious, strong, discriminating, commanding and efficient. He was among the brethren as a brother. In his addresses he was very much more than pleasing, though he was that in an eminent degree; he

touched the depths of the best Methodist and human feeling; he stressed the vital truths of the Christian religion and interpreted them in the thought of the age. He faced very difficult situations in two of his Conferences, but in a brotherly way showed himself master.

This judgment was approved by the Methodism of the entire territory and was sustained and strengthened by the new bishop's work in the two years of service permitted to him.

To be a bishop is not so desirable a thing that any man should want it for his own satisfaction. The temporary honors that it brings are embittered by the care and anxiety which attend it. The fame of it is terribly short. Very few persons, and they chiefly of the ministry, could at this moment recite the names of our living bishops in full; and in the next generation the record of a majority of these conspicuous leaders will be reduced to a single line in the Year Book. If a man has been a successful educator, a trenchant writer, or a missionary who has lived and died for a heathen tribe, he will have secured a greater earthly immortality than any bishop can obtain apart from some monumental service of this character. On all accounts it is safe to assume that if a sensible man really wants to be a bishop he is impelled by a desire for a place in which, under most exacting circumstances, he may use an opportunity of wide possibilities for the good of humanity and the glory of God. The significant thing is that men of Hamilton's type seek position in the Church and not in the state. He would have made himself a man of mark in any field. The Church elevated him, not because she lacked men, but because she regarded him as a man she could not afford to leave outside the bishopric.

It was during his chancellorship that the Church came to know Franklin Hamilton as an orator. His sermons and addresses while in the pastorate had charmed the congregations which heard them. The official necessity of appearing everywhere in the United States in behalf of the university gave him a wide and diversified auditory. His growing fame called him to the lecture platform and to the pulpits of the strongest churches. In all these opportunities he showed himself a speaker of distinction. It was in his brief tenure as a bishop, however, that he attained the climax of

his reputation for eloquence. His experience in forensic discussion had been limited. He was still a learner in the school of general church business when he died. His type of mind does not naturally run to debate. His scholastic training was not calculated to incite ecclesiastical controversy. But his broad knowledge of affairs made his counsel invaluable. Familiarity with foreign missions and a growing acquaintance with the problems of the episcopacy in America were urging him to combat, and as often as he essayed to measure weapons with a contestant he handled himself adroitly and well.

It was on the platform and in the pulpit that his characteristic talents had their freest and fullest exercise. Here he was masterly and imposing. His rich stores of information gave him abundant material. He had been reared in the best traditions. He spoke with fluency and accuracy. His speech was enlivened by historical allusions and by illustrations from travel and common life. He knew the human heart and how to touch it. The rhetorical finish of his periods and a certain stateliness of language always at his command would have diminished his popularity had he not possessed so gracious a manner and so evident a purpose to get into intimate understanding with his audience. He knew the worth of pathos and humor, of vivid narrative and large free-hand pictures, and he used them effectively.

He was not vociferous but he was forceful. His reserve was an element of power. It left a true impression that he was greater than the things he said. After he became bishop, with the immense pressure of the new task upon him and the enlarging vision of things yet to be, he frequently overflowed the banks of reserve and was borne along on a wide and deep current of emotion. Great stories are told in the Pittsburgh area of his eloquence. He seemed to experience a new birth. His audiences were sympathetic, they drew upon his resources, they fairly transfigured him. It is a pity he could not have gone on. Perhaps then we should have had an orator of a new type and of surpassing quality. Unless, indeed, the drying and deadening process of official life had paralyzed his fancy. It is commonly remarked that after a few years in the bishopric most men begin to decline in preaching power. Insuffi-

cient time is allowed for pulpit preparation. The puzzling problems of administration clog the mind. What is more determinative than anything else, the lack of personal touch with the common people impairs the element of vitality. Hamilton's deep interest in mankind and his joy in mingling with all classes would doubtless have preserved him from this deterioration. The severely logical quality of mind was denied Hamilton. Of course, he had reason with him but he was not essentially argumentative. He fulfilled in a striking way the dictum of John Burroughs respecting oratory: "The great secret of eloquence is to set mass in motion, to marshal together facts and considerations, imbue them with passion, and hurl them like an army on the charge upon the mind of the reader or hearer."

It is not difficult to conjecture the development of Franklin Hamilton in the bishopric had he been spared to the Church another score of years. His mental and moral characteristics give the indication. He had an alert and inquisitive mind. He was eager to obtain knowledge from any source. Thus he gathered an immense fund of information on a great variety of subjects. He possessed an unusual memory. His acquisitions were always ready for use. This made him an attractive conversationalist and an effective public speaker. Apparently no topic of current interest or general literature could be presented on which he was unable to discourse intelligently and profitably, while in the distinctive fields of his own investigation he spoke with the tone of authority. But nothing was left to the chances of a public occasion. He was most painstaking in his preparation for speech. His subjects obtruded themselves upon his mind at night and were clarified by thought in the darkness. Frequently he would outline an address or sermon on his pillow or he would frame the form of something he desired to write. He did not find it necessary, like some, to rise and set down his thoughts and expressions. He would readily recall them in the morning. Many speakers have found that addresses thus conceived are not as fine under the glare of daylight as they appeared to be under the haze of midnight. It was not so with him. He had remarkable powers of concentration. The noisy playing of children in his workroom

did not disturb him. The mental equilibrium of the man and his wide acquaintance with people and countries made him adaptable to any society. He was welcome wherever he went, and no more agreeable guest ever entered the home of a stranger. Archaeology was one of his fondest pursuits. Antiquities had for him an irresistible charm. He was a born collector, and carefully cherished his accumulating treasures. When he made his episcopal visit to Porto Rico he spent his leisure in searching for things rare and ancient till he found a couple of old Spanish pistols, which he later gave to his sons; also two old swords for the same recipients and pieces of very old mahogany furniture for his wife. He owned one of the best private collections of Wesleyana in America, and compiled the bibliography used by Methodists in celebrating the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Wesley.

In temperament he was fortunate, being invariably cheerful. His poise was not disturbed by those alternations of despondency which often harass men of sanguine disposition. Great seriousness, however, marked his demeanor in the presence of difficult problems. He had much personal charm. His inherent winsomeness was heightened by culture and refined by religion. "Given a fair chance, he could make any man his friend," said one who knew him in the most sacred intimacy. Suffusing all his qualities was an indefinable spirit which captivated as if by magic those who met him. This is not to be confounded with that ready affability which is a fortune to the apt politician. It is a more delicate thing and eludes definition. Hamilton could not be undignified even when playful. One of his classmates in Harvard says it would be impossible to think of him as slapping a comrade on the back, or being the object of such a boisterous token of good fellowship. It was difficult for him in his student days to unbend. This was not a pose but a constitutional trait. Hamilton felt this limitation, and in after years overcame it in large measure. The one charge against him in college was his seriousness. This prevented him from being popular in the ordinary sense. He seldom mingled in the lighter affairs of his class, yet he commanded universal respect. No better proof of this can be given than his election by the class to the position of class orator on Commencement day.

No one thought of contending against him, not because he was popular but because he was proficient.

One explanation of this early seriousness was his necessity to work to keep himself going. Another is the native modesty of the man. The aspiring soul can be diffident. The scholarly man is usually cautious about pushing himself. "If you ever hear me talk of myself stop me," he often said to his wife. It was characteristic of him to retire from view even when the occasion demanded his presence at the front. At Pittsburgh his ministers found it necessary forcibly to drag him out to receive the publicity to which he was entitled as a bishop. Yet this man, so hesitant to assert himself, when time and the occasion required it was fearless in the performance of duty. He was masterful in dealing with the problems coming to him as university chancellor and later as bishop. It is said in Pittsburgh that the courteous gentleman was also the firm administrator.

Deep conscientiousness lay at the heart of all his work. Duty was the great word in his lexicon. His epitaph reads: "He was a good man and just." Tireless in his efforts for others, friendship was almost a religion with him. Such a man will have strong personal influence. It was not what he did but what he was that held men to him. In the General Conference he was unobtrusive, almost silent, save in committees. No man listened to debate with more serious attention. His very gravity was influential. His election to the bishopric was a testimonial to the impression of solidity he made. It was believed that he would exercise the office with dignity and force.

An ecclesiastical leader requires diplomacy. This he possessed in a marked degree. No one could more gently approach the irritated or more effectually assuage the fretful. The only fault named by one who was very close to him was his desire to please everyone. It is held that such a policy ends in pleasing no one. If it is not chastened by judgment, regulated by conscience, and held in leash by duty, it will indeed squander itself in vanity. But if it is an honest desire to be helpful in every case, while sacrificing no responsibility, it will stabilize character and save the man who has it from prejudice and partiality. This

is what resulted in the case of Franklin Hamilton, than whom no fairer-minded man ever lived.

Probably none but his closest friends dreamed what fervency he would put into his work as a bishop. His life had been calm, in part cloistered. He was unacquainted with the noise of controversy. But no sooner was he at the business of episcopal supervision than he burst into flames. His nearest comrades believe that he worked himself to death. While chancellor of the university he wrote hundreds of letters with his own hand that he might economize in the expense of clerical help. He gave himself to details which should have been handled by some subordinate. He watched his trust with consuming attention. When he came to Pittsburgh he seemed to be hunting opportunities for work far beyond his or any other man's strength. He had no ability at refusing invitations for public service. On the Sunday before his death he preached three times in Wheeling, West Virginia, and on Monday lectured for the benefit of a church in Pittsburgh. Meanwhile, he had been assiduous in preparations for the entertainment of the Board of Bishops, whose semi-annual meeting opened in his city on Wednesday. The Sunday following he fell on sleep. A former classmate in Harvard said of him: "He was too serious. He had a real New England conscience. He did not know how to play any more than some of his Puritan ancestors."

His home was the world in which his character was most graciously exhibited, and those who dwelt there experienced the joy of his presence and the nobility of his influence as no others could. He was married to Miss Mary Mackie Pierce, daughter of the late Hon. Edward L. Pierce, the biographer of Charles Sumner. They had two sons, Edward Pierce and Arthur Dean, and one daughter, Elizabeth Louise. The elder son was a lieutenant of artillery, and served by his own choice in a colored regiment in the American forces overseas during the late war. The younger son was in training and soon to embark for France when the armistice was signed. It is a touching circumstance that, while Franklin Hamilton tossed in the troubled billows of his latest hours, his mind anxiously clung to the hope that he would receive tidings from the boy who had gone to fight for freedom,

telling of his safe arrival in Europe. The message came, but not till the father's eyes were closed, and then it was placed in his white hands and went with him to his last resting place.

Franklin Hamilton's interest in life was profound. He loved its atmosphere and its burdens. His plans were many and they were full of color. He was prepared for a mighty conquest. He served in the midst of a world war that gave him great solicitude. He saw the bright prospect awaiting Christianity when the conflict should be terminated. He was not given the opportunity to participate in the new development of civilization. One can be sure that he would have bestowed upon the church a bishopric that would have adorned her history had he been permitted to remain on earth. Comparisons are impossible. It is a new day, and he was a new kind of bishop, essentially adapted to the age in which he appeared. By so much the more is the loss sustained by the church irreparable. Yet none can doubt he marches forward in some high mission among the sons of light.

Geo. P. Eckman.

SARAH MEHL, A NEWSPAPER IDYLL

YES, I found it in one of the daily prints. Yet even that admission is nothing against the idyllic beauty of the story. Amid the clutter of a great modern journal one may often stumble over or past just such a life-gem. Even newspaper editors will cheerfully agree that truth may be immensely stranger than the fiction purveyed as news. But the truth is harder to get at; not so near the surface, nor to be had always for the asking, nor standing around, hat in hand, waiting to be noticed by a journalist. The truth of things is half-shy, furtive even; must be wooed into showing her face. Whereas—anybody can fancy how much too slow is that process of getting at the heart of a matter. Linotypes might need to pause for an unwonted breathing space. Moreover so many columns must be filled with *something*. How else would medium be provided for the plethora of advertising? I've not yet quite made up my mind whether a modern newspaper, or even a famous weekly with circulation mounting to seven figures, is published for the sake of the advertisements; or the streaming columns of what to buy and where to dine are inserted to help pay expenses for giving us the news. Besides, there is a sort of fascination, I suppose, in jumping from one page to another in quest of the rest and residue of the story—or whatever it was you began on page one or seven. And still further—for I was thinking of the editor's problem—there is always the competing journal to be reckoned with. And woe betide that reporter who fails to get first under the wire with somewhat that can be put into type.

Thus the truth that is startlingly stranger than fiction has to go by in daily papers and popular weeklies, in sober reviews and ordinary human exchange. Not because we are prejudiced against the truth, or distrust it specially; merely because it is harder to come up with, or hides its head like the modest flower it is.

'Twas that way with my newspaper idyll. The more I think about it the more surprised I am that it got into print. There were at least a dozen other ways of rounding out the story. And,

of course, I cannot give a gentleman's word that the sentence which caught my eye was spoken by the little heroine. But it sounds like the truth at its best. It is sweet as truth commonly is on the tongue. It blazes not—merely shines as glow-worms do when dark has fallen. "I just wanted her," protested the lassie whose name and deed were on so many tongues that reporters scarcely could pass her by. She quite resented so much publicity and so many questions. Evidently, when she did the quick thing that contemporaries said was heroic, the last consideration with her was the effect upon the public of her spontaneous deed.

Somewhat dreary and dwarfing ails any piece of human service when its doer has a sharp eye upon the bulletin boards, or regales himself in advance upon the sweetness of his good fame. To be sure, that sort of wages is not to be disregarded—if you want some folks to work at all. Perhaps 'tis nobler to work for that than for a salary in cash. I am only saying that, when you draw off from certain praiseful deeds the love of notoriety and lust of applause, the residuum is painfully reduced. Kipling's day, in which "no one shall work for wages, and no one shall work for fame," is still far in the future. I wonder if Kipling ever had the fun of meeting the man he sings about who, "for the joy of the working," does his full bit. Just "the joy of the working" at anything; easel or engine, banking or bedside, passing a cup of coffee in the trenches or mounting a cross on a hill.

Yes, there are such on earth. And, fortunately, you may happen to meet one of them any ordinary day. I had that good fortune just as I paused, in the train, to sharpen my pencil. We jostled elbows, he and I. He wore the khaki that, a year ago, brightened more than with crimson and gold the azure skies of France. And, after some commonplace exchanges between us, I ventured to open the theme suggested by his uniform. Yes, he had seen service—a year and a half of it (this quite impersonally). He looked the part; bronzed, husky and clear-eyed. Yes, he was going home soon—and his face kindled. Still I angled on, persuaded by a sort of fisherman's sixth sense that there were shining beauties in the quiet waters of his talk. Then, by a lucky cast I got the bite I was after; worth all my patient sportsmanship.

With a touch of confusion, as of a boy caught at his prayers, he confessed judgment to a piece of real heroism. He had obeyed the rules when rules were inexorable, and he had played the game against death. You might have thought he had merely changed his collar or paid a trolley-fare. It was nothing, he said, just nothing at all. Maybe, if he lives a score or more years, his quiet rendezvous with death will look heroic to *him*. But not yet. So far he is typical of that dun-clad host that streamed overseas to seed down with the flower of Culloden the already consecrated soil of France; and to come back, if they might, to make nothing of it—just “nothing at all.” If anything were needed to complete the story of our participation in the world’s supreme agony it is the modesty of the real participants. Almost as quiet as the fifty-odd thousand who fell asleep under the lilies of France are the returning men who staked most for the Cause.

I love the shyness of them. Said a youngster who had won the French Croix de Guerre, and was asked where he wore it, “On my undershirt. I couldn’t bear to show off with those poor devils dying around me.” Of course he couldn’t. And of such is the kingdom of heroes and heaven. When “Blind Tom” finished a selection at the piano, and the audience stormed its approval, Tom was as likely as not to turn toward the footlights and clap his own clever hands. Nor is it likely that the childish vanity of his act detracted from the musical performance. Rather was it integral part of the performance—he being “Blind Tom.” The audience felt cheated of part of the admission-price when Tom failed to applaud himself. But for an ordinary human to do the same thing—whether his skill be with keyboard or kindness, nimble wit or shining service—discounts the quality of his achievement. Very different is the kingdom of the heavenlies; and to that celestial commonwealth belonged Sarah Mehl. To analysts of the motive out of which flashed her golden deed she had little to offer. In brief, she had saved her playmate from drowning at the hazard of her own life. Yet, evidently, she had not thought anything of it at the time; and was disinclined to think much of it later. “I just wanted her,” was the only explanation she seemed able to give. “Just wanted *her*”—not applause or sur-

prised looks or any of the price-marked rewards, for possession of which most of her older brothers and sisters will go through fire and water. She "just wanted" the other, alive.

Secret of a hundred tragedies and of all the most precious achievements of which the Recording Angel has tally! Paul Desjardins's famous aphorism, "Man desires immensely, but wills feebly," needs editing in the interest of the truth of things. Man does not desire immensely enough; else he would will more effectively. His desire lacks flame; it smolders and ends in smoke too often. 'Tis greater ardency he needs to move the wheels of life. With the fascination I have always confessed in the presence of a great engine I stood watching the driving cranks of a Sound steamer. It is half-pity when no provision is made to let the passenger see the engine without transgressing a rule of the vessel. One gets more out of his passage-money when he takes a long look at the huge rhythmic thing that makes his berth shiver beneath him. That is the "will" of the ship. But back of it are the hot furnaces fed incessantly to supply dynamics to the engine. I do not know which is the more futile—a boiler that turns no wheel or an engine backed and made efficient by no boiler. Desire is the boiler—the silent genii within. Not a wheel of life turns until steam is up. I am not afraid of the ardencies of life; not nearly so much as of a cold boiler. Granted good material and careful riveting and the stokers are angels of light. The hotter the fire the more expeditious the voyage. Over against the extravagances and riots of *hot* blood put the deadening apathies and killing frosts of *cold* blood. The crimes of the Hun were cold-blooded crimes; calculated, cunning, satanically cruel. We could forgive him more readily, even commute his sentence, if he had *rushed* to his orgies of plunder and lust. He *walked* to them deliberately, gloating over them, the while some hot-blooded sinner would have fallen to beating his breast with shame. Saints and angels forefend us from the icy havoc of the cold-blooded ruffian. "No love is pure that is not passionate." It needs fire to purge its own dross, leaving the whole of it clean. "Woman," they say, "loves a stormy lover." Certainly God does, for the doing of his work on earth. There is a profound sense in which the kingdom of

heaven never can be taken except by force. Men and women must blaze with the ardor of their convictions or ever earth is remade. Name a single public reform or personal redemption but was born where the lightnings play and the heavens are on fire in the soul of a man. All the Greathearts are also Warmhearts—from Moses to Jesus, from Jesus to Roosevelt and Clemenceau—and the common soldier who went over the top with a shout, as to his bridal.

"I just wanted her," protested the lassie of my story. Her unrecking rescue of her playmate was the instinctive motion of that quick, inward demand. Tell how much you "want" the rescue of the submerged or the redemption of your friend; how hotly your heart cries for abatement of life's excuseless injustices and the advent of the day of righteous peace; tell, and I shall rate your potency as a man. I never had much patience with such manufactured words as "Nabisco," "Ameehat," "Socony," and so on *ad nauseam*. Doubtless they serve their advertising purpose, and thus help coin money for their perpetrators. Still, I think there might well be a law against that particular form of murdering the mother tongue. But since such monstrous words are in common vogue I may be pardoned for pressing a couple of them into the service of my theme. "Uneeda" was, from its first use, so distinct a success as to render imitation certain. A rival concern hatched the still more outrageous word, "Iwanta;" which the courts promptly disallowed as an infringement of copyright laws. As between the two words, however, the dynamics are with the forbidden one. You may "needa" particular kind of cracker, or you may not. None but yourself can positively affirm whether you do or not. Few folks enjoy being told what they *need*—whether bake-shop products or tonic or to quit smoking. The information is too personal in its way. But the other word is personal in a gripping sense. When I confess that I *want* this or that I fling open the doors of my soul. I tell where I live when I am most at home. I display the springs that move the mechanism of life. And if the longing is deep and persistent enough the wheels will start. Doubtless earth could get on with fewer prophets crying in the wilderness, "You *need*, you *need*." That is the prophet's specialty—to declare the other man's *need* or to interpret and

enforce it. Some of us might forget what we egregiously lack were we not persistently, even truculently, reminded by stern-eyed prophets of our need. Not mine to disparage that urgent business. Jesus was prophet. But he was almost infinitely more. He kindled souls till they transmuted into passionate confessions of desire the prophet's declaration of their need. He left them, fevered with a new and exalting unrest, crying, "I want, I want."

The "ethics of desire," to use Brierly's fine phrase, is not in the crucifying but in the intensifying and refining of desire. Even so severe a moralist as the writer of the letter to the Corinthians makes use of a startling word. "Covet," he wrote to his disappointing disciples, "covet earnestly." The very fever that was consuming them, and, in its particular manifestation, making a mock of the last Commandment, needed only to be set raging for choicer possessions than money and transient emoluments. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Little of the world's best work can be done in a more temperate spirit. The stern face of duty must be lighted with the flash of personal eagerness when the toiler fronts his task. I recognize the high solemnity of those inexorable convictions which hold men to industry in shop, office or studio. Yet I reckon that the best work the merely convinced man does is far inferior to the product of the toiler whose heart burns to achieve his task. Asked the secret of his amazing productivity Edison once said, "I never look at the clock." Whereas, most of his employees do, I suppose; also the vast majority of employers. The hands on the unbribable dial tell how long he *must work*. They hold him to bench or desk. He is there because he must. Otherwise he might probably be at the ball-game or the movies, or pleasing himself in any one of a hundred more or less innocent fashions. He rarely reports before the whistle blows in the morning, or tarries after its strident voice dies away at evening. He is methodical, doubtless; conscientious, painstaking even. Not ardent. He has yet to catch the thrill of Sarah's simple, mastering motive: "I just wanted her."

I am not at all sure that I can detect the disparity in artistic quality between a sculpture carved for a livelihood and a sculpture wrought for self-expression. But I am sure that God can. And

even an art-buying public seems to recognize, though it never might be able to explain, the difference. When I stood for the first time under the shadow of the cathedral at Milan I had a sense of embarrassment. That famous fane appeared so much more ornate than it needed to be. A very much plainer structure, with fewer groined arches and less statues and gargoyles, would have satisfied a New England spirit trained in and to meeting-houses. I think I felt as certain prudent churchmen did when a woman broke a whole box of spikenard over a pair of tired feet. Quite reprehensible extravagance. But the great temple before me represented somebody's passion of worship. Its almost innumerable details were quick crystallizations of the fluid of adoring spirits. And when a man does that sort of work, whether his name be Apelles or Angelo, Luther or Livingstone, Ericsson or Edison, of course he does not look at the clock. He has forgotten that such interrupters exist. He is burning with a fire not unlike God's in creation. He is intoxicated with the happiness which Stevenson said he had experienced, the happiness of doing good work. This, indeed, is the "joy of the working," and the product of such passionate industry is a different and an exalted thing.

Here, also, is the genius of all personal improvement. One must be more than merely persuaded that he ought to be wiser or more moral than he is. He must claim as his privilege the huge capabilities of his ungrown soul. I have never been quite sure what sort of spirit Carlyle confessed to in his familiar defiance: "I will live a white life, I will live a white life, if I go to hell for it." To my taste there is somewhat acrid about it, as if a clean life were a mutilated or apologetic affair. To submit thus as one given up to the dentist's instruments; to choose sobriety and strength and wisdom because he is afraid not to choose them, may be good enough in its way. But, at best, it is unmusical martyrdom. One of my schoolmates had to be driven to his books by parents or preceptors. He went—and remained the allotted time. Moreover, he had a deadly fear of flunking at examination-time, and of the consequence. So he kept the faith, with all teeth set and many an inward protest—and

was accounted a fairly good pupil. But in the next seat was a lad who took to books as the rest of us took to tennis or the swimming hole. I do not think it ever was necessary to ask him if he was prepared for tomorrow's classes. Not for him to *accept* an education as one of life's inevitables; he "*just wanted*" it. And I think he would have gotten it from a Bible and a couple of other books, studying by the flaring light of a cabin fire, as Abraham Lincoln did in the wood clearing of Kentucky. By all means an education, of course; by insistent dinning, by duress, by all means to evoke the latent powers of the pupil. But the gate beautiful to the temple of learning swings wide to none but the passionate student.

Thus goodness may be a passion or a performance. Let me not seem to decry any sort of personal rectitude, though it be as stiff and mechanical as the motions of an automaton. Pharisaism is better and safer than Philistinism. Prudery is far more commendable than pruriency. Few folks, I think, are in love with goodness as a personal achievement. They esteem it not as wing but fetter—very necessary, but still a fetter. They practice continence and kindness and honor not because they experience any noticeable felicity in the performance, rather as the ordinary music-pupil puts in his daily stint at the keyboard. He gets it done, doubtless; unsmiling, unthrallled by voices such as those which Beethoven said called to him from the air around. He gets it done. And whereas he never will attain to the seats of the mighty—those seats being reserved for ardent lovers of any beautiful craft—nevertheless he may be able to play a few chords of moral harmony; even to execute, if not to feel, a rhapsody of eminent virtues. Which is assuredly more worthful than not to be able to read the strange signs on the score. By all means every legitimate curb to the outlawries of the flesh. All I am affirming is that the morality of the average citizen is as far below the morality of a Phillips Brooks or a Frances Willard, a Fenelon or a Saint Francis, Paul or Jesus, as the foothills of the Rockies are inferior to the summits capped with the eternal snows. On my mantel is a photograph. It is an exceedingly good likeness, correct and all that. The man of the camera was really an artist.

Yet the face on the paper never smiles; or smiles too much and too impartially. It never talks to me in living tones. It cannot accompany me down into the black valleys where hope fades and the heart goes desolate. It is inept to dance and sing with my joy. It is merely a picture; greatly preferable to no face at all, yet only a thing of platinum paper and cardboard. Goodness is often so. It is *like* the real thing; but it is *not* the real thing, pulsing, passionate, puissant. Between the two is a great gulf fixed.

Once again I turn my lassie's kaleidoscopic phrase, and the result is equally beautiful. All the world's most compelling service finds its motive in the cry of the heart. Poverty, ignorance, suffering need to hear the heart-beat of their ministers. "I cannot bear to leave the world with so much sin and misery in it," said the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, dying. Of course he was convinced that the world around needed help. Doubtless he glimpsed the eminent splendor of living for others. Possibly he liked the sweet reaction in his own life of relieving wants, uttered or inarticulate, of the broken and hurt. His threnody, however, is richer than that. Helpfulness, for him, was a plunge like Sarah's for her drowning mate; because he "just wanted," for his own, the rescued; for his own, some part in the redemption of earth from its pain: No less a propaganda is bottomed with adequate strength or touched with hope radiant. Unless the settlement-worker, the philanthropist, the missioner, is fired with that crimson-dyed passion he may fall weary in well doing any futile day. "Without shedding of blood there is no remission," cries a voice from the almost forgotten ages. No bloodless, easy way; no dilettante enrichments of others. The words "bleed" and "bless" spring from the same etymological root. If the red flag of Bolshevism symbolized the price its votaries were willing to *pay* instead of the price they intend to *collect*, there were little but praise to bestow. Earth's real saviours rarely can stop this side of a Golgotha. Their path leads through a Gethsemane to a cross. And nothing smaller than a passionate service is equal to the demand.

From the lips of the greatest, gentlest son of woman broke this cry, as His gaze rested on the city of racial pride: "O,

Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings!" There speaks the voice of Redemption. It was not merely the woes and blights of his countrymen called to him. His own soul cried to them. His lament is the confession of personal misery at contemplation of theirs. He would balk at nothing that promised to give him back his own song of content. His life was a leap for the drowning; his benefaction an unrecking hazard of self for the sake of his imperiled friends; his death a passionate protest against the loss of a fellow-man. He "just wanted" them—sick and poor, benighted and bedeviled, all of them; "just wanted" them, that the cup of his joy might be full.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "G.W. Cheek".

MIRACLE AND THE MODERN MAN

IN 1909 Dr. George A. Gordon, minister of the Old South Church, Boston, published a book, *Religion and Miracle*, which made a sensation. It was the first time, I think, in which an orthodox Congregational minister in America had repudiated miracle, and so it was received with joy by all rationalists and by grief by all who held to supernatural Christianity. There were two fine things about this book. The first was the dedication: "I dedicate this book to the inspiring memory of my father, George Gordon, of Insch, Scotland, born and bred to the vocation of farmer: a brilliant mind, one of the bravest of men, to whom the order of summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, was a token of the Infinite Good-will, and who toiled in the fields of time in the sense of the Eternal." The other was the fine vindication of spiritual personal religion, obedient and loving trust in a personal God, as over against materialistic philosophy. But when you come to look into this book more clearly as to its special thesis two or three things force themselves upon you. (1) It starts out with a false and long-since-obsolete definition of miracle, a definition which pervades the entire book and vitiates it. Miracle is the "suspension or violation of natural law" (p. 72). Such a definition was held some fifty years ago, but I believe by no Christian theist to-day. Not only so, the author makes miracle as in effect equivalent to a "wonder, or portent," and compares it to the "vulgar appeal to sense, the tricks and feats of the wizard" (p. 89). This is a crude misrepresentation of the Christian conception of miracle. (2) Even so, the author holds miracle possible. "Dogmatic denial of miracle on the ground of natural law cannot be justified by logic. No man knows enough to be warranted in the statement that miracle has never occurred in the history of man and the cosmos. The dogmatic negative is excluded on this subject" (p. 29). (3) He greatly exaggerates the uniformity of nature. "So far as science goes it finds nature uniform in its behavior" (p. 30). Just the contrary. It is

uniform till a new force strikes it. The very fact of its responsiveness to intelligence, breaking up its uniformity into a thousand hitherto unknown forms, is the pledge of the advance of science. (4) The book is much better than its thesis, and ever and anon contradicts it. "The natural order cannot prohibit or in any way limit or mar the wisdom of Jesus; the vision of Jesus is unconditioned; his freedom is not in the keeping of any force other than in his own mind" (p. 88). If that is true, Jesus himself is miraculous. He is *the* miracle. His works then might follow as matter of course. "Nature at her best, miracle at its highest, is at an infinite depth below the elevation on which the soul of God and the soul of Jesus stand in a communion of ineffable." What confusion of ideas! The soul of Jesus is a miracle, the soul of God is a miracle, and their communion is a miracle, and the more ineffable it is the more miraculous (if one might so say) it is. In fact about one third or one half of Gordon's book might be written by one who strongly believes in miracle. Its thesis denies miracle, its religious affirmations constantly imply it.

In 1911 Dr. Gordon met a worthy second in an Anglican minister and theological teacher (as Fellow) in Oxford, the Rev. J. M. Thompson of Magdalen College: *Miracles in the New Testament*. This author tried to do for the New Testament by criticism what by discussion Gordon did for Christianity in general. He eviscerates the Testament of its miraculous contents by a criticism partly subjective, partly objective, and when objective so arbitrary that it not only leaves that Book not worth the paper that it is written on, but the same methods would destroy the value of every historical book in existence and the evidence of every historical event. But here again we find a delightful inconsistency preserving with one hand what it casts away with the other. (1) It grants the works of healing. This gives its whole case away, as I shall show later. (2) It allows that the "divinity of Christ is demonstrated by a historical fact—the Resurrection" (p. 14). There it is again: Christ is himself *the* miracle, his life is rounded by the most stupendous miracle. "The Gospel of the Early Christians is the Gospel of the Passion and Resurrection"; miracle once more. "Saint Paul entirely agreed

with the Acts as to the dependence of church life upon the various gifts of the Holy Spirit" (p. 15). What is the raising of a dead body to the descent of the Spirit upon living people? (3) Not only so, Thompson holds the "Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ" (p. viii). Now, as a miracle, the incarnation overtops all other events as Mount Everest overtops the plains of Calcutta. Why swallow a camel and then strain out a gnat?

It goes without saying that the progress of natural science has made many minds unfavorable to miracle. But it has had the same effect toward all supernatural religion and even toward theism. And logically. Once deny miracle, once affirm that everything is under the control of a fixed, unalterable law of so-called nature, then materialism is possible, fatalism, agnosticism, positivism are possible, but no form of Christianity and no religion at all are possible. Religion is the response of a free spirit to a free personal Creator and Lover. That response means the overflowing tides of divine life, which are not held within the boundaries of nature. A free God means a free man, and a free man means a rupture of boundaries, a rising from one order to another, and every such ascent is a miracle. If, then, one holds to religion at all, and of course to any kind or degree of supernatural religion, and especially to the faintest type of Christianity, he must hold to miracle.

What, then, is a miracle? A miracle is any deed in an order which is impossible to the forces ordinarily working in that order. Crystallization is not a miracle in quartz, but it is a miracle in sandstone. Vegetable life is a miracle in minerals, but not in its own order, except in the sense in which all life is miracle. Animal life is a miracle to the vegetable, but not to itself, and soul life is a miracle to both. There are no forces in the lower realm which can produce the higher, therefore these are to that lower order miracle. In that higher order the miracle may be mediate or immediate, direct or indirect, using natural forces or supernatural, physical or intellectual or spiritual, so long as the result is divine; in the sense that it is beyond the power of the lower grade of agencies it is a miracle to that grade. When we get to soul, it is a question whether genius is not another

name for miracle. The last ten thousand years have produced only one Hamlet. There is not one chance in millions that the next ten thousand years will produce another. In other words, the special literary and intellectual powers behind Hamlet were such as God had never embodied and will never embody in a soul. That is, to ordinary mortals Shakespeare was a miracle. Take the religious realm. The Fourth Gospel is the loftiest religious writing that has ever been penned. It not only surpasses every other religious composition, especially outside of the New Testament, but it surpasses them so greatly that every other seems tame and commonplace beside it. If this has been true for (roughly) two thousand years, what chance is there that any combination of powers will ever unite in producing another book like it? In other words, in religion the Fourth Gospel is a miracle. Of course neither solitariness nor multiplicity in itself makes a miracle. There are millions of cases of crystallization, but every one of them is a miracle to an adjoining realm.

The soul has its own complement of miracle. The capacity to see visions, clairvoyant power such as Swedenborg had when, five hundred miles away, he saw Heidelberg burn, the power of seeing absent friends and dying or dead friends, presentiment of future events, all these and other psychical powers are miracles to less keenly endowed natures. There are no forces capable of producing them. Then there are people whose religious responsiveness is so acute, whose temperament is so *en rapport* with eternal things, whose faith is so childlike in its unconquerable trust, that the very heavens seem to bend toward them, the invisible world discloses its secrets, and the Higher Powers actually commune with them in interchange of thought and feeling. The Christian Church has had many such, and I would not deny that even pagan religions have produced rare spirits who enjoyed something akin to this. I remember reading in college Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates, where he says that it was a common subject of talk that Socrates used to say that the divinity instructed him, and compare the remarkable passage near the end of Plato's *Apology of Socrates*. Now all these experiences are miracles to the ordinary run of Christians. They have to do

with a range of powers as far beyond this ordinary run as a tree is beyond the moss, the lion beyond the snail.

Then, again, in this same realm of soul another series of miracles is constantly taking place; namely, conversion from sin to holiness. Now, notice, I do not say that in this and in other instances I have mentioned no so-called natural forces are used. What I say is that there is and must be something added to those forces, and that that extra power is a miracle to the lower. Those lower powers have proved themselves competent in some cases to lead men to give up bad habits, to swear off this or that indulgence, to start in decent ways of living; but they have never been competent to change the man inside so that every evil thing he hates and every God-like thing he loves. And they have, especially, never been competent to do this for the lost man or woman, the bum, the outcast. Every real conversion, therefore, is a miracle; the intrushing of divine life that cleanses the fountains of being; something incompetent to natural law. They are not only miracles, but—if one miracle could be greater than another—they are stupendous miracles. The giving sight to blind Bartimaeus, as to difficulty, is child's play to giving light and life to Jerry McAuley. Perhaps even greater than these are those conversions where strict moralists are flooded with the glory of God. When a cold, self-righteous, moral man who has led, say, for fifty years a perfect moral and even church-going life gives that life to the Saviour, and finds a change which in spiritual values and profound experiences of divine grace is like going out of a dungeon into God's sunlight—that is even more miraculous than the conversion of Samuel H. Hadley.

In the Bible the word miracle is generally used of those extraordinary acts of God or his servants which fell in with his work as Redeemer, Saviour, etc. (1) They are comparatively few in number, and even then occur only in turning points or eras of importance. (2) They are not of curiosity or magic, but generally are the outcome of philanthropic or religious need. They are also associated with the message or the preaching, and thus have ethical and spiritual significance. (3) Disassociated from a suitable spiritual atmosphere and response, Christ not

only would not do them but could not. That is, he would not imperil the spiritual miracle of repentant souls for the external miracle of healed bodies. (4) Response and need being taken for granted, Christ did not minimize these works in the tone of the lofty critic of to-day, but repeatedly appealed to them for his credentials, or made them the starting point of profound spiritual teaching—teaching which in these cases would hang in the air without historical connection or basis if the miracle be denied. Sometimes they seem to be his almost involuntary response to the fearful needs of the time, sufferings that lay waste his heart. (5) So far from denying that he wrought them, like the Oxford Episcopal minister, his bitterest enemies affirmed that he wrought them, though by help that came from below. (6) Nor can we say with our Episcopal brother and many others that Christ did some works of healing, but that these were not miracles. It is a familiar topic of modern psychology that mind has tremendous power over matter, and under circumstances can suddenly cure. But there was nothing of the physiological psychologist about Christ, much less of the fakir who calls on secret psychical forces to help him exploit his dupes. Nor was there anything dramatic about Christ's cures, where those forces might be suddenly released to reinforce old nerves. Besides, the cures themselves were of so radical a kind that they are beyond the power of these secondary agencies. You cannot suddenly give sight to a blind man by sleight of hand, and if you try your psychical recipes on Oriental lepers you will prefer to do it from a safe distance. Nor did the people discriminate in their demands, bringing only a few nervous girls or hysterical women, but they threw down the sickest and deadliest diseased before the Master, who, on his part, did not wait the "psychologic moment," but without preparation waded into that awful sea of misery. I wish those who are so generous as to leave Christ just a little power as a masterly exploiter of credulous weak-brained neurotics would read the article of R. J. Ryle, M.D., in *The Hibbert Journal*, v., 572-586 (July, 1907). If there were any differences at all in the strain Christ's miracles cost him, if we can imagine one deed more difficult than another, it could not have been the control of inanimate nature,

but the wrestling with the souls and bodies of men in those terrible diseases of the East the very sight of which chills to the marrow the sympathetic onlooker. Besides all this, even if we acknowledge that a very few of Christ's miracles might be accounted for by his manipulation of hidden psychical powers, and thus save a remnant from the wreck, the number still remaining is so large that the new theory does not save the veracity of the Gospels. It does not only not save the veracity of the Gospels, but it leaves a pile of Munchausen stories around that Sacred Personality; his whole record shot through and through by lies of men who wrote his life within the memory of thousands of people who knew him, people who would have immediately cried out, "We knew Christ, and he never did any of these works!"

We must remember also that the apologetic value of these external miracles was vastly greater in the earlier centuries than to-day. The intellectual atmosphere has changed so much that the hasty critic cries out, "Away with your miracles! It is only internal evidence that we want. It is only spiritual truth." Well, if that is all you want, we have enough of it, God knows! But not so quick, high-flown critic! Although Christ was as chary of miracles as he could be, refused them on demand of supercilious observers, yet as a matter of fact they were historically essential to his work. If he had never performed them neither he nor his religion would have been heard of. The thing which the modern "liberal" preacher looks down upon with disdain is the very platform on which he stands, without which both himself and his church would never have existed. All through the Acts and Epistles the appeal to the mighty deeds of Christ, especially, of course, to his resurrection, is the undertone. After the resurrection and ascension all the other deeds of Christ fell in their proper place of themselves and they, and they alone, saved Christianity. If Christ had been only a sayer of the word and not also a doer, if he had said fine things but had done no mighty things, he would have been forgotten in a year—or, if not entirely forgotten, would have been mentioned in the Talmud as the Nazarene rabbi Jeshua who taught so and so and was crucified as a blasphemer, etc. Of course the poets compliment "Lord

Christ's heart and Plato's brain," and we say nice things about his gentleness, goodness, and wonderful teaching, but it was not these things which made him conquer the Roman. Mark plunges at once into his deeds—the Man who was greater than his words. In his very first chapter he tells of six distinct miracles, besides summing up others in the words, "He healed many sick with divers diseases, and cast out many demons." Luke wanted to show people one who did something as well as taught something (Acts 1. 1), and Peter appealed to those who knew Christ to remember him not simply by his words but by the mighty deeds and wonders and signs "which God did by him in the midst of you" (Acts 2. 22). We don't want the scaffolding of a house always nor do we care if the foundation does not show, as long as there is a foundation. But the scaffolding was essential once, and the unseen foundations are essential now. Just so with the miracles of Christ and the apostles. At a certain stage of civilization the external signs are essential. You say that making an iron swim or any other striking deed would not predispose you to receive the message of the one who did it. Very likely. But you must not judge the needs of semi-barbarians two or three thousand years ago by your own to-day. Henry M. Stanley went through Africa on the strength of a series of startling works which were miraculous to the natives. We cannot consider so thoughtful a man as Nicodemus lacking in discrimination, and yet he made the confession that the mighty works of Jesus had convinced him of his divine mission. The parent and teacher who refuses to appeal to the sense of wonder would be accused of folly by every psychologist and expert in pedagogy. Says Wordsworth,

"We live by Admiration, Hope and Love;
And even as these are well and wisely fixed
In dignity of being we ascend."

"Admiration is a highly philosophical affection," says Sir William Hamilton; "indeed there is no other principle of philosophy but this." To that miracle appeals. McCosh, "He who would create admiration for goodness must exhibit a good being performing a good action"; the very rationale of the miracles of

Jesus. Carlyle was fearful that our Dirt Philosophy would destroy the sense of wonder and, with that, soul vision. "Wonder is the basis of worship," he says. "The necessity and high worth of universal wonder." "The man who cannot wonder, who does not habitually wonder (worship), were he president of innumerable Royal Societies, and carried the whole *Mecanique Céleste* and Hegel's Philosophy, and the epitome of all laboratories and observatories with their results, in his single head—is but a Pair of Spectacles behind which is no Eye." Thus Browning, in "A Death in the Desert":

"I say that miracle was duly wrought
When, save for it, no faith was possible.
Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,
Whether the change came from our minds, which see
Of the shows o' the world so much as and no more
Than God wills for his purpose—(what do I
See now, suppose you, there where you see rock
Round us?)—I know not; such was the effect,
So faith grew, making void more miracles
Because too much; they would compel, not help."

When the need no longer exists the form changes, the substance endures. Our ministers who are to-day waving aside the early Christian miracles may or may not be good "liberals," but they are certainly lacking in intellectual humility and historical insight.

But, you say, what about foreign mission fields? Do they not have the same needs as the men of Christ's time? Yes, and no. Many of these fields know about Christian civilization and stand on a far higher plane in knowledge than the lands of the first century. Then, in lands less favored, our missionaries enter with minds predisposed to the spiritual miracle but not to the external; they have faith for one, not for the other. But, after all, the miracles happen, thousands every year. Where Christ healed one the medical missionary heals a hundred, and by processes which to the ordinary heathen seem as miraculous as Christ's. "Greater works than these shall ye do; because I go to my Father." Not only so, actual instances of demon possession occur as real and virulent as those in Christ's day, and these demons are cast out as in the Early Church.

Still the great crux is natural law. Nature is inexorable. As McKane said about injunctions at Gravesend, so she says: Miracles don't go here. There is a chain of law which holds everything in its place, and you can disturb nothing. The slightest variation by a miracle would tumble the cosmos into chaos. I was much interested in reading the late Professor Bowne's answer to this objection. You know he was a "liberal" theologian, and I was anxious to find out whether he still held the possibility of miracle. He so shifts the emphasis that the objection from natural law vanishes into thin air:

Nature is no longer a rival of God (he says), but simply the form under which the divine will proceeds in its cosmic out-go. With this result we have almost all that religion really aims at in its insistence upon miracle. Religion seeks after God. It longs to find the Father and to know that he is near. But, proceeding on naturalistic and deistic assumptions, we build up a phantom of nature which petrifies man's higher life, and then we look anxiously for breaks in the natural order and pin our faith on miracles, mainly physical, as the sole indication of God's presence, if not of God's existence. But with the conception of a supernatural natural we can breathe freely even in the face of the natural order, and are much less concerned about miracle in the sense of a departure from natural law. The distinction between the natural and the supernatural in that case would not lie in the causality, but in the phenomenal relations. The causality would be equally supernatural in both. The natural and the miraculous would be equally products of the Divine will, but in the case of miracle there would be a departure from the familiar order so as to indicate to believers a divine presence and meaning. Miracles in themselves would be no more divinely wrought than any other routine event. The only place or function we could find for them would be as signs of a divine power and purpose which men immersed in sense could not find in the ordinary course of the natural.

Bowne says that nature may be looked upon as a space world and time world, but also as a power world. In the two former there is uniformity, but only as long as the latter does not impinge. Whenever it does there is change. Nature is not a closed nexus. It is open all the time to intellect, and the "continuity of natural law" is a fiction. Even Tyndall had to acknowledge this. He admitted that man can work through the system and produce multitudinous effects without breaking any general laws, and, if man can, then God might do the same. Bushnell is right in thinking that so far as natural law is concerned all human action is

miraculous. Freedom breaks in on the lower order, and that is really a miracle. It is either that or universal determinism, and that overturns reason itself. As having a supernatural root, all things are miracles. All alike root in the everliving, everworking will of God. They are miracles also in the sense that they cannot be deduced from antecedent conditions, but continually proceed from the activity of the divine. Considered as a speculative proposition, the difficulty is less to establish the possibility of miracle than to prove the necessary uniformity and universality of law. God as the absolute source of all infinite being is bound by nothing but his own wisdom and goodness. What they dictate, that he does. If they call for uniformity there is uniformity. If they call for change, there is change. God never acts against nature, because for him there is no nature to act against. There are no "interventions," "interruptions," because "nature as a barrier with which God must reckon is a fiction." Thus Bowne. You see how his idealistic philosophy gives short shrift to the natural law argument against miracle, the law on which nearly all objections are now based.

I then turned with interest to see how this objection struck an eminent German scholar of the "liberal positive" school, Professor Seeberg, of the systematic theology chair of the University of Berlin. He says that natural laws are only formulæ for the regularity of the working of the powers of nature. If we bring God in, then we can say that these laws are established by God and become an expression of his will (Psa. 148. 5, 6). Man now comes in, not to change the laws but to use them for new structures, for which, without him, nature is incompetent. So also in regard to God. His teleological use of nature is on the same principle. There is no doing away of natural law, simply a use of it for higher ends, just exactly as man uses that law for his new creations. A miracle is only a special combination of natural powers for the bringing forth of a new effect. Wine or bread is not made from nothing, but is the result of combination of chemical substances. Chemists have even prophesied the time when starch flour will not be made from plants, but immediately by chemical processes (just as Christ made wine). In fact one

can think with Leibnitz that in the last analysis miracle was placed from eternity in the plan of the universe, and according to that plan was provided for in the course of nature. Of course this is an hypothesis, but it cuts short objections from the course of nature. It is in the highest degree noteworthy that a philosopher so expert in nature as Lotze roundly acknowledged the possibility of miracle (*Mikrokosmus* II, 3 Aufl. 53f). There is nothing irrational in miracle; it is only the free act of God in nature, analogous to all creative acts of man in the same territory.

Sir Oliver Lodge has an idea similar to Leibnitz's. We must not think of ourselves as outside the cosmos, trying to modify it by petitions, but that we ourselves are an "intimate part of the whole scheme, that our wishes and desires are a part of the controlling and guiding will." The cosmos is so arranged that it takes our desires and prayers as part of its system, so that communion with a higher power is as natural as communion with friends. Lodge seems to reach by a general loose discussion the same conclusion as reached by Bowne by a close philosophical discussion. "Miracles," says Sir Oliver, "lie all around us: only they are not miraculous. Special providences envelop us: only they are not special. Prayer is a means of communication as natural and simple as speech." I understand him to mean that the cosmos was made from the start as involving prayer, providence, miracle. Miracle is not less miracle, it simply has its divine place in the order of the universe.

It is something as Kipling says of one of his characters:

"He believed that all things were one big miracle, and when a man knows that much he knows something to go upon. He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world; and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come."

It is as Paul says: "In him we live and move and have our being." God is all and in all. This is the true pantheism, which, while it takes up miracle, flings over all events and all things the glory of God and makes "every bush afame with God." You remember Frederick W. Robertson's point about the striking event being necessary for the lower intelligence, whereas the higher mind sees

the lightning in the dew: "There is a fearful glory in the lightning because he sees it. But there is no startling glory and nothing fearful in the drop of dew, because he does not know what the thinker knows—that the flash is there in all its terrors. So, in the same way, to the half-believer a miracle is the one solitary evidence of God. Without it he could have no certainty of God's existence." So with us, the miracle and the ordinary event are parts of one universe held in the hollow of God's hand.

Taking a large view of history I must feel that miracle is analogous to God's general method, and so is not to be too summarily dismissed by a wave of the hand of "modern science" and the college professor. Take Abraham, Moses, David, Elijah, Isaiah; all came forth like a root out of dry ground, unheralded, unprepared for, whose personality and message are not of the earth, earthy: every man a miracle. You cannot get Socrates from his predecessors, and Plato still stands in lonely preeminence among thinkers. God sometimes foreshortens the historic process and turns water into wine without such long brooding. Von Ranke says that the "essential thing in Christianity was not prepared for by any previous imperfect stages; on the contrary, Christianity is an abrupt divine fact; as indeed all great productions of genius bear upon them the marks of immediate inspiration." (*Weltgesch.* ix, H. 2, p. 11.) We cannot get Luther and his work out of the Catholicism of 1517—he sprang full-armed out of the brain, or, rather, the heart of Germany. The more scholars study him the more they are puzzled, and the more penetrating and sympathetic their insight the more of a miracle he appears, though no man was ever franker. Calvin is simple to understand, and yet can we get him out of the sixteenth century? Nay, verily. John Bunyan: who made him? Most miracles are the small dust of the balance beside his marvelous personality and his more marvelous literary and spiritual genius. It is the analogy of history, Christ's way to crown our dull faith with wonders; the pensive boy fisherman to write his deepest life, the poacher and theater hanger-on to write of the quality of his mercy, which is not strained, the blind scribe to write *Paradise Lost*, and the poor persecuted tinker—hounded by the *Episcopalians*—

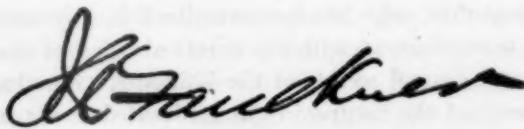
to create Greatheart from behind the bars. Who would have guessed Methodism from either Anglicanism or Nonconformity in the eighteenth century? It cannot be accounted for by its historical antecedents—in that degree a miracle. And so the Salvation Army with its thousands of converts, rescued from earth's hells in all parts of the world, sitting clothed and in their right minds—it sprang into the arena like a giant full grown at the very start, with no forces to explain it when once you eliminate God. That is the method of history. Is it God's rebuke to our materialistic sciolism, which binds everything with our little cords of natural law and with the password "Evolution" bows him out of his creation? (Historical review omitted for lack of space.)

Before I close, a word as to two of the New Testament miracles recently most under discussion: birth and resurrection of Jesus. Our Unitarian and Trinitarian fathers believed in both, literally. Within recent years a prejudice against the supernatural has shelved both, in the sense held in the church from the beginning till now. In my judgment this only transfers the difficulty, not solves it (that is, if we still occupy any kind of Christian ground). Here is the problem: Study Christ and we find him separated in his God-consciousness and inner and outer life, not only in degree but in kind, from every human being. How do we account for that? The New Testament accounts for it by his dwelling in the life of God before he came to the world; that is, by the incarnation; that is, by his miraculous birth. Modern objectors account for it simply by the divine spirit dwelling in him who was of ordinary earthly origin. The objection to this is: (1) It is inconsistent with the consciousness of Jesus. (2) It is incompetent for the result we see in the Gospels and in history. (3) Or, if you assume that the spirit of the Father dwelt in him in such fullness that it was competent for the result, then you have another miracle more difficult to explain, less rational, than the old one. Besides, if the Father lived in Jesus thus, why has he never lived in any one else thus? (4) It is inconsistent with the universal belief of the first Christians, except a small section of the Ebionites. For that reason the new theory of the natural origin of Jesus does not help us. In fact,

if you interpret the theory in consistency with the facts in the Gospels you have to assume a series of miracles, just as a gasoline engine secures progress by an indefinite series of explosions.

The same in regard to the resurrection. The modern liberal who still wants to be a Christian eliminates the literal or bodily resurrection for the sake of the spiritual. That spiritual resurrection was a tremendous fact, so engrossing and all-compelling that the disciples and early Christians were absolutely sure that their Lord was alive, and in that faith, brought home to them in visions, they went forth to spread Christianity. Here again it is only the form of the miracle that is changed, and that change increasing the miracle and at the same time making it both less rational and less believable. (1) The disciples were all Pharisees. They all believed in a future life, they all held that their Lord was living in glory the moment he passed away. They needed no visions for that, and ten thousand visions would not have changed their attitude one iota. (2) The New Testament never associates visions of ghosts with any moral or spiritual movement. An angel has a function, but ghost-revelations play no part in starting a mighty current like Christianity. They neither actually played a part, nor philosophically could they have played a part. The movement would have fizzled out as the sick dreams of enthusiasts. (3) The ghost theory does not explain the empty tomb, nor the impression of all who saw Jesus that they saw him, not as a ghost or vision, but as a body, essentially the same Jesus that was crucified. (4) The references to the resurrection of Jesus in the Acts and Epistles presupposes an actual bodily resurrection and not simply a ghost resurrection.

I hope I have shown that the modern man, if he stands on Christian ground, has not only no need to deny his belief in miracles, but a good right, even from his own point of view of reason and history, to affirm it.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "H. Fawcett".

BALZAC'S BRUTAL FACTS IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW FRANCE

THE France of which we used to read in the solid stories of Balzac seems a bit altered as we read of it anew in war dispatches from Paris. These journalistic tidings seem as new cloth in an old garment, new wine in antiquated wine-skins of Balzac. The Balzacian people who used to assemble in ballrooms, seat themselves about tables in boulevard cafés or live small lives in petty provinces could hardly feel at home in the France of years just past; they must have been of a different species from the men who twice drove the Germans back at the Marne. These men who have died so authentically, these women who have so serenely donned their black could hardly have stepped forth from the pages of a Balzac novel, although some stray David Séchard might have taken his stand in the trench, some casual Eugénie Grandet might have found her place as nurse in a war hospital. It was from such a writer as Balzac that we took our France—its manners, its levity, its cavalierlike attitude toward such an institution as the Decalogue; it will be from some other writer, perhaps Maurice Barrès, or from one who shall write of his France as the author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* wrote of a land for which he had romance-sympathy that we shall take the France of the future. Balzac gave to the world the France which Germany wished to fight—flippant, decadent, womanish—but it was Germany's fate to find the new France, and it is just such a Phoenix that we must consider if we are to come to an understanding with the beautiful land which inspired the quill of the vigorous novelist.

Everybody knows about Balzac, but his works are more like things than tomes; they repose on book-shelves but do not make their bed in the brain of a reader. Without the five-and-twenty volumes of the classic writer no private library is complete; with no encyclopedia Balzacia no book bargains at department stores are attractive. Balzac is esteemed as a possession. His records

of human life have about the same value as our congressional records, which take up shelf-room but do not fill out waste places in the brain. As a comprehensive writer Balzac is to be prized because such encyclopedic works are no longer being written; to produce such a set of novels modern literature would require a committee, a literary trust. Aristotle, Shakespeare, Balzac—these three set about arranging life for the human mind in the general they specialized, and from them has come a synthesis of thought and feeling which cannot be resumed by any writer in the future. Of the triumvir Balzac was the least worthy but is the most valuable for practical purposes in the present; his alloys will wear better than their purer metal. As for the scientific facts of nature and man, as these are being piled up by an analytical science, they will hardly be synthesized again in art, so that each worshiper will have to follow his own god. The last synthesis was that of Balzac; for which reason his works must be preserved—and kept in memory also.

What is Balzac? This natural question is not easily answered even by those who follow Balzac as people nowadays follow the opera or the movies; at the same time there is no Balzac of the letter which can be had apart from the Balzac of the spirit. His line of works resembles the wall of a garden; behind them is a garden indeed, one with rare plants, with noxious weeds, with stately trees; in a certain sense it is a zoological garden. The casual reader can locate the house of Grandet or Goriot, can follow the footprints of Eugénie Grandet or Lucien de Rubempré, can see the scarlet shadows of Esther Gobseck or Valérie Marneffe; but the worldly writer's major meaning is not to be driven into a little corner. In the Parisian whirl of action the center of the vortex is not easily determined; among the two thousand and more characters coming and going and returning there is no definite sense of humanity. At the same time Balzac had a plan, and that plan can be understood even when one does not always corroborate with his eyes what the writer put down with his pen. The scenes are a sextette—private, provincial, Parisian; political, military, suburban. These shift about as upon the foci of a dual principle—that of Religion and

Royalty; these in turn succumb to a single point of faith: Christianity; "the only possible religion," as Balzac himself styles it. From this point of view Balzac is not modern, not French; his Human Comedy agrees with Dante's Divine Comedy in that both postulate evangelical religion as the only conceivable excursion in the Unknown. Balzac is sensual, and heedless in his disdain of metaphysical and moral responsibility, but he is so believing and Christian that he has no room for French atheism and anarchy, the indefinite state of mind wherein one has *ni dieu, ni maître*. Balzac's atheist attends mass, his anarchist, Vautrin, comes to an understanding with the police. All this is to say that the clever novelist who wished to make an enduring success of his works knows that human life works best when one has "settled notions about Church and State." This solidity of Balzac is far from a dogmatism, since he sought repose in the instincts of the human heart, not in the formulas of theological faith. Because of this thick-necked view of heaven and earth Balzac will always be prized by those who, for all their liberalism, wish to reduce their whims, their errors, to a minimum; but this is not to say that he is likely to prove as popular as Mr. H. G. Wells, who seems to have the power to inflame the students of our unCalvinized seminaries.

The ambition to analyze Balzac, to have a card-catalogue of his topics and a directory of his characters, is often thwarted; Balzacia is a whole town, a faubourg in itself, hence one must have a multiple memory if he is to get in and keep in touch with the folks of the story. In the case of Ibsen the desire to visualize the whole play is not difficult, since the Norwegian had a fiord-like mind—with narrow depth and mountain height. It is as easy to remember Ibsen as it is to forget Balzac; for the latter is versatile, volatile, while his France has more color, more *élan vital* than several Norways. Balzac wrote about France as a dog might attempt the tale of the town in which he lived; that is, with an intimate acquaintance everywhere but no corresponding ability to detach himself from and define his incessant impressions. In his frittering view of mankind Balzac has the hotel clerk's memory for names and faces, not the psychologist's

power to unearth and analyze mental states; it's a knowledge of hats rather than heads. In this wise spirit the author of the mundane Comedy takes you about Paris in the same way that a cicerone might guide you: he shows everything, reveals nothing, and never ceases to talk. In a certain sense this art of being in, but not of, the world has in it the germ of objectivity, without which genius is but talent. In a better way, Balzac's *sang froid* is a sort of *impassibilité*. Only as he had cold blood could he relate the horrors peculiar to an inferno comparable to the Dantesque vision; best of all, Balzac rejoices in disinterestedness, whence he becomes artist, not mere man of letters. The objectivity revealed in the Balzacian story seems to have been native to the epic genius of the man as such, not an acquired *objectivität* such as one beholds in the one-time lyrical Goethe. It had been impossible for Balzac to have written about the Sorrows of Werther, or the genius-anguish of Torquato Tasso, simply because Balzac had never felt the sufferings which some god, so he says, gave to Goethe. The result is that we readers lose something from the Balzacian lack of lyricism. In relating a railroad accident one may dilate upon spreading rails, telescoped cars, dismembered bodies, piles of charred dead, or he may tell us how the scene affected him as observer. In the same manner, a non-censored report of a battle might indulge in a debauch of anatomical details anent the butchery, or it might just as vividly convey its meaning by an account of appropriate shudders on the part of the *raconteur*. The method followed in the Human Comedy is always the objective one, the method of the unconcerned reporter; that which is vividly absent is the private reaction of the immortal story-teller. What he saw, and he saw all, never went behind his eye-lids, what he felt confined its tremors to his veins; his brain and his art were undisturbed, so that his story has in it no perturbations for the reader. He must supply his own emotions.

Balzac is dry, not in the sense that his stories are always uninteresting, but because he was unaffected by what he witnessed and bore witness to. We should expect him, as man, to exhibit such humanistic functions as those of laughter and tears, but the

lachrymose effects of even a crocodile and the risibilities of the hyena are lacking. He informs us that he was fond of his Eugénie Grandet, that he had no personal preference for his vicious ones, while he must have admired his Abbé Birroteau and been amused by his Illustrious Gaudissart. Yet none of these tales persuaded him to abandon his military demeanor or to write with any but a firm hand. "French society," said he, "should be the real author; I should be only the secretary." Besides this lack of sympathy Balzac omitted the autobiographical touch which helps in the tales of Dante, Goethe, Ibsen, whose personalities were seldom obtrusive. Balzac will have none of this participation, even when he knows that there is an æsthetic objectivity which can moisten the work which a man of genius takes up as his task. In the case of Dostoievsky, more terrible, more personal than anything of Balzac, there is no suggestion of the cold or callous; vast as were the Russian landscapes of his story they were forced to converge in his own mind; the Steppes were states of his anguished soul. With psychological fidelity, Béyle-Stendhal strove to relate what took place in his own soul; with similar sincerity, Honoré de Balzac seeks to show what took place in Paris, into which he conducts us with the unconcern of an usher, through whose sewers he leads us as coolly as though he were a civil engineer. In its thick-necked quality Balzac's art knew neither fear nor pity. The æsthetic objectivity of the French author was doubtless due to his acquired notion of mankind, for he abandoned *l'homme* of Descartes and Corneille, of Pascal and Racine, that he might adopt a nineteenth-century notion of the species—a zoological idea taken from Geoffroi Saint-Hilaire and Buffon. "If Buffon," said he, "could produce a magnificent work by attempting to represent in a book the whole realm of zoology, was there not room for a work of the same kind on society?" Without waiting to discover whether Buffon had explained animality Balzac assumed that he had even solved the human problem, answered the question of the Sphinx; if he had been the biologist that Goethe was he might have found it expedient to keep away from the zoological in his attempt to observe how man behaves upon the planet. Can the mental and

moral meanderings of human beings receive just explanation in such *facta bruta* as Balzac supposes himself to find in the animal order? For all the noble things that Darwin has to say about monkeys it is doubtful whether such themes as the death of Florine, the philosopher's quest of the Absolute, Cousin Pons's love for bric-à-brac, or the erotomania of M. Hulot are explicable upon the Buffonesque basis. Indeed, one might assert that of his two obsessions—Buffonesque animalism and Swedenborgian spiritualism—it was the latter which was usually the mentor of the writer's mind. Animals are never as exceptional as Balzac's characters; even when they are given up to eating they have none of Pons's mania for banquets. As for Balzac, he did move about in an animal habitat, but he was spiritual enough to keep his literary skirts out of the dust.

In another sense, Balzac was even more physical than his zoological ideals can ever indicate; this appears in his repeated attempts to show how man relates himself to things as a dog attaches his affections to a bone. Man related to woman is an easy task for the novel-maker, man to another of his own gender is less likely, but man in his rapport with things is the least promising. In Balzac's case the order of interest is reversed; he is at his worst in the usual novel of emotion, somewhat better in accounts of action, most successful in a kind of ingrained attachment of men for things of this world. Is not the bric-à-brac in Cousin Pons as interesting as the old man himself? Is not the reader of Abbé Birroteau attracted less by the charming priest than by the furniture for which he indulged a kind of "concupiscence"? In *Lost Illusions*, when one forgets the gilded Lucien and considers the noble David Séchard, does not one remember best the author's graphic accounts of printing and paper-making? Cesar Birroteau had engaging traits, but can they compare with his recipes for making hazelnut hair-oil, by means of which proprietary article the ambitious Philistine recovered both his fortune and social position? Of the three subjects of which the author will write—women, men, and things—the feminist stories are fair, those about men are good, but the pragmatic romance of inanimate objects is the thing splendid in the

Human Comedy. On the Balzacian stage the characters do some of the acting, but the leading parts are always taken by things, whence the story passes over from the romantic to the necromantic.

But, in paying tribute to Balzac as a physical writer who was as enthusiastic as an auctioneer selling his goods, one must not overlook the singular psychology of the Gallic master. This treatment of the human mind shows best in the various manias which Balzac allows to enliven the pages of his story; at the same time the non-maniacal factor in so many of the works militates against the writer's prime contention that he was writing under the auspices of zoology. David Séchard's character is drawn like an ox's, but the bovine element has none of the thrill that Balzac desires; hence he resorts to the possessed personality. This excessively mental phase of his work Balzac may have acquired from his furtive glances at Swedenborgianism; at any rate, before the nineteenth century had begun to produce the psychic story Balzac makes overtures to the exceptional, the subliminal. One knows that Dostoievsky was at his very best, as his character was equally at his worst, when the factor of epilepsy intrudes into a story nowhere conspicuous for normality. One feels, further, that Ibsen can arrange his scenes to best advantage when some person of the drama stands under the spotlight of ego-mania. Balzac makes good use of the inverted brain, but his best effects are produced when he emphasizes some instinct and then lets the character run wild under its excessive influence. Thus the pure spiritualism in such a story as *Ursule Mirouët* or the hypnotism in the little sketch *Farewell* is not the real monomania Balzacia. There is, of course, no *Œdipus-complex* or *Electra-complex*, but there are Balzacian complications which Freud may use at any time.

A few examples from the Balzac clinic will show how certain leading characters overstep their appropriate limits: The miser (Old Goriot) who on his death-bed shows his thrift by clutching at the golden figure on the crucifix which the priest dangles before him; the courtesan (Valerie Marneffe) who dies boasting that she will carry her coquetry quite into heaven; the gilded youth (Lucien de Rubempré) who pays the bills for extreme unction

and priestly prayers for the dead Florine by writing comic songs while he sits by the very coffin of his beloved; the connoisseur (Cousin Pons) whose death vision is full of wisdom and bric-à-brac; the grisette (Esther Gobseck) who commits suicide with the expectation that the death she invites will reveal angels which shall resemble her lover; the devoted wife (Marguerite Claeës) whose last question concerns the nitrogen which her chemical husband used in his laboratory; the girl (Pauline) who both stabs and hangs herself lest her lover's likely wish for her beauty may destroy the last token of the talismanic Wild Ass's Skin—these are examples of Balzacian behaviorism which straight psychology will find it difficult to analyze, but in the Balzacian brain just such ideas arose.

In spite, or by virtue, of the fact that man's ideas can gain the ascendancy over him and produce a mania Balzac surveys the spectacle of mankind from the standpoint of intellect. If Balzacian intellectualism is not Socratic in the Greek's notion that man is to be guided by his definition of things, if it is not Gallie in the sense that man's mind indulges in a dilettant play of ideas within the brain, it is the noble prejudice that man is controlled by his head in the way that a horse, for all his strength of leg and flank, is guided by the bit. To proceed emotionally as does Balzac in such a novel as *The Woman of Thirty* was to place the Balzacian bull in the china shop; it was not for him with his clotted imagination to take up a work which another—say, Gautier—could have done with greater flow of feeling. Then, for all the praise of volition which in Louis Lambert Balzac metes out, the fact remains that he attempts no such will-novel as one finds in Beyle-Stendhal's *Red and Black* and *Chartreuse of Parma*. The people of Balzac's Comedy have ideas, commonplace ones, like those of money and food, ecstatic, hectic ones, like Balthazar Claeës's lust for knowledge or old Grandet's mania for money, or old Goriot's excessive zeal for his progeny, a zeal which ate up his house. Since the author proceeds mentally he expects his characters to follow his intellectual skirts; for them he has neither laughter nor tears. Balzac has a few moods, as the sun has seasons; moods of Baudelarian "spleen and ideal"

he leaves to others. In his own soul it is ever snowing in coolness and silence; the manifold marvelously formed flakes enchant his mind as no flora of emotionalism could have done. In this sense he was a worldly Spinoza.

The attempt to call Balzac a "moralist" is as dubious as the counterthrust which would make him an "immoralist"; in truth he is neither, since he assumes no moralic responsibility whatsoever. He has the gendarme's notion of good and bad minus the gendarme's social responsibility; better still, he is the detective who peers into windows and human lives with the aim of finding out what might interest the police; he is a Fabius without a policy. Balzac expresses no desire to change the habits of mankind, still less does he dream of altering the moral standard so that good might appear evil, straight crooked, sweet bitter. His ethics is epic, is wrought of the asbestos fibers of creation and works by a kind of "causal connection," as Herbert Spencer called it—and then turned his intuition into the dreary places of sociology. Balzac's good people, whose name is not quite legion, take to virtue as a bird to air or a duck to water; they keep on behaving as though they were destined to keep up the perseverance of the saints. His bad ones, whom in reality he does not favor, usually find their way to the mire, or go to their "own place." Only in the case of Vautrin is there any suggestion of a superman, of a superior malefactor whose immoralic character can be woven into the red strand running through the literary cordage of æsthetic morality all the way from Milton to Nietzsche. But this Vautrin has not the moral courage to render nil the law which he persists in breaking; if he escapes from prison he does not get beyond the ideal precincts of Law. The hope of changing either men or laws was foreign to the irresponsible Balzac, who could have no sympathy for the French ideal of human *perfectibilité* felt generally in French literature, expressed definitively by Condorcet. All that interests this writer of writers is that things are as they are, will be as they will be, and that there are some good men in Paris; as many as Lot saw in Sodom. As to the sensuality which associates itself with Balzac's name as matrimonial heresy was pinned to Ibsen's literary coat-tail, let it be

admitted that Balzac had no desire to censor the films of his own mind. Fortunately for the reader who desires to be nourished by the Balzacian story the author drew off from the literary carcass most of the offal which he placed in *Les Contes Drolatiques* as a packinghouse saves every scrap of that which comes in on the hoof. Such self-expurgation might aid some of our more elemental writers to-day.

If Balzac's story is tainted by the theme of money it is duly colored by the yellow of French thrift. Yet we Americans have no reason to be horrified at tales of French finance. We have learned to dread money and diplomacy, wild steeds which run side by side with the Apocalyptic horses which rushed over the Rhine. Now that we have a League of Nations it might be well to suggest a League of Banks, so that both murder and fraud might be reduced to a minimum. Balzac knew, as Aristotle had said, that "all men love money and self"; at the same time he felt that money was getting beyond itself and assuming the form of a world-power. Balzac was no Bolshevik, but he was willing to admit that the money he loved was a bad thing; just as the drunkard can easily show and assure you that alcohol is no distinct asset in life. But in his fiscal stories Balzac does not really moralize about mammon as did Wagner in the economic drama of the *Nibelungen Ring*, with its socialistic solos and communistic choruses; Balzac simply lets you feel that Dives is no safe guide for the old men of the day.

Primarily and finally, the Balzac who wrote about men, women, and things, virtue, vice, and money, was an artist. The Graces moved about among his zoological characters and escorted them to appropriate places, so that Balzac was something distinct from a country photographer at a county fair. With no odor of æstheticism about his style, Balzac wrote after the manner of beauty, was interested in beautiful things whether in nature or the art gallery. This is not to assert that he was Athenian or Florentine or Parisian in his style; the truth of the matter is that he was distinctly Dutch, with a trace of Flemish semifineness. His thick prose abounds in tropes which are superior to anything to be found in French verse; indeed, it is often in unæsthetic

prose that the figure-of-speech ripens better than upon thin vines of poetry. Then Balzac uses with art effects what we should call the epigram had not men from La Rochefoucauld to Oscar Wilde made the epigram a bit too smart. His "nature" was never the delicate landscape of Chateaubriand or the Barbizon school; it is too mature, too heavy; but it has an attractiveness for the robust-minded. Upon his art's beauty hangeth the fate of Balzac. No longer may he speak for the France of manners; through the old France he must speak for all mankind, as Cervantes, no longer Spanish, utters something human. The war has purged Balzac's work; if he is genuine, as we believe he is indeed, he will take his place in literature. The second century of his art may be a trying one for him, but we believe him equal to the time test.

Charles Henry Shaw.

LEGATEES AND LEGATORS OF LAUGHTER

It has been well and truly said that next to true piety, which is a sense of God, the best thing for anyone is a sense of humor.

A sense of humor affords relief to the mind in the stress and worry of life, is an aid to health and longevity, saves its happy possessor from many ridiculous actions and rescues him from many embarrassing situations, assists greatly in the understanding of human nature and consequently makes for Christian charity, and often in the most charming manner gives expression to the greatest unselfishness of life. For adequate and eloquent witness to the truth of the last assertion nothing more is required than the memorials of Robert Louis Stevenson and the story of the life of Bob Burdette.

When a certain preacher, of excellent standing, on the Sunday morning immediately following his return from his honeymoon called upon his congregation to unite with him in singing "I would not live always," it was not because his new experience had converted him into a misogynist, but because he had been denied a sense of humor; and when another preacher, a friend of a vicar of Carisbrooke, in the Isle of Wight, responding to his friend's need and call to supply his pulpit the Sunday after his friend had broken one of his legs, took for his text "He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken," it was not because he necessarily was a Christian Scientist but because he was denied a sense of humor. "I regret to say, my friends, that I have left my sermon notes at home this morning—so I shall have to trust in the Lord; but I promise you I'll do better this evening"—again an unfortunate preacher, and in this instance not an intended disparagement of the Lord's assistance, but again an absence of a sense of humor.

No megalomaniac ever was a humorist, except it be an unconscious one. I have spent some time in trying to analyze the German character. I define the German as a human being who can make himself believe anything that he wants to. Other men may try to do so, but he succeeds. Hence it is possible for him to really believe that Abraham of Old Testament history was not an indi-

vidual but a tribe, and also that Shakespeare was a German born by mistake in England. This ability is due in large part to an intellectual disability. Despite certain clumsy evidences seemingly to the contrary—and admitting Heine and Jean Paul and some others to be illustrious exceptions—the German generically is evidently deficient in a sense of humor and his grandiose ex-Kaizer is but a crowning example of that childish egotism which cannot sense a joke against itself. At the beginning of the war a perspicacious writer to the *Wall Street Journal* said: "Germany is not the prince among the peoples but the parvenu. . . . She has not acquired international manners or that true sense of proportion of which a sense of humor constitutes so large a part." This judgment has since been confirmed by many later writers who have been studying Germany and the German mind. Among these is a writer whose analysis of the present state of German mentality has been characterized as "remarkable," and he says: "There is no common ground or thought on which to meet the German. His logic and affection are unique; they begin and end in self-sufficiency. His fundamental fault is his lack of perspective. . . . He is the supreme egotist with no saving sense of humor, no perspective." "No perspective"; "no sense of proportion, of which a sense of humor constitutes so large a part"—for a sense of humor is a sense of the incongruous, and therefore implies, although not always with the same acuteness or clarity, a sense of the congruous, or the general fitness of things. The inappreciation of humor, sometimes due to this mental deficiency, may also sometimes be due to errant religious training, and, again, to a reaction against what William Matthews calls "a superfetation of fun."

Some persons have a mania for making everything appear ridiculous, and seem to be without any sense of the seriousness of things. These are the worst of monomaniacs, but do no more discredit to humor than religious monomania does to religion. A sense of humor needs to be balanced by a sense of the sublime—otherwise it may degenerate into mere comicality or sheer vulgarity and be capable of such atrocities in travesty as a vulgar parody of that most exquisite gem of spiritual and literary expres-

sion, "The Shepherd Psalm." Nevertheless it is a great deprivation not to be able to see the abundant humorousness of daily life, for in the great drama of humanity, while there is much of tragedy, there is an abundance of comedy and not a little of pure farce.

A somewhat belated theology, leaving nothing to unassisted human nature and finding it impossible to associate its deity with humor, gave the devil credit for most of the amusing things in life, including all the incongruous happenings in church or meeting-house. He it was who was responsible for babies crying during sermon time, and for honest rustics surfeited with pork and greens snoring on hot, stuffy Sunday afternoons; for the intrusion of wandering cows and the invasion of pestiferous flies, and for every other circumstance interfering with the dignity or serenity of the parson or the priest. No wonder a sense of humor was in disrepute with the elect! The reasonable use of humor has of course a due regard to time and place as well as kind and measure. An eccentric personality is, however, a law unto itself, and the history of the Christian pulpit is replete with the sayings and doings of brilliant and otherwise than brilliant eccentrics. It is on record that more than one preacher has made a punning use of the words, "They could not come nigh unto him for the press" (Mark 2. 4), as a text for a sermon against the sins of newspaperdom; and Rowland Hill's sermon on the vanities and frivolities of the society women of his day with the pretext of a text, "top (k) not come down"—excerpt from "let him that is upon the house-top not come down"—is a classic of its kind. This illustrious sinner (after this manner of sinning) never drew rein on this kind of drollery and had his self-justification for extemporaneous pulpit-humor; for, speaking to a body of students, he thus explained himself: "The gospel is an excellent milch cow which always gives plenty of milk of the best quality. I never write my sermons, I always trust in the gospel. I first pull at justification, then give a plug at adoption and afterward a bit at sanctification, and so on, until I have in one way or another filled my pail with gospel milk. And if you will only do the same, young men, depend upon it you will make far better ministers than you will ever do by writing your sermons and preaching from memory."

Humor is to be differentiated from wit. Wit is of the intellect entirely, humor is more generally of the personality. Wit emphasizes the congruous, humor the incongruous. The counters of wit are words—the ground of humor may be entirely in the situation. Wit may be acid, and even acrid humor, even though sub-acid, is characteristically kind. The Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell, in his recently published volume of reminiscences entitled *Prime Ministers and Others*, writes more than a little of Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, familiarly known in certain circles as "Soapy Sam." Queen Victoria once asked him, "My Lord Bishop, why do people call you 'Soapy Sam'?" Quick as thought he answered, "Why, Ma'am, it is because, although I am often in hot water I always come out with clean hands." That was wit, unadulterated and untinctured. The well known reply of that great wit Sydney Smith, to the inquiry concerning the feasibility of a wooden pavement surrounding Saint Paul's—"If the dean and chapter will but put their heads together the thing can easily be done"—is not untinctured and is somewhat acid—and affords an illustration of the fact that in handling sharp-edged tools one may possibly cut one's self; for "they say" the smart reply cost him a bishopric. Maybe it is a good rule always to laugh *with* dignitaries (including bishops), but never, without great carefulness, *at* them. And yet the very careful person pays a high price for his carefulness; he loses much fun and real enjoyment and stands in danger of quite practically losing his soul—or what makeshift he may have in the place of it. Laughter does not always imply humor—for cruel men can laugh, and laugh even over their cruelties. The laugh of Mephistopheles in "Faust" is the most devilish thing in that master interpretation of the devil.

It has been averred that one of the factors entering into our enjoyment of the incongruous, in other words our "sense of humor," is in the consciousness of one's own superiority. This is probably so—and we all in turn become both legatees and legators of laughter. The observations of preachers anent matters of farming, for instance, have been just as funny to the farmer folk as the testimonies of farmer folk in meetin' have been to "the Elder." A few years ago I enjoyed a pastorate on the coast of Maine. Said

a charming member of the summer colony, "You seem to enjoy your work up here, Mr. Reed. But the natives! Did you ever see such freaks in all your life?" "O!" I said, "they are not freaks, they are only different." Within a few hours of this little encounter a "native" said, "You seem to have a very good time with the summer people, Mr. Reed, but did you ever see such a lot of freaks in all your life?" I said, "O, no! they are not freaks, they are only different"; both individuals were enjoying their ideas of the incongruous—their sense of humor, involving their feeling of superiority—and each was representative of the legatees and the legators of laughter.

Because incongruousness is so large a factor of the humorous, the tendency of refinement, education, and good taste, while fostering wit, is to diminish the possibilities of humor. As illiteracy gives way to education it will be less and less possible for a jury to bring in such a verdict as "We, the jury, empaneled, sworn, and charged to inquire into the insanguinity of Hezekiah Jones, do occur in the affirmative"; or for an amateur prescriptionist to recommend a cold cure of his own concocting on the ground that it contained "fourteen different grievances," or for another Partingtonian person, a farmer, to say that his "solo was chock-full of mucilage." But happily the ever enlarging crop of blunders incident to education will more than make up in education's deprivation. Of these the hilarious "howler" of the student is possibly the most diverting, particularly so when the perpetrator makes such a happy hit as defining a demagogue as "a vessel filled with beer or other liquids"; or stating that the only places in England where wild animals are now to be found are in the theological gardens, or affording the illuminating information that Solomon had "thirty thousand porcupines." Then there are such prolific sources of unconscious humor as the vagaries of the pedant, the lacunæ of the daily press, the "Spoonerisms" of the confused mind, obituary humor (now almost if not altogether outgrown), and all the funny aspects of our human frailties. And then there is the child, the most delightful of them all. His unfailing contribution to the humor of life lies due to his felicitous combination of naturalness, candor, simplicity, logicality, narrowness of knowl-

edge, and characteristic materialism. One good mother took her little boy to the art gallery to be duly impressed with a picture of the Christian martyrs. He was impressed. "Look, mamma," said he, "there is one poor lion that ain't got any Christian." During a recent "rainy spell" one of my very young friends observed that if it didn't stop raining God wouldn't be able to take a bath—his tank would be dry!

Of the varieties of unconscious humor incident to education one that is always novel by reason of its naïveté is what is known as Baboo English, and as a result of the war the examples known to readers out of India have received some rich additions. In the first number of a new (English) periodical called "Reveille," "devoted to the disabled soldier and sailor," Mr. E. V. Lucas has a short but diverting essay on "Bellona and the Gentlest Art." In this article he quotes an example of Baboo letter writing which I venture here to reproduce because it has features that make it a classic of its kind. The person by or for whom the letter is written is a student evidently in search of pleasure. On November 9, 1917, he addresses a firm of job masters in Calcutta as follows:

"DEAR SIR:

"It is to approach you for a kind consideration. I am a student. I want a carriage either a tandaum or phaeton for evening drive now and then but not every day. It is to know from you whether you allow your carriages to be engaged for part of a day say from 5 to 9 or 10 in the evening and if the answer be in the affirmative at what rate you do so. If you have no such rule will you be kind enough to consider the case of a young man who wants a carriage for joy-riding. It rests solely with you and be good and kind enough to grant him what he wants. As regards charges in the first instance let me tell you and which you perhaps know thoroughly well that the student is generally poor but merry, the best for him is to have it free of any charge.

"Sincerely yours, _____."

Did ever anybody hit up a better characterization of the student than "generally poor but merry"? How perfectly unbeatable!

The literature of humor is of so vast a field that in such an article as this the merest reference to it is all that is permissible, but it may be noted that the truest appreciation and fullest enjoyment of wit and humor must necessarily be with those who, possessing a natural sense of humor, also enjoy the advantages of a

liberal literary education. Nationality as well as individual temperament gives type to humor as well as character to its appreciation. To say that the Irishman is witty, the Scotchman humorous, and that the English are both is probably attempting a too arbitrary differentiation and doing violence to an established estimation, and yet, despite the typical Englishman of the American jokesmith and the stupid actualities of English life, both "classy" and "massy," the great war has greatly helped to a proper recognition of both the wit and humor of the English.

There is a difference between characteristic American and characteristic British humor. British humor is more tinged with domesticity and the American is more unrestrained. An American writer of acknowledged ability has made this quite accurate distinction: "the American," as a writer, "puts his humor in the foreground and his human nature in the background, and the Englishman his humor in the background and his human nature in the foreground." Holman Day and Barry Bain admirably illustrate the contrast and differentiation. And yet our greatest humorist is undoubtedly our most American! Every characteristic of American humor is by him given expression—and he particularly seemed to enjoy his abundant opportunity for miosis, or the seeming trivializing if the actually important, as a corrective to all kinds of make-believe and "high-falutin'." He was one of the greatest anti-megalomaniacs that this world ever knew—Aristophanes not excepted—and he is Providence's kind off-setting for that other American production, Mrs. Eddy and her alleged system of Christian Science. Some of her followers, evidently to save the system, have had to trim the lady's writings, and thus her reputation; otherwise why do they not reprint the first edition of their "text book" with all its scientific (?) information?—including the following piece of unconscious humor: "The less mind there is manifest the better. When the unthinking lobster loses its claw it grows again. If the science of life were understood it would be found that matter has no sensation. Then the human limb would be replaced as readily as a lobster's claw. Not with an artificial limb, but with the genuine." And if a limb, why not a head?

In the great war, every nation engaged in the struggle has found encouragement in the brave humor of its fighting men. The sacredness of humor appears in these lines which appeared in the *Toronto World*, written by H. J. McLean, and called "A Masque."

These three before the Judgment Seat:
A Priest, a Soldier, and a Clown.

THE SOLDIER

I fought Thy fight,
My sword's red reek
Was as rare incense at Thy shrine.
Of vandals that defiled Thy name
Few were left standing in the line.

THE PRIEST

I spoke Thy word,
And men, enthralled,
Fell penitent at Thy dear feet;
I won the sinner from his sin,
I sought the tares and made them wheat.

THE CLOWN

I could not preach,
I could not fight—
My work was small through all my years.
Thy children lay in agony;
I made them smile amidst their tears.

THE VOICE

All three have served
And service done.
The well of peace shall slake the thirst.
The Kingdom lies behind the Throne:
Enter—but let the Clown be first.

Humor is the rainbow that arches the tears of humanity.
Humor is the bird of God whose song bespeaks the everlasting
springtime of the soul.

Henry A. Reed.

A LAYMAN'S DIAGNOSIS OF CERTAIN CHURCH ACHES

I. TEMPERAMENT

Not all the men in the church are lady-like, but a generous proportion of the meek and mild men are to be found among its membership. Some of us churchmen are members by force of habit, perhaps because we had not enough initiative to drop out in our teens, when most of the other boys were doing so. We sadly need more burglars and cut-throats in the church to-day; we have all too few rough-necks and gamblers and all-around sports among us. It is not altogether a matter of choice on our part, however, that these outcasts of society are not sharing our pews with us, for these fellows of the underworld despise us all as effeminate and would decline to associate with us if we should decide to make overtures to them. To be perfectly frank about the matter, few of us churchmen have any sporting blood in us, the criterion by which these fellows judge a man's worth.

But consider what heroes of the Cross most of these toughs and sports would make, if, as Dr. Johnson would have said, they be caught young enough. In "A Death in the Desert," while others watched beside the deathbed of John the Aged, the wild "Bactrian convert, having his desire, made pretence to graze a goat at the cave's mouth, so that if thief or soldier passed, yielding the goat up *promptly with his life*" the dying saint might be left undisturbed. These rough men hold ease and life itself so much less dear than we. Strange, but that is just the attribute we most admire in our own heroes and martyrs.

The church needs the red-blooded men who would rather fight than eat, quite as much as they need the church. What a shame that we are not able to join forces. "The Boys" coming home from over there must find "something doing" in our churches if we hope to minister to the men who have met God face to face in the trenches and perhaps have wrestled with him there until the break of day. It is a very real religion that these men have been experiencing. They are likely to make short shrift

of the abstractions, the symbolism, the narrow sectarianism in our church life. The "Scourge of God" brought an infusion of red blood into the effete church of the fifth century; perhaps his last successor on the Hunnish throne may unintentionally succeed in doing the same for the church of the twentieth century.

If the world war should result in opening the eyes of the church to certain outstanding facts which have long been demanding attention, perhaps it will have repaid a part of the terrible price. The psychologists have been pointing out to us that four varieties of temperament are to be found among men. For the sake of brevity these may better be illustrated than defined. Four of the apostles well represent these types: Peter was impulsive and impressionable, but lacked depth and stability. He lived in the present; the psychologists would say that he had a "sanguine" temperament. John the loving was moved by feeling, like Peter, but it was of a deeper and more lasting kind. He was introspective and valued the future more than either the present or the past. The scientists would classify him as of a "melancholic" temperament. Paul was a man of action. While action was not lacking in either Peter or John, it was not the carefully planned, the sustained, practical, triumphant action of Paul. Like Peter, he valued the present, but he did not neglect the past nor the future, making each of these contribute to his present purpose. "Choleric," the man of science, insists on calling him, just why, the man in the street is unable to discover. Thomas, universally named "the Doubter," represents the fourth type, the slow and deliberate man, not moved by impulse nor feeling, not even by practical considerations of efficiency unless he thoroughly understands the "why" of it all. "Show me" was his demand in the first century, as it is in the twentieth. He lived in the past; the Golden Age was behind him. He was always guided by precedent. We would call him to-day of a "phlegmatic" temperament.

Glancing back over these four types of temperament, it is not difficult to determine which of them have predominated in, let us say, the Methodist Church. The Peters and Johns have had things much their own way, and have had scant sympathy

for those who were unable or unwilling to shout and sing "Hallelujah!" in an exuberance of religious feeling. But it so happens that Paul and Thomas claim for their temperaments a large majority of men as a sex, while a corresponding majority of women have the Peter or John temperament. The preponderance of women in the active life of the church is thus clearly explained. Our services, our hymns, our sermons, practically all our activities were written or planned by men of like temperaments to their own. Why shouldn't women enjoy the church?

But what of the Pauls who are still engaged with the mask and the dark lantern, or are shooting up the town, or leading our strikers, or cornering our markets, or running our great corporations? Can the church get along all right without them? Try to think of the Book of the Acts with the original Paul continuing to breathe out threatening and slaughter against the disciples all the balance of his life. Yes, we need all the Pauls we can lay our hands on, but most of all we need to get them into the church while they are young, not later than their early teens. This is the time when the heartbreaking losses in the Sunday school appear. The later teens are the years when crimes of violence are at their maximum. Paul came into the church while still a young man, but not before the church had lost a Stephen by his assistance.

And what about Thomas and his following? If we had had them in the church, and busy, Germany would never have been able to defy the world for four long years, and all but win the world empire which her Pauls had planned. For Thomas invented the 42-centimeter guns with which Germany blasted her way through Belgium. Thomas devised the food substitutes with which she kept her people alive; he concocted her poison gases and liquid fire, and worst of all, he enunciated her poison doctrines of materialism which prepared the way for all the later frightfulness.

Now that we have seen some of the results of the *laissez faire* policy of the church, would it not be wise to question ourselves more closely as to the reasons why we have failed so utterly in dealing with these outsider temperaments? Officially we do not

accept the doctrine of predestination, but virtually our actions seem to be a tacit acknowledgment that we believe God made a large number of "misfits" when he created all those red-blooded men with the "choleric" temperament, or so many of those heretics with the "phlegmatic" temperament.

In the middle of the last century God showed a few men of the Paul temperament the necessity of ministering to the whole man—body, mind and social instincts as well as to the spiritual side of his nature. But the church had only a spiritual mission, said Peter and John, so the Y. M. C. A. was founded to take care of the many sides of men in which the church was not concerned. Slowly through the years a splendid material equipment was built up, and a corps of trained workers was provided by this "extra-church" organization. To be sure, these pioneers and their later followers were all Christian men and church members, men who revered the church and its spiritual mission. In 1917, when the world war came to America, the church in this country had suddenly to meet a new and unexpected test, that of ministering to large numbers of men torn from their home surroundings and massed in training and concentration camps, as well as "over there." The work was so new and strange, so different from that to which its leaders had been accustomed, that the church hesitated. But God did not! He had the Y. M. C. A. all ready for the emergency. These men stepped into the breach like the veterans they were. The "huts" were crowded at once. The boys had tried them and decided that the huts would meet all their requirements. Peter and John back home decided that there was a demand for denominational chaplains to minister to the spiritual natures of the men, and some of the ablest and most eloquent preachers from the great city churches were delegated to the work. But the "boys" would have none of this. The fine points of excellence of our Methodist doctrines and forms of government were entirely lost on them. The huts were still overflowing while the eloquent chaplains were preaching to empty chairs. Surely this lesson must not be lost in making future plans for the church. The *whole* gospel, the gospel of the kingdom which Jesus preached, the gospel which ministers to

man's whole nature, has the power of attracting all men, of all temperaments. "And the common people heard him gladly."

The Y. M. C. A. is not a church, but if his chosen means, the church, falters in doing its part in Christ's plan, who knows but that he may find it necessary to raise up other means by which to speed his coming Kingdom? When the chosen nation failed him in its greatest opportunity, he chose a few sons of Israel through whom to try again, and founded his church to carry on his work. After all, the Kingdom, not the church, is Christ's supreme concern.

Have we not here a reasonable explanation as to why so many men reject the proffered gospel, especially men of the two temperaments we have been considering? Is it because they have so few interests to which the church can appeal, or because their interests are so many and so varied that they are not satisfied with our one-sided vision? In the lurid light of this world catastrophe our task looms up in vaster proportions. We must find a way to give men the whole gospel, to save the whole man. There is even more to it: we must save the whole social order for Christ and for his Kingdom. It was for this he came and labored and died. It was this gospel of the Kingdom that he preached in season and out of season. It was to realize this ideal that he commissioned his church.

The kingdoms of this world are at present in what the chemist would call "the nascent state." New groupings and new combinations are being made with a swiftness and power that are amazing. But this nascent state is always evanescent, and must be utilized and directed promptly, or it is gone forever. The church today is facing a vaster opportunity than it has ever met in its history. Will it, can it, rise to the occasion? The answer is primarily a matter of ideals. "What I aspired to be and was not, comforts me!"

II. IDEALS

The complaint is sometimes heard that the historians of the past did not know how to write history; they told only of wars and left untouched the long years of peaceful development.

But our recent experiences seem to indicate that men may develop more in days under the stress of war than in years under a peaceful environment. Is there a "moral equivalent of war" in the development of men? Is there any way to turn self-centered men into patriots without including the brutality and crime of war? Are there any other means by which whole nations may be swept with enthusiasm into supreme sacrifices of ease, wealth, loved ones or life itself?

The introduction of gunpowder into warfare in the sixteenth century had a profound influence on the later history of the world. From that time on, however, no radical advance was made in explosives until the middle of the last century, when a Swedish chemist, Alfred Nobel, of peace prize fame, discovered a way to make safe the handling of that dangerous and unstable liquid, nitro-glycerin. He mixed it with an inert absorbent material like sawdust or earth, and the result was the highly useful commercial explosive known as dynamite, ten times as powerful as gunpowder. But not content with this, he conceived the idea of using guncotton, another unstable high explosive, as the absorbent material for nitro-glycerin, and he thus obtained the modern high power smokeless powder, twenty times as powerful as gunpowder, yet so stable that it can be fired seventy-five miles from a German super-cannon, without exploding until set off by its own fuse. This terrific explosive made playthings of the impregnable fortresses in which Belgium and France had put their trust until those fateful August days of 1914. Warfare had entered its second stage of frightfulness.

The ingredients of these new explosives are amazingly simple—raw cotton, glycerine, a little vaseline and nitric acid. All but the last of these are household necessities, but when carefully mixed in the proper proportions, according to the dictates of science, these harmless substances become transformed into terrific agents of destruction.

Half a century ago the King of Prussia discovered another supere explosive, beside which "Cordite" seems as sluggish as gunpowder. The new explosive was also made from the most harmless of ingredients—dreams. The king's dream was of a

world empire, but it was not the hazy, aimless dream of a man in his sleep, but a clear-cut mental picture that became more and more clearly defined as it developed into a practical plan of action. First the king surrounded himself with competent advisers. Bismarck supervised his diplomatic affairs, Von Moltke handled his military machine. The sequel is history now—the capture of Paris and the emperor's crown in 1871 were only the beginnings for the long patient years of preparation for 1914. A whole generation must be saturated with the emperor's dream before the curtain should be drawn again. The old Kaiser passed away before his dream could be half fulfilled, but his grandson proved an apt pupil and carried on the work in the same spirit. German diplomacy honeycombed the world with its spy system; a German prince or princess was on or close to every throne in Europe; subsidies kept the hand of Berlin on every bank and factory, every railroad and steamship line in the empire and in many strategic centers of the world. The German army became the standard of excellence for the nations. There were no "holidays" in the building of the German navy. Such a masterful preparation the world has never seen; no detail was too insignificant, no sacrifice too great, if they contributed their part toward "der Tag" when "Deutschland ueber Alles" should be no longer a dream, but a stern reality girdling the globe.

Then came the explosion, the rending, not of mere rocks and steel, but of kingdoms, principalities and powers. In the thick of the conflict Kitchener had to begin the creation of an army out of a nation of shopkeepers. America was "too proud" and also too prosperous to fight, or even to prepare. Every one of the dozen or so Allies had a different ideal for which it was fighting, Germany and her dupes had but one! The Allies, until the fateful spring of 1918, could not bring themselves even to fight under one command; the German General Staff was supreme from the beginning. It was no wonder, then, that the Kaiser began again the triumphal march toward Paris in the summer of 1914. And there was no human reason why he should not have reached there, turned back according to schedule, and demolished Russia before that sleeping giant could mobilize, swung

back again and wiped out the "contemptible little British army," swept across the seas and levied tribute on New York, Philadelphia and Boston, and been crowned Emperor of the World in Washington. There was no human reason why his plan failed, but there must have been a divine one! Once more the "divinity that shapes our ends" has tried to teach us the transcendent, explosive power of a definite, world-embracing ideal. Will that lesson ever be learned by the church?

During the first six centuries of our era, Christianity had spread slowly around the shores of the Mediterranean. Syria, especially, enjoyed a high degree of civilization. Antioch became the Rome of the East, the third city of the empire. The ruins of a large number of Christian church buildings of that period, and Christian inscriptions cut in the hard rocks of the Hauran are mute evidences to this day of the substantial character of the church in those centuries. But self-seeking and corruption were not unknown among its leaders, and the church itself was too busily engaged in arguing over creeds and splitting theological hairs to give any heed to its Master's decree to go into all the world and preach the gospel of the Kingdom. As a result, almost on the borders of Syria, the Semitic race, which had given to the world Abraham and Moses and Jesus of Nazareth, was developing another world religion which was destined to become Christianity's chief competitor in the centuries to come. Mohammed, in the stillness of the desert, also had a dream of world empire, and on his deathbed gave orders for the invasion of Syria. His followers swept across Syria and North Africa "like the desert simoon—swift, fierce, impetuous, irresistible, destructive!" In one century after Mohammed's death they had founded an empire extending from Spain to China, an empire of greater extent than Rome at its zenith. A thousand years passed away before any organized effort was made in the church to make amends for that fateful blunder. If instead of creeds and theological quibbles, a world-wide kingdom had been the dominant ideal of the church in those early centuries, what a different story there would have been to tell! Mohammed might have become a greater St. Paul!

But let us not be too severe in our criticism of our spiritual forefathers, until we of to-day have set our own house in order. Twenty-five years ago an American prophet, Josiah Strong, in his *New Era*, gave us a vision of the Kingdom which ought to have set the church on fire. But it did not. A majority of our church members have never heard of the book or its theme. With a few exceptions the pulpits have ignored its message. The very vocabulary is unfamiliar to the average churchman. The Laws of the Kingdom, as Josiah Strong stated them, are "Service, Sacrifice and Love." These three principles must be incorporated into our business, our politics, our whole social order, before it is safe to intrust even the most highly civilized nations with the enormous increase in power which has come with modern inventions and forms of organization. "Utopian!" we commented, and put Josiah Strong and his followers in the class with all the other cranks and visionaries. But open your eyes, churchmen of the twentieth century, what do you see all about you? Selective universal *service* of the manhood of America in military affairs! *Sacrifice* everywhere—in our food, our fuel, our business, our wealth, our sons, our lives—for the safety of our country and the assistance of our new Allies. Why was all this done? For the *love* of country, "that the world may be made safe for democracy." How ludicrous that would have sounded five years ago! But now we have seen prosaic, business-mad men of America swept off their feet by an ideal.

A short time before the armistice was signed, the United States War Industries Board sent out a circular addressed "To All Producers, Manufacturers, Dealers and Consumers of Steel: The Nation's present business—your present business—is War!" In the face of this amazing transformation in the spirit of America, must the church continue to confess its inability to move and attract the masses of men? Have we who are called by the name of Christ no ideal to offer that is big enough and definite enough to sweep men off their feet in an enthusiasm of "service, sacrifice and love" as we have seen common men do in war time? O Man of Galilee, strong Son of God, grant us a body of men in the church who dare to say with authority: "To all Preachers,

Teachers, Officials and Laymen: The Church's present business—your present business—is THE KINGDOM!" Then the work will be well begun.

III. PREPAREDNESS

Now that we may speak of the World War in the past tense it gives one a distinct shock to pick up a volume such as Hudson Maxim's *Defenseless America* and to recall by what a hair's-breadth America, and in fact the whole world, escaped the fate of Belgium. We read there the elaborate reasoning by which many intelligent and patriotic Americans, leaders of our thought life, convinced themselves and others that preparedness for a defensive war was a crime. Preparedness was not only a useless squandering of our resources, they pointed out, but the very consciousness that we were prepared for war would surely breed aggressiveness in us. The only way to insure world peace, they argued, would be for some great nation like America to lead the way, to strip itself at once of all armament! How much of this anti-preparedness crusade was due to ignorance, how much to sentimentality, how much to mental inertia, and how much to actual German propaganda, it is difficult at this time to determine. But looking backward at the stupendous events which followed our awakening, one shudders at the thought of what might have been had that dream of peace continued for another year.

The designs of Germany were altogether too big for us to believe the evidence of our senses. When the truth finally dawned upon us, we were actually at war! Then we began with feverish haste to prepare. West Point and Annapolis were totally inadequate to the task of turning out officers for the new army and navy. Training camps of all descriptions sprang up like mushrooms. But it was found that armies could not be created over night by a stroke of the pen. It was discovered that even if the men could be mobilized, means must be had to arm and equip them, to feed and transport them, before they could be of any real service to the nation. We think now only of the glorious record of our boys after they arrived at the front

line trenches. We forget, perhaps, that it was only that thin French line at Verdun that held the Germans back until we could build our enormous steel plants in which to make castings and forgings out of which to construct guns for our waiting artillery corps. We forget that it was with French and English guns that our American artillery laid down their barrages. American aces made their marvelous exploits in French and English planes. Do we recall that for four long weary years the British North Sea fleet held the German navy bottled up in Kiel while we built enormous shipyards in which to fabricate ships in which to carry our men and material across the seas to the battlefields? And do we recall that it was almost entirely in British ships that our men and supplies were finally transported? Suppose England and France had given up the seemingly hopeless struggle, as Russia did, before we were ready. Is it any wonder that when England heard that we had declared war, her laconic answer was, "For God's sake hurry up!"

There are pacifists in the church who contend that the only weapons we need in our fight against Satan are a song service and a prayer meeting. "Rescue the Perishing," "Throw Out the Life-Line" are very popular notions of the functions of the church, with no questions asked as to what caused the perishing ones to be in such peril, or how the ship came to be wrecked. Not to pray for help and guidance, not to sing when the help and guidance comes, would be nothing less than pagan. To neglect our share of the work in the partnership with God, is certainly something less than Christian.

The reassertion of the rights of the individual, which formed the keynote of the Protestant Reformation, has ever since been the dominating principle of the theology of Protestantism. Salvation of the individual has come to be conceived as almost the sole function of the church. And Satan asks for no more effective co-operation than that Christians should devote all their attention to repair work, to the business of reclaiming hardened adult sinners, after he has branded them as his property. He pats the spiritual pacifists on the back as he chuckles with satisfaction while they unconsciously spread his propaganda. He

knows he will win in the long run if he can keep them busy at that sort of work. He thinks of them precisely as the Kaiser thought of his dupes in America.

The American Red Cross did a truly remarkable work in this war. Its organization was well nigh perfect, not only on the battlefields but at the base of supply. Every church had its chapter, every woman's club became a recruiting station, every town and every hamlet had its part in the great work. Its drives for funds were as well managed as were the Liberty Loans. And not only on the battlefields were its ministries felt: in every desolate land, in every afflicted corner of the world, the Red Cross appeared as an angel of mercy. Never in any previous war had medical and surgical science performed such miracles of healing as were everywhere to be seen. During our Civil War a gunshot wound was the equivalent of a death sentence. On the seas our hospital ships were veritable modern floating hospitals. But how many surgeons, how many Red Cross nurses, would have been required to hold the line at Verdun? How many hospital ships would it have taken to bottle up the German fleet at Kiel? Yet the church has been trying to win a world war with corps of spiritual surgeons and nurses. Instead of battle cruisers and destroyers, it has provided only hospital ships. We have allowed Satan to capture or destroy millions of the children and youth of our cities and we then provide rescue missions for the pitiful few of the shipwrecked and mortally wounded souls that have survived.

The nineteenth century advances in biology gave an undue prominence to the influence of heredity on the destiny of a human life. Without diminishing the proper valuation of hereditary traits, the twentieth century is fixing its gaze more and more upon the environment as the determining factor in shaping a life. For example, the present-day scientist asserts that if a little Saxon baby living in the Black Forest of Germany during the time of Christ could, by some stroke of magic, be transported across the centuries and be placed in a Christian home in America, and if he should be given a course of training in our modern schools from kindergarten to university, includ-

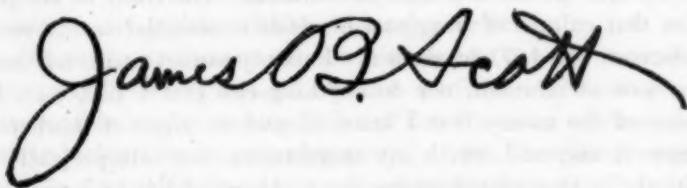
ing a graded course of religious education, then when he had grown up to manhood, it would be a perfectly normal experience if he should develop into a Phillips Brooks or a Theodore Roosevelt. There would be absolutely no way of telling whether it had been his father or his great-grandfather seventy generations removed who had been the barbarian in the Black Forest. His heredity would have determined whether he were capable of becoming a Christian nobleman, but his environment would fix whether he should grow up a pagan barbarian or a Christian gentleman. We are fellow workmen with God, and God is demanding, as our share of the work, that every child in the world shall have just such an environment as we have been considering—a Christian home, a Christian education, and a chance to develop into the best that is in him.

Whatever the world war has cost us in blood and treasure, we are certainly indebted to the Kaiser and his kinefolk for a demonstration on a colossal scale of the supreme importance of a controlled environment in shaping the destiny not only of individuals but of a nation. In a generation and a half he and his predecessors succeeded in transforming utterly a people whom we all loved and admired, a people whom we acknowledged as our leaders in music, poetry, philosophy, education, and religion. It is among those Saxon tribes, his ancestors, that we find the first example of real democracy and local self-government. By all the laws of heredity, these people should have sturdily rebelled against the plans of their rulers. But what do we find? In a little more than a generation they have been fitted to play the parts of the blackest villains in the history of civilization. How was it accomplished? From the cradle every German subject was placed in an environment where everything pointed to that one overmastering ideal of "Deutschland ueber Alles." And the result? The people behaved like automatons! Whatever else failed in the gigantic plan, the people of all creeds, classes, and political parties obeyed as if swayed by a single mind.

Will the church ever learn *that* lesson? If God had so willed, he might have made it a law of his universe that Christians, Minervalike, should spring forth full-grown and fully

armed at his august command. But the fact is, he chose another way. Of little children comes the Kingdom. God gave us the growing periods of childhood and youth in order that we might climb upward through the centuries. And the horizon widens as we climb. God's revelation of himself and of his plan for a world of men is a progressive revelation. Herein lies the most stupendous fact ever revealed to men, that in one whole generation, finally, will the Kingdom come. Some day, one whole generation will be born of Christian parents, will grow up through childhood and youth into strong, stalwart Christians. Then God's will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven. Then Christ himself, rejoicing, will come again to be our King.

But when shall these things be? When the church sees to it that every parent has been carefully trained in the business of being a parent; when every teacher has been carefully trained in the fine art of teaching; when every city, great and small, shall be cleansed from all deliberate, gainful unrighteousness, such as the liquor traffic and other traffics not yet prohibited; when the church and the community shall become as thoroughly socialized as the Christian family; when service, sacrifice, and love shall become the guiding principles of industry, of commerce, of polities national and international. In other words, when our preparation has become complete, then will come the King!

A large, handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "James B. Scott". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first name "James" and the middle initial "B." being more distinct, while the last name "Scott" is more stylized and joined together.

"THE FAULTLESS PAINTER": BROWNING'S GOSPEL OF ASPIRATION.

BROWNING's *Andrea del Sarto* may be taken as a text about which other poems may be grouped in a study of the poet's theory of art. Browning has been called the poet's poet and the artist's poet; "he is, in a larger sense, the poet of art. The artistic type and qualities are dear to him." He is less artist because he has given himself so largely to the criticism of art, but the fact that he is poet gives a high quality to his criticism. An artist has some qualifications which the merely technical critic cannot possess. Browning combines high poetic gifts with philosophic insight. His poems all have deep critical and philosophical quality. They have real artistic value, but it is not because of their artistic merit that we read them, but because of the criticisms of art and life they contain. Browning is to be classed with the "vital critics." Ruskin belongs to this class; here are some tenets in his artistic creed: "Great art is nothing less than a type of strong and noble life." "If life without industry is guilt, industry without art is brutality." "Being pictures is better than buying pictures." His *Seven Lamps of Architecture* are in reality seven luminous lamps of life. The art critic about the age of forty became social reformer, but there was no break in the continuity of his life. It was a process of evolution. His study of art gave him that culture of imagination which is essential in the social reformer. In 1871 he wrote: "I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, . . . because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of it where I know it not, and which my imagination can interpret all too bitterly." One cannot escape the problems of life by turning to art. Trace art back to its fundamental principles and you have the fundamental principles of life and character. All principles of true art can be restated in terms of life. Art criticism is valuable only as it becomes vital criticism. This is the justification of the literary criticism of the "Great Dane" Georg Brandes, who has been recently welcomed as a visitor to America. "First

and foremost," writes Dr. Brandes, "I endeavor everywhere to bring literature back to life." The result of following this principle is that his literary criticism "has come to touch upon a swarm of religious, social, and moral problems." "I seize hold of actual life," he continues, "with all the strength I may, and show how the feelings that find their expression in literature spring up in the human heart." This is the principle and method to which Browning continued loyal all his life. His art criticisms are vital criticisms and his theory of art embodies his philosophy of life. Several of his greatest poems have some problem of art as their themes. *Abt Vogler*, *Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha*, *A Toccata of Galuppi's*, *Charles Avison* are great poems dealing with music. Other poems which are musical in a lesser degree are *Saul*, *A Grammarian's Funeral*, *A Serenade at the Villa*, and *The Heretic's Tragedy*. He was a great lover of music and understood its deeper power and meaning. The poems on poetry and poets include *The Lost Leader*, *Respectability*, *Popularity*, *How it Strikes a Contemporary*, *Sordello*, *Transcendentalism*, *Pacchiarotto*, *At the Mermaid*, and *The Two Poets of Croisic*. The great poems dealing with painting are: *Old Pictures in Florence*, *Fra Lippo Lippi*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *Pictor Ignotus*, and *The Guardian Angel*. Here is a most inviting field for study. In its wealth and variety of material, in its mastery of accurate knowledge of artists and their works, and in depth of insight and loftiness of interpretation, Browning has made the greatest contribution to art criticism the world has yet received.

While the supremacy of aspiration in art and life is taught in many of Browning's poems, *Andrea del Sarto* is the one poem entirely given over to the exposition of this doctrine. *Andrea del Sarto*, who lived in the crowning period of the Florentine renaissance, is chosen by the poet as the character best suited to his artistic purpose. The limitations of "the faultless painter" are given the quality of universality in the poem and teach the inadequacy of the highest technical perfection to produce a truly great work of art. It was his very perfection that caused the gifted painter's failure. His biographer, Vasari, states that *Andrea del Sarto's* figures are "well drawn, entirely free from

errors, and perfect in all their proportions." But Vasari also informs us that the artist did not display "those evidences of ardor and animation which are proper to the more exalted character, . . . nor did he at any time display one particle of that elevation which, could it but have been added to the advantages wherewith he was endowed, would have rendered him a truly divine painter." Browning translated this criticism from prose to poetry, from objective criticism of art to subjective criticism of life. This poem is rightly classed with the poems on art, but is, nevertheless, a study of personality, which is the one ultimate reality with Browning. Fotheringham says that in this poem we have "a study of character, and of art as qualified by character." Browning held firmly to the reality of soul: God and the soul stand sure. Two truths, the personality of God and the divinity of human personality, he felt it his mission to proclaim. He makes the Pope say, "Mind is not matter, nor from matter, but above." "He has thought nobly of the soul," says Professor Corson, "and has treated it as, in its essence, above the fixed and law-bound system of things we call nature; in other words, he has treated it as supernatural." The soul is the stage, with "its shifting fancies and celestial lights," upon which his dramatic monologues are seen. His dramas have no action suited to the theater, with its artificiality, its pitiful limitations and its cumbersome paraphernalia. Browning is the poet of personality. Bishop Quayle says: "Browning is psychologist. His theme is soul. He is not dealing with surfaces, but with the deeps. He works from within out; is no painter, but binds soul on the rack, and makes it tell its secrets. Study Browning always from this point of view, if you would comprehend him."

Browning's distinctive contribution to the doctrine of soul is an emphasis of the truth that the soul's life is to be measured by its aspiration, and that aspiration comes by the kindling power of another—a greater, stronger, higher, better—personality. This is an essential Christian teaching. It is the great Messianic idea that the destiny of every man is wrapped up in the destiny of one great Personality. This same conception, with certain limitations, is true of every great, attractive personality in his quickening

influence over the lives of others. This principle is found at its highest in Jesus, but it is seen also in Peter. They even carried out the sick into the streets, and laid them on beds and couches, that, as Peter came by, "at the least his shadow might overshadow some of them." One of the girls who attended Wellesley writes concerning Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer: "Mrs. Palmer had a strange effect on me. When I saw her I felt as if I could do things that I never dreamed of before. Even now, whenever I think of her, I have a strange sense of dignity in my life." Another writes of her: "Every place connected with her is filled with her joyous vitality. . . . As often as I think of her I am ashamed of not being always hopeful and happy." That most excellent book of its kind, *The Pilot Flame*, written, as the title page tells us, by "a practicing pastor engaged in lighting pilot flames," gives us this statement of the Browning doctrine: "The spark that shall kindle the flame is received from the burning flame of another life. The religious duty of parents, teachers, and pastor-ministers is to offer the burning flame in their lives for the kindling of the new flames." This is a favorite doctrine with Emerson: "We are emulous of all that man can do. . . . We are all wise in capacity, though so few in energy. There needs but one wise man in a company and all are wise, so rapid is the contagion." This truth is found throughout Browning's poems. Note especially *Saul*, *Pippa Passes*, *A Soul's Tragedy*, *Luria*, *Sordello*, *Colombe's Birthday*, and *The Ring and the Book*. It is at just this point that Browning's theory of art comes in. Art is the intermediate agency of personality. It is the medium through which souls are projected into other lives. It was through his musical expression that David gave his very self to Saul. Through his poem the poet gives himself to us. Riley said to Richard Henry Stoddard:

"Though, of ourselves, all poor are we,
And frail and weak of wing,
Your height is ours—your ecstasy—
Your glory, when you sing.

"The gods give as but gods may do—
We count *our* riches thus:
They gave their richest gifts to you,
And then gave you to us."

A picture or poem is not a means but an end. To emphasize this idea seems to be the ultimate purpose of the Ring and the Book:

". . . Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,
Beyond the mere imagery on the wall;
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived;
So write shall mean beyond the facts,
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside."

And save the soul! Art as the agent of personality serves as a medium of expression for the soul's aspiration. Expression is the law of personality, divine and human. God will express himself. The heavens declare him. "Day unto day uttereth speech." "God having of old time spoken." This is God's biography. God has always spoken. He cannot be Himself and be silent. He speaks through nature and our own natures to us and through us to others. We are his epistles. We are his *πολύφωνοι*. So man, made in God's image, must express himself. Art meets this need. "The object of art," says George Willis Cooke, "as Browning has defined it, and as he has reduced it to practice, is to give man a fit outlet for his nature in the direction of the infinite." And an outlet for our natures in the direction of the infinite means the expression of aspiration. It is human to aspire, and to express our aspiration. The soul must aspire or die. Bishop Quayle has told us, "The first foot on the first hill-slant that slants toward the mountain top is epochal. We must aspire lest we die and be buried along the dusty level plain." It is this that is lacking in Andrea del Sarto. His "reach" does not "exceed his grasp." Low motive, clandestine love, self-indulgence, love of gold and ease killed the high impulse in him. The creative fountains have dried up in him. He has silenced the angel of his better nature. He was disobedient to the heavenly vision. He is the "faultless painter," technically perfect. He can point out the errors of his greatest contemporaries, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Leonardo da Vinci. In mere execution he excels these, and

yet when he comes to review his life he sees that he has lacked the one needful quality for really great art, a quality which these masters had—*aspiration*. Referring to the work of the young Raphael he says:

"That arm is wrongly put—and there again—
A fault to pardon in the drawing's lines;
Its body, so to speak: its soul is right;
He means right—that a child may understand.
Still, what an arm! and I could alter it:
But all the play, the insight, and the stretch—
Out of me, out of me!"

To make art reproduce physical beauty perfectly is not the end of art as Browning sees it. This is the limitation of Greek art; it aimed at perfection of physical beauty and attained it. It taught submission to human limits; the "serene perfection of the Olympian gods" was beyond human reach. So there came an end of progress. There was no place left for aspiration. But with Christian art came a new birth of hope and effort. Artists learned to look inward and beheld an ideal of the soul and of spiritual humanity. Art came to have an infinite reach. Seen from this higher point of view art has to do with the infinitude, the immortality, of the soul. The subject of Greek art was finite and it therefore could not have an infinite reach. But the glory of Christian art lies in its rejection of a limited perfection and its daring to be imperfect that it may teach men not to submit but to aspire. Browning makes Andrea del Sarto say:

"Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for? All is silver-gray
Placid and perfect with my art: the worse!"

Andrea del Sarto does his work too easily. There is no striving and toiling, no agonizing and trying again after failure. What others strive to do and fail to do he does easily. He may have pitied and even scorned them in the past, but now, in this quiet evening when he reviews his life, he sees that his art has all been too easy. When his work is done it leaves him nothing to be wished. There is no sense of failure, no longing, no aspiration.

"At any rate 'tis easy, all of it!
No sketches first, no studies; that's long past:
I do what many dream of, all their lives.
. . . Dream? Strive to do, and agonize to do,
And fail in doing. . . .
Well, less is more, Lucrezia: I am judged.
There burns a truer light of God in them,
In their vexed beating stuffed and stopped-up brain,
Heart, or whate'er else, than goes on to prompt
This low-pulsed forthright craftsman's hand of mine.
Their works drop groundward, but themselves, I know,
Reach many a time a heaven that's shut to me,
Enter, and take their place there sure enough,
Though they come back and cannot tell the world.
My works are nearer heaven, but I sit here."

It is beyond the purpose of this discussion to consider whether Browning has rightly interpreted the historic Andrea del Sarto. It is enough for our purpose to see that the irony of the words just quoted, and especially the last verse, is to teach what life and love and art should be; that the higher principles and aims of art are spiritual; that aspiration is the supreme requirement in art as it is the true measure of life. This truth finds expression in ever varying terms in many of Browning's poems. This from Cleon,

"Why stay we on the earth unless to grow?"

This is how David interprets his longing to help Saul in the face of his failure: " 'Tis not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." These lines are found in The Statue and the Bust:

"Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will.
The sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

These words thrill us like a blast from the trumpet of Robert Louis Stevenson. The Celestial Surgeon sounds this note. Here is another call to arms from Stevenson: "Life goes down with better grace foaming at full tide over a precipice than miserably struggling to an end in sandy deltas." And here is another from the same trumpet:

"Since I am sworn to live my life,
And not to keep an easy heart;
Some men may sit and drink apart,
I bear a banner in the strife."

"How inexhaustibly the spirit grows!" cries Domizia in the tragedy of Luria. The dying John, in *A Death in the Desert*, is made to say:

"I say a man was made to grow, not stop."

And again:

"Man knows partly but conceives beside,
Creeps ever on from fancies to the fact,
And in this striving, this converting air
Into a solid he may grasp and use,
Finds progress man's distinctive mark alone;
Not God's, and not the beasts': God is, they are;
Man partly is and wholly hopes to be."

Since this is true we all should

"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly,
His soul's wings never furled."

If we see with Abt Vogler, "On earth the broken arcs; in heaven the perfect round," we may say in the face of failure, "All I aspired to be and was not—comforts me." In Reverie life is pictured in terms of aspiration:

"Life is—to wake, not sleep,
Rise, and not rest, but press
From earth's level—where blindly creep
Things perfected, more or less—
To heaven's height, far and steep."

But there is nothing in the whole literature of aspiration that equals *A Grammarian's Funeral*. We join the company marching up the mountainside, and lift our voices in unison with the song they sing, and when we have read the poem through, our souls keep marching upward with the command, "Keep the mountain side, make for the City!" sounding in our ears.

"Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture!
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;

Clouds overcome it;
 No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
 Circling its summit.
 Thither our path lies; wind we up the heights;
 Wait ye the warning?
 Our low life was the level's and the night's;
 He's for the morning.
 Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
 'Ware the beholders!
 This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
 Borne on our shoulders.

"That low man seeks a little thing to do,
 Sees it and does it;
 This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
 Dies ere he knows it.
 That low man goes on adding one to one,
 His hundred's soon hit;
 This high man, aiming at a million,
 Misses a unit.
 That, has the world here—should he need the next
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find him.

"Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there:
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there?
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
 Peace let the dew send!
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
 Living and dying."

This is Browning's gospel and upon those who receive it rests the beatitude of Him who taught men not to submit but to aspire: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

A. L. Semans

BEYOND THE SUNSET

"AFTER the night falls will the day break? What lies beyond the sunset? Will not some glad dawn come after the dark? Will not some splendor swallow up these shadows?" These yearning cries are as old as the ages, but they are as new as the mother-calling cry of the infant newly born. Through the long centuries the human heart has been knocking at the door of the deep mystery. Is there some welcoming hand on the other side of the door to lift the latch and let us into another life? "Where is my soldier boy? Where is my sweetheart soldier? He is not even 'somewhere in France' now, but my heart must have him somewhere—beyond France, 'Beyond the Sunset.' Something other than empty echoes must answer my aching call."

These are not idle questions. They are not speculative superstitions. The unwonted urgency of these inner hungers assures us instinctively and intuitively that "The Eternal Goodness" will not mock us, but will meet us beyond the sunset in some immortal to-morrow. "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is the question old with the ages. Who sprung the question? It sprang out of man's immortal deeps. The answer must come singing back to man's heart out of the infinite deeps of God. Neither philosophy nor science may fathom the ocean's mystery, but the sea air makes us certain of the sea. We are on the foot-hills now, but the morning breath of the mountain winds which fan our fevered faces makes us sure that we are headed for the high ranges. It is neither mathematically, nor philosophically, nor scientifically demonstrable, but the full and far feel of the soul makes it spiritually sure. After all, how many of the sweetest certainties of life can Science find, or Philosophy fathom, or Mathematics figure out? Is not the baby as instinctively sure of its mother's love as its physical fingers and lips are sure of her breast? This great business of sureness has more than one way of arriving at the goals of spiritual certainty.

"If a man die, shall he live again?" That question was raised by a prince in the land of Uz centuries ago. In the shadow

of his "cypress trees" he called across the night. The old question is as fresh now as it was then, and as forcible here as it was there. That poignant interrogation runs through a million hearts and homes in this hour of tragic grief. Materialism with its nightmare of death has left us with nothing but ghostly guesses. Its "mailed fist" would erase all our hopes and rub out the stars. Is this dark to be lighted only by the Aurora Borealis of uncertain human theories? Who will strike the quenchless light among the fearsome glooms? Millions of baffled hearts are asking Job's question afresh to-day. The question will not down. For uncounted years it has run like an obligato of grief through the sobbing sorrows of the world. If only some sure Voice would speak the luminant word about "another life"! Whatever the ribald jests of Robert G. Ingersoll might have been worth in dollars, they were not worth anything to anybody's despair. They left the mighty hungers of the heart to starve. These Ingersollian flings at faith are mad mockeries in these troubled days. Think of inscribing on the tablet or wooden cross above that mound in France where the daisies bloom over the precious dust of your beloved dead those awful, bitter words of the unbeliever: "Whether in mid ocean or among the breakers of the farther shore a wreck must mark at last the end of each and all." Think of writing over the graves of our brave sweethearts, husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons that Ingersollian mockery: "Life is a barren peak between two eternities." Ah, that stings our hearts to-day like a serpent bite. It is the swinging of an empty and broken bell that has no golden tongue. It is the effort of a strangling soul to smother out the stars. Such words are wanton wickedness in these wounded days. They are scorpion stings among our tangled tragedies. "If a man die, shall he live again?" That is the super-question in this battle-stormed world. The urge is on our hearts. They will not be put off. Our sorrows are too full to be assuaged by vulgar swagger and empty superficialities. The case is in court. No lying lips can laugh it out. The question about another life is as really a part of this life as are hands and feet or flesh and blood. The seed of this question has been always in the soul, but when some storm of world sorrow sweeps the earth the seed sprouts

once again and springs up afresh. This seed and the plant that springs from it are indigenous to the soil of the soul. They are as native as the heather on the hills. Will these deserts of death never bloom again? Are all the flowers dead? Is all the music hushed? Will the great organs of the soul be mute forever? Will the dewy lips of morning never kiss the night again? If we can find a little light in this great dark we shall thank God and take cheer. Even a ray of sun in dungeon darkness would be welcome. With humble and inquiring hearts let us approach these angel-guarded gates of God.

Surely our Deepest Intuitions Point Somewhere. Even instinct has found many a truth which philosophy and science have not guessed. Who tells the homing dove how to find its way? The zig-zag flight of the butterfly seems uncertain. It appears to be headed for nowhere. But with some sure guidance the butterfly finds the flower that has the honey. I have seen the mother cat do a wondrous thing. When the swollen river broke out of its banks and the flood water beat against the manger in the shed where she nestled her brood she was alert to see the peril of the situation. There was no time to consider how the flood originated. There was no time to parley with some inadequate man-made philosophy. One by one she quickly seized the loose folds on each little neck between her loving lips and climbed a long pole straight upward into the lofty haymow, where she deposited in the hay every member of her brood beyond the reach of the devastating flood. That mother cat's instinct pointed out the fact of danger and the way to safety. Even the instinct of the homing dove and the butterfly and the mother cat pointed somewhere and to something worth while.

The instinct of the polliwog points to a better life. It never doubts of larger and better conditions. It is content with its humble beginning. In patience it bides its time. But on a summer's day the growing creature breaks the swaddling bands and springs out of the mud and the ooze amid the fragrance of the beautiful wild iris on the bank. In his new gladness and freedom he leaps from place to place in the splendor of the summer sun. He could not say it nor sing it nor write it in a magazine

or a book, but from the beginning in the pond ooze he was growing and getting ready for "another life." From the very beginning the fingers of the future were drawing him onward. From the birth hour the urge of another life was in the grub. If the grub's progenitors who had already gone into that "other life" could have put into living and lucid speech their larger experiences they would have said something like this: "That grub life which you are living in the pond now and in the mud is only temporary. The body you now have is adequately adapted to your muddy and watery environs. The same wise creative power which put you where you are, with the body which you now have, can and will put you in a better place with a better body." Nor could Plato have spoken more truthfully. Down in the shadows the grub kept growing. The growth was headed toward a definite destiny. One day a wondrous longing to get out of the muddy waters came over the grub. The thrill of this instinctive urge went through the grub's whole nature. He found a reed or rush which was rooted in the pond mud. Slowly the grub made its way to the reed, and slowly climbed upward and out till the sunlight of the upper world touched him. Then his old muddy clothing slipped off and he had a new body. This new body had wings, and as they unfolded he lifted away from the pond, above the blue flags, and went winging on a fragrant journey about the clover meadows. It was "another life," the life of the beautiful dragon fly. The first home was in the mud. The second home was among the meadows. It was another life fulfilling the promise of the first.

This is where the lesson is pointing us: If the urge of instinct points to something better, even in a temporary program, surely our great human intuitions point to a "beyond" which is infinitely worth while. "The heart's emphasis is always right," said Emerson. If there is a color sense which is prophecy of color, if there is a sense of harmony which is prophecy of music, if there is a mathematical sense which foretells the science of numbers, then there ought to be a spiritual sense which catches the clue of some eternal future. These holy hints of the heart ought to point to some high destiny. The morning hints the noon. The acorn hints the oak. The foot-hills lead up to the mountain summits. A baby

in a log cradle was the beginning of the mighty Lincoln. The keynote is preannouncement that the full chorus is coming.

The great intuitions are not only hints of the soul's high destiny, but they refuse to be smothered by the grime of toil, the dust of travel, or the smoke of battle. In hard hours unbelief awakens the heart's protest. The pratings of the unbeliever do not always go unchallenged of his own heart. The divine protest broke from the agnostic's lips when at his brother's grave he sobbed, "Listening hope sees a star and hears the rustle of a wing." The soul does not easily permit to be smothered its fore-tokens of the future. On a great occasion Victor Hugo was being dined by the atheists of France. They had jeered him with the taunt that the soul is only "the resultant of the occult forces of the body." The veteran of literature and the foremost genius of his day stood up in his place, with flowing locks as white as the snow, and delivered to them his famous utterance on Immortality. He said: "Gentlemen, winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I am rising, I know, to the sky. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I can hear the immortal symphonies that invite me. The tomb is not a blind alley. It closes on the twilight to open with the dawn. I shall not cease work. I shall begin again in the morning." Then he baffled their unbelief and shot it through with radiance by this illuminating question: "If my soul is the resultant of the occult forces of the body, as you say, then how does it come to pass that the weaker my body grows the stronger becomes my soul?" How does it come that as the factors lessen the sum grows greater? That will do to think about for a hundred years.

The great intuitions on occasion fly into the very face of death. An army officer who has soldiered in two continents has been telling us that he began his soldier career as a scoffer. His men knew his attitude. But soon after his first battle two of his boys were brought in on stretchers. They were both mortally wounded. One of them called for his commanding officer, after the surgeon informed him that he had only a short time to live, and probed the officer's soul with this question: "Captain, I know about your unbelief; but will you say to me now, as I am dying,

that this ends it all and there is no future life?" The officer tells us that for one throbbing second he was dumb. Then a great conviction came surging up out of the deeps of his soul, a something which he had never known was there, and he told the dying young soldier in tones of solemn certainty, "Certainly, Jimmy, there is another life, and this does not end all." This officer then went over to the other dying soldier and was asked by him a similar question. With a certainty which was running its roots deeper in the officer's heart he gave the other dying man a similar reply: "Certainly there is another life, and this does not end it all." The officer tells us that through this experience he came to a great and glad belief in the future life.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the wind from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown;

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven by thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place,

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows forever through heaven's green expansions
The river of thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

It is not Impossible that Men Should See Into Another World. This business of seeing is of various kinds. We may see with the eyes of the body. We may see with the eyes of the soul. For all practical purposes Columbus saw into another physical world. It was a world of new conditions, of new possibilities, of new experiences, of new achievements. It is not straining a point

to say that, as compared with the old world which he came from, Columbus saw in America another world and a new world. And he saw it all in spiritual vision before he saw it as physical fact. It is not "far-fetched" to say that Herschel, Kepler, and Copernicus saw into another mathematical world and into another astronomical world. It needs no "special pleading" to make the words "seeing into another world" expressive of their experiences. And, as Bishop Butler said, how many more worlds might we see if only our instruments were powerful enough! As compared with the common eye have not our great artists seen into another world of beauty? To us of the rank and file some of their creations have been little less than apocalypses. We have stood with hushed breath and glistening eyes before these radiant pictures. We had not dreamed that there was so wondrous a world as their lights and shadows and perspectives and colors revealed. We went back to our places in the office and the shop and the field feeling that we had indeed seen into "another world." One of the greatest geniuses of music declared that there were times when he seemed to see waves of music flowing toward him like the sea waves. And when we have heard the wondrous marchings of his music we have found this story easy to believe. He ushered us into "another world" of melody. This seeing into another world is not wholly unknown even on our own dusty planet.

These "other world" seers have made our literature luminous with their revelations. With the eyes of the spirit, between the dingy walls of old Bedford Jail John Bunyan saw into another world, and as we have walked across his pages with "Pilgrim" we have seen into that other world. Tennyson was crushed down like a towering tree into the dust of a great despair. He fell prone, face downward. He had clung to Hallam like a vine to a trellis. Hallam was fallen and dead. Dreadful doubts walked over Tennyson's heart like rough-shod hoofs. For a time his musical soul was songless. But he who, as a child, heard "a voice in the wind" caught again, one day when the winds of God were blowing over his desert, the faint, far voices of "another world." That music started up his singing once again. "In Memoriam" is the greatest song of Christian faith in all human literature. As literature it

is unsurpassed. It sounds deeper seas than the philosophers' plummets. It is an unimpeachable record of a great spiritual "Secretary of the Interior." Our world grief will press us again to this unfailing fountain of faith and consolation. The eyes of science are too dim with dust. The pages of philosophy are overfull with questions and too scant of answers. Let us hear the bugles blow. This day of sobbing is no time for "The Dead March in Saul." We are sorely wounded. Let us have healing. Let us not stoop among the shadows. Let us sing some sweet song as we walk across the fields of our dead with dear "Old Immortality." Love is calling, faith is calling, hope is calling, God is calling in our night, "The day breaketh!" In Tennyson's "In Memoriam" the lips of love and life are still at the lute. Listen:

My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live forevermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,
And dust and ashes all that is.

This singer looked up in his midnight of misery and saw the unwasting splendor of God's eternal stars. His faith returned and the shadows fled. Hear his triumph song:

So be it; there no shade can last
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past.

All the great writers have seen the star-lit sky of "another life" bending above them. Our skyless literature has no unfading stars. Disbelief in "another world" is a cloud that smothers out the stars. The great *sayers* in literature have been great *seers*.

There are who, like the seers of old,
Can see the helpers God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountainside
Is white with many an angel tent.

No writer can rally our hearts much who has not sighted "another world." Who does not "follow the gleam" cannot lead us out of the gloom. We never warm by the fires which are built of unfaith. We do not light our candles in the ashes of spent torches. If, as

George Eliot suggests, there is not "another world," where our tangled troubles are untangled and where our clouded skies come clear, then this present life with its baffled hopes and broken hearts is the ghastliest jest ever perpetrated upon the universe. But here in the dust we know that the mountains are yonder because the balm of their breath has touched us. The winds that find us in the vales have the tang of the sea air on their wings and we know that the sea is "just over there."

Testimony about This World and Another World. How much truth we get by testimony. It is so in history. What do we know about the discovery of our own land save by the historian's testimony? Somebody says there was a Livingstone, a Wilberforce, a Washington, a Lincoln, and we get our truth of history by hearsay. Yet we find it wise to follow the truth of testimony. There is the conscious feeling of truth as well as the feeling of emotion. In the case of history we may be said to "feel our way to the truth" through testimony. It is so in the natural sciences. We mostly get our truth of science by testimony. In John Burroughs's testimony of nature we feel the atmosphere of authority. To be sure, this is not mathematical authority, but it is living, literary authority to the mind and spirit. There are different kinds of authority. There is chemical authority, musical authority, material authority, spiritual authority. The most of our scientific truth we get by taking the scientist's word for it. This is a wise and efficient way of getting scientific knowledge. With a feeling of sureness we take the testimonies of the astronomer, the botanist, the geologist, the entomologist, and the bacteriologist, and the strange word of the electrician about "electrons." We take all of these testimonies, and more, with some genuinely satisfactory feeling of certitude. We feel that this process of belief and knowledge is practically sensible and reasonably sure. In our mental experiences in these matters this is the way we arrive. Now, if we take the testimony of scientists, naturalists, artists, writers, and musicians about "other worlds" why not take intelligent spiritual testimony about another world? When Dwight L. Moody, whose spiritual testimony was believed by the wisest and best of people on two continents while he was in active life, tells

us with his last breath, "God is calling me, I must go," why should we not believe this last testimony as well as the others? When a wise and good bishop whose testimony was good guidance in life tells us, just as he is leaving, "I am gliding away into God. There is no river here," who can assign any reason for not believing this last testimony? Why should we become incredulous at this climax of the splendid drama? In the drama advertised on the billboards we have "the ascending action, the climax, the descending action, and the catastrophe." Maybe this physical "catastrophe," so called, is, like the dissolution of the wheat grain, a condition out of which shall spring a new and more beautiful body, the "spiritual body." If a sweet lady, whose testimony we had always found reliable up to the last minute, shall whisper in a last testimony, "Death? death?—no—no. Life, life, eternal life"—in such case would it not be wise and well for us to believe with abiding sureness that she is giving us the truth about both sides of the grave? Why not believe that in the sad and familiar word "death," she gave us the physical fact about this side, and that in the words "eternal life" she gave us the spiritual fact about the eternal future? Maybe, as the old grain of wheat's catastrophe culminates in bloom and harvest, so the body's catastrophe may be the soul's coronation. When a lovely mother said, in leaving the family circle, "It is not dark, it is all light," who is he that dares distrust that triumphant testimony? Who will not take Longfellow's word for it when he sings back from sunset glories,

Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light—
It is day-break everywhere.

Surely these sweet friends of ours must have seen the radiance of the eternal morning. They must have caught the music of some fair land of song. We do well to believe them and be glad. The drive of destiny must be in the urge of this inner movement toward eternal living.

The unarguing attitude of Jesus in the fourteenth chapter of John, which so many bleeding hearts are reading afresh to-day, is more convincing than logic. With sublime serenity he took the future life for granted. He did not snuff out the torch when

death's sea fogs began to roll in on the lands of life. He speaks unfalteringly about "preparing a place for you." His speech is steady and sure when he speaks about the "many dwelling places." He talks like the great Secretary of the Eternal Interior. He treats the whole subject with sublime serenity and certainty. Who would argue stellar splendor when the stars are lit? Who would argue a sunrise? Who would debate about the splendor of a harvest moon? Some things are too sure to argue about—the music of a baby's laughter, the beauty of a mother's eyes, the fragrance of the red rose, and the wastes of wonder on a cloudless May morning. Some things are too sure to argue about. A little lassie plucked at the skirt of the minister's coat, when the casket containing the precious body of her mother was being lowered into the grave, and she protested, "Don't put my mother into that dark hole in the ground!" Ah, God, that is all it is to agnosticism, to disbelief, to materialism; only "a hole in the ground." And it is a "hole in the ground" which is very dark and very deep and very cold. But in that same graveyard I saw the linnet come and sing among the jasmine flowers at the grave's edge. I saw the linnet. I heard his song. But God sends whole choruses of singing angels to sing at the grave side, and the great "Comrade in white" says, "I am the resurrection and the life." This star-lit splendor of the human soul cannot be quenched by "a hole in the ground." There is a wide and wondrous daybreak in "That deep dawn beyond the tomb."

Beyond the sunset's evenfall
Unsetting suns shall rise again;
The Gates of Morning shall unclose
And usher the immortal day;
When trammels drop and fetters fall,
In that glad land of ageless love,
With laughter and with happy songs,
The golden harvests I shall reap
From sowings of my sweetest dreams;
The sun shall nevermore go down,
Nor darkling shadows come again;
Unwasting splendors shall illumine
The unguessed gladness of that land
Where love with love shall meet again
Beyond the sunset and the night.

The Eternal To-morrow. Getting ready for to-morrow is the biggest part of everybody's business to-day. Our yesterdays and to-days are not big enough for the soul: we must have to-morrow for the overflow. The soul must have wing width. We must have horizons that widen away beyond the world. Many look longingly toward the past. But we shall never find the future's goals by hunting backward for them. The past and the present are only springboards from which to leap into life's far future. Why do the birdlings get their wings? For to-morrow. Why are students training in the schools? They are getting ready for to-morrow. In our trouble-torn world we must have the gentle touch of to-morrow's healing hand. Our wounds to-day must have the balms of to-morrow. The lure of to-morrow is lifelong. It ever solicits. The finger tips of to-morrow morning have stretched into all the sunsets of our yesterdays and to-day. It's the call of to-morrow that stimulates the most of life's activities. Toil at it as we will to-day, we need to-morrow for the finishing of our tasks. To-morrow is what kept the dictionary-maker working at his great book for forty years. The business of to-morrow is always calling for the inventions and discoveries of yesterday and to-day. Future harvests are all that give significance to the sowings of yesterday and to-day. Even the earthquakes which wrenched the earth apart in the long ago yesterdays were doing business for to-morrow. They were plowing out the fertile valleys which should home and house the generations of to-morrow. Why does the musician write his song and enshrine it in abiding symbols? He is getting it ready for the singers of to-morrow. "Just for To-day" is a beautiful poem and a lovely song, but it has no significance save as it links its message with the meanings of to-morrow. Our artists have not been painting for yesterday, nor "just for to-day." They have meant their colors to last into the long and living stretches of to-morrow. It is for the "to-morrow" values that men pay large sums of money for the masterpieces. Who would paint a picture if he knew it would fade by to-morrow morning? Who has ever written a book "just for to-day"? What significance have the lawyer's yesterdays or to-day save to untangle the troubles which somebody will have to-morrow? The medical school is not busy

with the dear folk who died yesterday. The apostles of healing are studying remedies for the sicknesses of to-morrow. The nurses are in training to-day against the hospital needs of to-morrow. The inspiration and dynamic of to-day is in the call of to-morrow.

Here is the heart of the lesson from the lure of to-morrow. We are always putting out the "feelers" of the soul to find some fruitful future. But the "feelers" of the ant and the bee are significant of something to feel. They are not always in the empty air. They do find the flower and the food. Their "feelers" do not lead them "on a fool's errand." But are these flaming "feelers" of my soul to find but empty spaces filled only with the dark? Is my heart's "other world" hope only out "on a fool's errand"? Then the stars are only a tangled braid of fireflies. Then all my sunrises have been but glowworms in the grass. If these everlasting hungers of the heart are just to fool me then my life is only a bird chase after a beetle. But I know the sun rises. I know the morning flames up the skies to noon. I know when night falls the stars are lit. I am undoubtingly sure of these radiant realities. All my yesterdays have found thus far a real to-morrow. All the worth-while issues of yesterday have been flowing into some worth-while realizations of many a glad to-morrow. It is irrational madness to believe that this whole beautiful business of life will stop short in tragedy. I know, and *I know that I know*, it will widen into Eternal Life. Companions of the long, earthly twilights—Comrades now of the Morning Watch, hail!

And it will surely come to pass,
As softly creeps the cooling dusk
Across the mead and leafy wold,
That some glad light from far away
Shall put my sunsets all to rout,
And flush my skies with deathless day.

Charles Loker Woods
J. L. Woods

NEIGHBOR NAMELESS ON MINISTERING

FOR several years it has been my lot to live quietly in the house and about my own grounds. Exasperated nature is taking her revenge or exacting toll, whichever way you want to look at it. Consequently I have been able to prove the truth of the statement that "if you cannot get to the world the world will come to you." An astonishingly large number of friends have demonstrated the fact that the essence of real friendship is thoughtfulness. They have refused to forget that, though partially buried, I am not yet dead, and so they have sought me in my little corner. Moreover, and probably because of my deprivations, they have talked of their own troubles and disappointments and heart yearnings with greater freedom than ever before. Without cant or a spirit of criticism they have told me exactly how they feel in regard to many things which formerly constituted a closed book, and the thing which has finally come to distress me almost beyond measure is the repeated assertion that the ministry of to-day, as it is exercised in the pulpit and out of it, is not meeting the deep and insistent needs of the soul. I say "ministry" because the whole feeling seems to be, not that the man himself is insincere, but that he is too busy with the things that really do not count to give the necessary attention to the things that do. It is not a feeling that he is worldly when he ought to be in dead earnest, but that he is serving tables when he ought to be admonishing the careless, comforting the sorrowing, guiding the bewildered, strengthening the weak, and feeding the spiritually hungry. It is not an intensification of the unconcerned conviction which William Dean Howells puts in the mouth of that New England Brahmin, Bromfield Corey, "Once we were softened, if not polished, by religion; but I suspect that the pulpit counts for much less now in civilizing." It is a pathetic repetition of the heartrending cry, "No man careth for my soul." I have been driven to write on the subject because this repeated expression of a conscious lack reached a tragic climax last Sunday. I had

four callers. Let me put down as plainly and simply as possible just exactly what was said.

My first caller was an old man, a man of lifelong faith, sweet spirit, and unwavering loyalty to his church and pastor. There is not a bit of the "everything-is-going-to-the-bad" spirit about him. And yet, before we finished our visit, he said sadly, "For some reason or other I go to church hungry and come away hungry. All that our pastor says is true, but it doesn't touch the center of things. We hear all about the 'Function of the Church,' and the 'Social Program of Jesus,' and 'Christianity and World Democracy,' but not a word about 'the life that is hid with Christ in God.' or 'the peace that passeth all understanding.' Of the Holy Spirit, in his convicting, converting, witnessing, and sanctifying ministry, we hear not one word from one year's end to the other. O, I know," he added, with a sort of apologetic sigh, "we need to be told about social justice and the need of social service and all the rest, but I can't help feeling that if we gave more attention to thorough conversion and exalted the Saviour more, it wouldn't be so hard getting people to do their duty."

The second caller was a youngerly man, a clear-headed, conscientious wage-earner who has often told me of the atmosphere of profane and blasphemous unbelief in which he is compelled to work eight hours of every day for six days in the week. And I happen to know that he fights out his battles with the arch fiend right where they ought to be fought: on his knees. In other words he is a man who not only believes in prayer, but prays. The trouble began when I asked him if he had been to church. "No," he replied, "I don't go regularly now." "Why?" I inquired. "Because we get nothing but war, war, war, every single Sunday. Great guns!" he exclaimed, "I'm doing everything I can to win the war, and I think the rest of the church members are too. Our boy has gone, and the girl tried to get into the nursing, but was rejected. But in the meantime I have a war of my own inside, and my sick wife gets despondent, and we go to church to get a new start, and we might about as well go to the moving picture show."

The other callers were husband and wife. He is one of the

noblest and best laymen in the country; a man who has neglected business during this cruel crisis that he might wear himself out in the service of God and humanity. The wife is equally active in church work and philanthropic enterprises. I don't know how the subject of church came up, but I think it started with the statement of the fact that the churches had been closed for two Sundays recently because of the epidemic. "To tell the truth," he observed, "I didn't miss it as much as I should." Upon my inquiring the reason, he continued, "O, I don't know, except that there is nothing in our service to grip you or create a worshipful spirit. The only time our preacher warms up is in the giving of the notices, and he spends fifteen minutes elaborating them, although every last one is printed in the bulletin. His sermons are impersonal discussions of general subjects, not one of which would disturb a sinner or enthuse a saint." "That isn't the thing that troubles me," interrupted the wife. "What I miss in the church to-day is somebody to go to or call on when you are perplexed or heart sick and nearly beat out trying to carry your heavy burden. I suppose our pastor would talk with me about those things if I asked him to, and perhaps he would help me, but I don't feel as if I wanted to ask him. He seems terribly busy, and I can't see from his sermons that he's thinking much about the inner things anyway. He's too busy getting the world put right to pay much attention to folks. I don't wonder that a lot of people go to Christian Science. They may have to pay for the information, but they have somebody to go to, and that somebody makes it clear to them that God isn't too big or too busy to take care of them in all of their little perplexities and troubles." And having delivered herself of this somewhat extended philippic, she settled back in her chair.

Now let it be clearly understood that these people were not critics of the church, but loyal members. With one exception they have not let their feelings interfere in the least with their attendance and activity. They are not looking for faults. They are looking for help. And while they by no means represent the church membership as a whole, they do represent a proportion of that membership large enough to give one pause. Undoubt-

edly, too, there are specific instances of local churches where there are no such complaints (if complaints they may be called) at all. But those cases, however numerous, do not do away with the pathetic fact that a multitude of earnest people are asking for a more searching message and a more personally helpful ministry than they are receiving. What is the trouble? Why are so many of God's own chosen men failing at this crucial point? Is it the same difficulty in which the apostles found themselves involved, the distracting necessity of serving tables while the more weighty matters of personal soul ministry languished? Is the situation the inevitable result of the complexity of modern ecclesiastical activities which makes the minister a wornout man-of-all work? One cannot help thinking of the Western preacher, weary of conferences, committee meetings, and executive duties of all kinds, who, in final desperation, declared his intention of leaving the ministry and "going into religious work." Is the root of the trouble to be found in the changed emphasis from the subjective side of Christianity to the objective, from the individual aspects to the social, from the need of repentance to the need of new tenements and world evangelization, from what God can do in and through a man to what a man ought to be doing for God? In an article of irritating appeal Dean Bell says:

Time was when the success of any church was estimated according to the number of souls who humbled themselves before the Heavenly Father and became citizens of that Kingdom which is eternal. Nowadays, however, when churches seek to justify their existence they tell of the number of social clubs, penny lunches for working girls, gymnasium classes, men's clubs, kindergartens, penny savings banks, children's story hours, sewing schools, manual training classes for little boys, and so forth, housed under their roofs, managed by their clergy and lay workers, and financed by their people. Instead of sermons dealing with eternal verities we are apt to hear from the pulpits of the really "advanced" churches continual treatments of local politics, the vice question, prison reform, and so on.

In a word, is the whole trouble based on the fact that earnest consecrated men have forgotten that while the salvation of the world is the glorious objective the individual is the spiritual unit, and that a personal appeal and ministry to the deepest inner

needs of that individual constitutes the true function of the true man of God.

I don't know. I suppose this cause, like all others, is complex, not simple. Perhaps the modern impersonalizing of the whole matter of religion has as much to do with it as anything. But I do believe, and my belief is the result of intimate contact with a large number of genuinely heart-hungry people, that, while the larger or, rather, wider duties of the ministry should not be abandoned, the more personal and intimate must in some way be revived. "Those ought ye to have done and not to have left the others undone." With all kinds of Sundays demanded—Labor and Tuberculosis and Liberty Loan and Missionary, and everything else—it is not easy to find time to preach on the inner problems of John Smith, his discouragements and trials and God's sufficient remedy for them, *but it must be done, at whatever cost.* It is difficult to distribute one's time and strength wisely, and so estimate relative values that the spiritually needy will be cared for while time and strength are not wasted on the petulant and undeserving, but it can and must be done. Granted that a man cannot be talking to people about their souls all the time, it must also be granted that he can be such a man in public utterance and private life that the people who do want to talk about their souls will turn instinctively to him. There is something strikingly significant in the sentence with which Gamaliel Bradford concludes his remarkable and remarkably dispassionate analysis of the character of Harriet Beecher Stowe:

Undeniably, with Mrs. Stowe, as with others of her type, there are times when one wearies intensely of this missionary endeavor. After all, the sky is blue, the winds blow, and life is pleasant. Why not let it go at that? Yet, when the hours and days of anguish come—for the individual, or for the world—as they are coming now we realize that perhaps we need these little fragile, insinuating, indomitable things with curlis to drive or wheedle us into the fold of God.

I say there is something significant in that utterance, in these yearnings which have been so frankly disclosed to me, and in the "great expectancy" so manifest in so many ways and places. Multitudes are tired of social problems and programs and all the

outer aspects of religion and are reaching after the inner things. The individual is bewildered, stunned, discouraged, and he wants somebody to show him the way. So there must be more preaching to the individual. The announcement of the coming of the Kingdom must be accompanied by such a call to repent as will bring the sinner to his knees. God is love, and loving care must be related to the daily burden and heartache of the most obscure as well as the most prominent of those who gather to hear the word. Time and strength must be found for a vital ministry of the personal touch. Perhaps the conventional character of much of the present day pastoral calling, and its unsatisfactory results, is as much the fault of the ministry as it is of the laity. But, whether or not the blame is theirs, the remedy certainly is. May it not be that the very crisis in which the whole world is involved and the crying need of the reconstruction of all things make it imperative that every minister of the gospel shall be able to say of himself, as did the Master:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

CAMPO DEL SOÑADOR

IT was a most unobtrusive little camp. Not only had it fled from the sight of highways and country lanes, but it had even hidden itself from the fisherman's trail by seeking shelter in the heart of a thicket of many-arched vine-maples. There the smoke-stained tent nestled under the protecting shelter of the giant of the forest, the large-leaved maple, whose humble cousins screened the camp. Even as the camp had secreted itself away in the living forest of green, so it disguised its name by the use of a foreign tongue, *Campo del Soñador*. Needed camouflage. For the camper was young, and he would not care to have someone who was not so fortunate tell him that the name truly fitted. It was indeed the "Camp of the Dreamer." Youth is bountifully supplied with sensitiveness. To dream is his privilege, but God, not condescending maturity, granted him that constitutional prerogative. And youth in his pride knows the source of his rights full well.

The day was so hot that even the little brown lizard had deserted his sunning-rock and retreated to a crevice for shade. The great maple and its allies, the ancient firs, loyally supported by the alders and vine-maples, made for the camp a shade of dancing shadows. The hammock mimicked the movements of these shadowy forest elves the best it could. The youth luxuriated in lassitude. Peace and a message came in the soft melodious lullaby which the many-leaved tree tops sang. For, with his mind idle and off guard, in stole a message which could not have entered otherwise, and he heard the leafy voices say, "Forget; just now, forget." Strange word for youth. What use could it possibly have for such a message? For maturity knows full well that youth is but the passing through one short day of golden joy and careless ease. It knows, because in the face of storm and stress its own mind always longs for that day to come again. But perchance during life's busy days maturity has forgotten that youth is a strung bow always taut. Life has not yet taught him how to loose the string and ease the strain when it is not needed. It takes but little strain to snap the bow that is always bent, and trifling trials

may be breaking ones to high-strung youth. So the trees softly whispered for the youth to forget, and loosen the useless strain. Every ounce of his strength he had manfully thrown against a world-order that opposed his soul's ideals, and, though he gave his best, the ugly things of life still blocked the way. The bitterness of a defeat which he could not understand burned within, but the murmur of the distant river joined the leafy voices in softly pleading, "Just forget."

Then, too, had not his race spent all of their time upon the earth in building fences of custom and prejudice with which to corral the activity of youth? Walls of stone and sharp pickets of iron were everywhere, and his spirit felt resentful of its narrow confines. Was it possible that nature's voice was saying, "Just forget them all"?

Where would a young man go that a boy could not find him? With the message of the treetops treasured in his soul off tramped the young preacher after the boys who eagerly led him to their swimming-hole. The lusty and ever-wild North Santiam, still new from its source in the glacier of Mount Jefferson, had taken a short-cut in its wild career and left its old channel, a deep, quiet, alder-lined back water. Boyhood's paradise! Its sun-warmed waters drew the lads as a master-magnet draws the steel. The young man was too wise to make the lads self-conscious by wearing the conventional patch of scarlet wool he called his bathing suit, so speedily the cool waters splashed over bodies of whose nakedness they need not be ashamed. The cold water sent their blood on a wild rampage, and the waves of their own creation laughed over and around them as they reveled in the sheer joy of physical existence. It was enough just to live. With the madness of youth they sought to press an eternity's joy into an hour. Sending a shower of water drops from their blood-flushed bodies they chased one another over the rocks until they were dry enough to put on civilization's garb. For a moment the youth stood gazing down into the water, even while the boys noisily shouted for him to follow them. What were the ripples saying? "Just live; now, and only now."

They found themselves in the soft darkness of the forest's night. The campfire sent its amber flames leaping up to chase the grim smoke away and in playful mood to try and kiss the broad green leaves of the maple which were just above their reach. Like a love-filled heart the campfire diffused its cozy warmth all about it and sought to conquer the darkness of the night by its glowing light. As the young camper and his chum from the distant city yielded themselves to its witchery a strange fancy mastered them: what else were the great fir trunks, which loomed up so grandly in the firelight, but the majestic pillars of God's temple of the Night! The nearest vine-maples were but the marvelous etching upon walls of night-black marble, and the fire was the holy altar fire. They were God's priests in this his grandest temple. And so they dreamed, even as the mystic fire upon the altar bade them to, each apart, yet each together—for they were chums. They dreamed apart, for, as the poet has so finely conceived,

"Deep in his eyes I read a mystery:
For he whose soul we fathom to the end
Becomes our servant then, and not our friend."

and yet strangely together, for chumship made them one in mystic sympathy. It's God's greatest gift to youth. They ministered before their God with holy aspirations, for here in God's own temple came visions of service and each responded with the eagerness of youth—"Here am I, send me." Unheedful of the passing hours, and until the last coal upon the altar died, they dreamed of coming years, years when toil would be forgotten in the glorious triumph of their Christian conquests. Idle dreams of youth, idle even as the playing sunshine, but where the fruitage in God's garden upon earth without it?

Camouflaged under nature's gayest colors Autumn silently invaded the summer camp and made himself master of the field. Summer fled. Either the trees were deceived, and gaily decked themselves to receive Autumn as a friend, or else they but bade him a gay defiance. The alders selected gayest yellow, the vine-maples were partial to the scarlets, while the dogwoods took unto themselves a wine red of purple tinge, a color all their own. The

wind tossed withered leaves into the face of the sleeping youth, daring him to throw aside his blankets and make a dash for his morning plunge, but the crisp morning chill gave snappish orders for him to hug them more closely instead. With the vim of its snap in his system the youth answered the tumultuous call of the distant river and raced to its boulder-covered banks. Was it the same river? Now it raced between banks of gold, scarlet, and wine red, touched only now and then with the somber green of the firs and the bronze of the cedars. More wildly than ever the waters dashed on. His eyes could not seek the quiet back water, the summer swimming-hole, for now the mad waters drew his gaze. They rampaged like youth. His spirit was thrilled with their strenuous rush and the utter abandon with which they tried to sweep the dark, grim glacial boulders out of their way. Though the rocks dashed them into the finest spray they but leaped over what they could not move and thus were off and away. His eyes sparkled, and his spirit raced with the wild young mountain stream. As far as his eyes could follow it, in the bright rosy light of morning, it rushed on in this self-same way, on to the place where its vigorous youthful energy would turn the wheels of industry, and then, sobered by its toil, it would bear the ships of commerce and ultimately lose itself in the great sea beyond. So, too, his spirit was tired of the summer languid days, with the trees murmuring their message of forgetfulness. He was satiated with the joy of merely living. The dreams of the campfire burned in his soul, and he gladly heard the river thunder its message in his ears—"Rush forth and make dreams come true! To-day, now, dash on and use your youthful strength to turn the wheels of life! Fear not the taming effect of toil, for in the broader, deeper maturity you can bear life's burdens triumphantly; nay, fear not even the great sea beyond, for in its rich fullness you will have earned a part."

In the thunderous symphony of the mountain stream the call to action came, and he answered. *Campo del Soñador* is in the memories of yesterday, but its message is deep in the heart of a youth—even as God meant it should be.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS

NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS

DR. LYMAN ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS

UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS¹

UNDERNEATH *what* are the Everlasting Arms? Underneath our very doubt that there are such arms, that is to say, underneath the fact, whatever it be, that seems to us the deepest fact of all; underneath the feeling, whatever it be, that seems to us the deepest feeling of all.

We are not in this answer amusing ourselves with a mere turn of words; we are meeting squarely the instant challenge of the intellect. "Underneath"; underneath what? And we answer with an equal promptness—underneath what we call the very "bottom facts," underneath the very foundations of conscious thought, underneath our very misgiving about the arms, still deeper stretch the arms themselves—warm, eternal, divine.

For it would almost seem as though a pause were intended to be introduced just after the word "*underneath*," like the long dash or bracketed blank space in the line when something is left out in writing, and that we struggling mortals are then at liberty to fill in that blank space with any title which to us describes the deepest and most unmanageable fact of life. "*Underneath*"—then comes the eloquent silence which our utterance is to fill. What shall we put into that open space? Let every man put into it that which to him is deepest. Some of us would perhaps write in the words "*trouble, sickness, bereavement*," as the profoundest experience we know. Then the sentence would read: "Underneath *trouble* are the Everlasting Arms." Some would introduce the word *temptation*. Then it would read: "Underneath *temptation* are the Everlasting Arms." Many a man would say, The deepest and most inveterate fact I know is my own mad folly. Then write that in.

To some, parental responsibility seems the deepest fact in life.

¹Albert J. Lyman was a highly valued contributor to this REVIEW, and by this article he, like Abel, "being dead, yet speaketh." Issued in attractive booklet by Pilgrim Press, Boston. Price, 40 cents.

Put that in. To others of different temper, nature's wide force and law may appear to be the fundamental fact in the world. Then write that in. In certain speculative moods a vast, inexorable fate seems the final statement of the universe. Then write in even that. So the sentence will read: "Underneath bereavement, or temptation, or parenthood, or nature, or sin, or fate itself, are the Everlasting Arms."

Fill up that white, vacant space in the line with *anything* which to you gives the sense of being the uncontrollable and final force at the bottom of life,—the very undertone of all; then when you are sure you have it in the sentence, go on to complete it—underneath even *that* are "the Everlasting Arms."

This, then, is our simple but vital theme—the love and care of God as being beneath the bottom of all things beside.

This is not only the parental, it is the *passionately* parental conception of the Deity. The image regnant in this old tingling utterance is, perhaps, the most intense expression of the Fatherhood of God to be found in the entire Old Testament literature. It anticipates that quivering "Abba, Father," from the lips of Jesus.

The appeal is to the sense of weakness, of necessary dependence upon a Higher Power, which we ever feel so profoundly, so pathetically, at the very foundation of life, from babyhood to old age, and which Schleiermacher held to be the essence of religion itself.

So, weak, so dependent, fatigued, falling, fallen, something catches us from beneath and buoys us up, and this nameless lift from beneath, the inspired Hebrew writer declares to be nothing else or less than the arm of the living God.

But is this anything more than a poet's dream? Is this passionately parental view of the deep heart of the universe warranted? Is it true? How do we know? How can we know? Who can fathom the infinite? Many facts in this stern world do not, on the surface, look as though the supreme force were love.

Let us think about the matter a little.

THE IDEA OF GOD

First.—As to the warrant for the parental idea of God. Four great generic ideas or modes of regarding the Infinite Being have attracted the minds of men:

1. The creative—God as Creator.
2. The monarchical—God as Sovereign.

3. The judicial—God as Judge.

Calvinism presents the solid welding together of these three conceptions. In our time a fourth conception has come into relief. It is at once pantheistic and scientific. It is the idea of God as a vast, all-pervasive, universal force,—an infinite but unknowable energy, to recall the favorite phrase of a now rather decadent agnosticism.

Now, the parental thought of God is larger and finer as well as truer than any one of these other conceptions because it includes what is true in them all, and adds its own warm pulse throb besides.

God is Creator; but fatherhood is creative.

God is just; but so is fatherhood judicial.

God is Monarch; but fatherhood is sovereign.

God is Force; but is force any less force because it is fatherly as well?

Right here, however, we must stop a moment, because here is the very firing line of our modern battle of faith. I say *battle* of faith, because faith is always a fight. Faith is not certainty. Certainty is vision. Faith is a struggle toward certainty, or, in a practical way of putting it, faith is the noble, mental push, which, even without the certainty of full vision, dares to swing off upon the weight of evidence.

What, substantially, is the position of the modern educated but non-Christian mind? It is to the effect that God is the ultimate but unknown Power. It may go still further and assert that nothing like what we call fatherhood is in that Power. We can believe, you say, in a tremendous, universal force filling immensity, its foam sparkling with starry worlds; but that force cannot be personal, cannot be parental. Here is the edge of the intellectual quest and battle of our time.

We must be fair to ourselves as to this modern misgiving. It is not a sign of moral delinquency, but rather of intellectual life.

But think a moment. We are not afraid to join issue at this point. Do our scientific friends remember that nature justifies us in using the word Father as conveying the true and final conception of the Infinite? Is it not precisely as scientific to say, Father-God as to say Force-God? Fatherhood is the highest form of nature's force. Self-sacrificial human parenthood is, so far as we know, the highest and final product of the evolutionary processes, and we reason back from the final product of the universe to the ultimate source of the universe.

The men of science tell us that in reasoning up toward the infinite we must reason from the known to the unknown. Very well, But if so, then surely we may reason from the *highest part of the known to the highest part of the unknown*. The highest part of the known is what we call personality, thought, love, will. If I am to climb to God on your ladder of facts, you shall not take down the upper half of your own ladder. If you reason from force to an infinite force, I reason from love to an infinite love, and this line of the reasoning is precisely as scientific as the other.

What is the upper half of the ladder of nature? *Personal consciousness.* I will stand *there*, then, in order to reason up to God. The force that is coiled in the brain of man is mightier than the force of cyclone or avalanche. But the top round of this top half of nature is *love*, and the tip of this top, the very minaret and finial of nature, is the *self-sacrifice* of a mother's love, as Drummond well argued. I will stand even there, then, and reason up to an infinite love. I reason from the highest thing produced in nature to the highest of the force that produced it. And this is sound reasoning. The logic is straight and strong and holds like ten Titans. But the logic glows at the finial. It is like a white mountain summit when the sunrise catches it, and it flashes with rose and gold.

The evolutionary philosophy itself must back up into this position, namely, that the Supreme Being possesses that which is the eternal prototype of consciousness in man.

The late Professor John Fiske of Harvard, an evolutionist and Spencerian, writing of his master, Herbert Spencer, declares: "According to Mr. Spencer, the energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness." And Professor Fiske therefore maintains that according to the logic of evolution and of biology, the source of the universe must be stated in terms of the highest product of the universe.

I have sometimes illustrated the matter to myself after this fashion: Suppose that from some high rock-cistern in the far hills you lead a line of piping down into the valley, through thicket and mire, until, ascending, it curves up beneath the cellar of your house and passes through every story to where the current of water is released to play as a fountain upon your roof-garden. A learned investigator informs you that he has made an astonishing discovery, namely, that the prismatic play of your roof-fountain is evolved

from the shelter of the sleeping rooms beneath, and this again is evolved from the stuffiness of the parlor floor, and this from the sordidness of the kitchen, and this from the squalor of the cellar, and this from the very slag and slime itself beneath your house. "I have traced that pipe," he explains, "all the way down and this is what it comes from. This is evolution." What will you say to that man? If you say what you think, which is not always the politest way, you will say: "My friend, allow me to remark that you are almost, if not quite, an idiot. Don't you know that the water has to *come down first*, in order to rise *as it does*? Trace up as well as trace down. The play of the fountain *at the summit* offers the true standpoint where you can adequately judge how high in the hills my rock-reservoir is and what is the quality of the water there!" So of the light which the evolutional energy at the summit of its process casts back upon the "hollow of God's hand."

The old Hebrew metaphor is not, then, poetry merely. It is poetry resting upon sound reason. It is inspired truth. "*He that formed the eye, shall he not see?*" He that formed the soul for love, shall he not love? You cannot light your torch by an iceberg, and the flame of parental passion, as we know it in man, could never have emerged from an iceberg God. The stream does not rise higher than its source or run with different water. If a mollusk in a million years can develop into Plato, then that wonderful Platonic tendency in the mollusk argues something back of the mollusk as high as Plato. The universe culminates in love only because it began with love.

We conclude then that we have *reason* to believe that the biblical conception of God is the rational conception and that "*underneath are the Everlasting Arms*."

Second.—How does this truth apply to ourselves in practical experience? How does it not apply! How close it comes home to parents, for example! Parents are a worried lot. They are anxious as to how this boy is to get on at school or in the office; how that daughter is to secure a more ample education when there is hardly enough coming in to make both ends meet. It seems to me that it must be like music to you fathers and mothers if you can realize that the Everlasting Arms are *under your own arms* as you hold up your child. You are nervous when your dear ones are out of your sight. They are never out of His sight.

But let us inquire a little more closely what some of these "bot-

tom facts" of experience, as we call them, are, which, after all, rest upon God's arms still deeper beneath them. May I briefly mention three? They are *Doubt*, *Pain*, and *Sin*.

DOUBT

1st.—As has been intimated earlier, *Doubt* is, apparently, in our modern time, one of these ultimate states of mind. And it is most apparently fundamental, and I may add terrible, in its vague, subtle, ethical forms, and this is why doubt is such a deep and appalling thing to *woman*, when it comes to her. I am sure that the relation of the doubt and skepticism of our age to woman has often been overlooked in our manly discussions. A man doubts with his *brain*, and can endure it. A woman doubts with her *soul* as well as her brain, and cannot so well endure it.

Faith is life with womanhood. Oh, the desperate ache in the feminine nature when it begins *really* to question whether there is any God, or, if there is, whether he has any *care* for us. But doubt is not the bottom fact. The arms are underneath our very doubt about the arms.

What is doubt? Half of doubt is pain. Doubt is like the sick child's blow back at the very arm that is holding it, and the face that is so tenderly watching it. But you, mother, do not let your poor little child fall, when, in sudden anger, or in a spasm of suffering, the child twists itself back and strikes at your face. God is no harsher than we are. God knows our doubt is half pain, and he will not discard us because of our doubt.

I have said doubt is not the deepest thing. May I venture to give you one moment of metaphysics to show this.

Well, then, you doubt because you *think*, don't you? If you didn't think, you wouldn't doubt. And you think because you have the *power* to think, do you not? If you didn't have the power to think, you wouldn't think. But *power* to think is a *positive* thing, not negative, isn't it? Certainly. Then, even at the first touch of a rigid analysis, you have passed from negative to positive, that is, from doubt to something there is no doubt about, namely, *power*. And that positive finality which all power implies, even the power to doubt, I call God. God is a Saxon name for a fact. You may call that ultimate, positive fact by many names. Jesus called it Father, and as we have already argued, it is scientifically reasonable to define the ultimate source of all things in the terms of its highest product,

and that is parental affection. But that is not the point at this moment. The point at this moment is that the Ultimate Fact, *whatever it is*, is deeper than your doubt about it. One bold thrust of the metaphysical javelin and your final negation is pierced through and through. Doubt is not the "bottom fact" and cannot be.

Do you imagine, my skeptical friend, that your doubt is the outer void which stretches on forever? No. The Positive God, whoever he is, is still on the outside of that outer void. The labyrinth of your doubt is like the labyrinth of stairways, gangways, blind passages below deck in the great ocean steamer, in which the landsman, bewildered, loses his way; but all the while the mighty steamer is carrying him, *labyrinth and all*, onward to his destination.

PAIN

2d.—The truth of the Divine Parental Love lifting at the very foundations of life applies also to *pain*. The Everlasting Arms are underneath pain.

In times of distress, pain seems the deepest thing in the world. Let me point you to a deeper, namely, the *checks and limitations* which God has set to pain. Have you ever thought of the limitations of pain? Have you ever thought of the secondary effects of one person's pain in making other people suffer less? Is yonder invalid's home the most cheerless place in town? Have you ever thought how much *friendship* gathers in the wake of pain—how much pain has to do with the development of the *friendship* of this world? It is pain very largely that develops friendship.

The two qualities of friendship which pain develops are *tenderness* and *tenacity*. Our experience of life changes somewhat. In the early flush of life, under the jet of its warm, young blood, we want something else in friendship, something more impulsive, glowing, passionate; but we get past that.

You remember Sidney Dobell's quaint, strong line:

"There's something wrong in the cup, boys,
There's something ill wi' the bread."

That is what we come to feel. Then follows loss, bereavement, like a shadow on the street. As Charles Kingsley sings:—

"The merry, merry lark was up and singing,
And the hare was out and feeding on the lea,
And the merry, merry bells below were ringing,
When my child's laugh rang through me."

"Now the hare is snared and dead beside the snowyard,
And the lark beside the dreary winter sea;
Now my baby in his cradle in the churchyard
Waiteth there until the bells bring me."

Then, last of all, old age approaches, stealing on like a mist over the ocean. Once again may I quote those strangely chiming lines of dear old Tom Hood:—

"Spring it is cheery,
Winter is dreary,
Green leaves hang, but the brown must fly;
When he's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?"

And in all these changes, what we come at last deep down to want in a friendship are these two things, *tenderness* and *tenacity*. Well, we have them in God's friendship. Tenderness—that is the "arms." Tenacity—that is the "everlasting." Beneath our pain something still pulses and presses. It is the *Arm*, lasting—everlasting.

But again you say, "Prove it." Prove it? I prove it by the deeper analysis of pain itself, which shows the moment you cut into it a principle of self-limitation, a principle of transmutation of pain into power, and so into a higher peace, which nothing but Intelligent Love could have either conceived or introduced. I prove it by the words of the greatest sufferers who, from the summits of anguish, have looked out upon visions of victory. *I prove it by the intuition of the agony of Calvary.*

Pain cannot be the deepest fact of life. If so, the air was made for the hurricane, and clouds for the thunderbolt, and that cannot be. Pain is provisional. It is educative. It is disciplinary. It is not final.

A man came to me the other day and said: "My dear fellow, I have failed in business. The bottom has dropped out." The first part of his sentence was true enough, but not the last part. *The bottom never drops out.* Still underneath pain and failure are the "Everlasting Arms."

A man fails in health. He thinks that means pauperism to his children. Despairing, he is yet brave, and staggering up the street he salutes an acquaintance with his usual nod, and with purple lips mutters something about being "down on his luck." Does God in

heaven know what his poor children are stumbling against in the thickets? Yes, he does know; and even that very thicket itself may be on the shortest road home.

And so also the Everlasting Arms are not only underneath our individual doubt and pain, but they are underneath those more general conditions of environment and of drift in affairs which we often say are mainly responsible for our pain and failure.

It has been the fashion (until just of late—the philosophic apprehension now seems swinging into a less fatalistic mood) to speak of the “environment” as a kind of ultimate, inexorable fact. We look out upon the wide field and we see much that is calamitous and bewildering. Things seem to be either drifting or driving on, under intricate and irreversible machinery of law, we know not whither, like clouds before the wind, or boats in a flood; and you say the doctrine of the love of God does not and cannot apply to this vast welter of unmanageable public currents.

Ah, friend, this conclusion is due to a limitation of vision. The parental thought of God applies here also, if it applies anywhere. Let us be logicians. Everywhere or nowhere is the logic of the love of God.

You ask, “Why, then, are not things better?” I turn the same question back and ask, with equal force, “Why are they not worse?” That they are as well as they are and struggling upward, when they so easily might be worse, indicates the fundamental uplift of a parental God.

Oh, take hold of this and take courage, you who lament what you call irretrievable calamity and the curse of whose curse is that it seems to you “irretrievable”—something necessary, inescapable, final, something in blood, in brain, in heredity, in environment—what not, that constantly hems you in, smites you down, cuts back upon you. Not so. Nothing is so deep that those arms of God are not deeper. We cut ourselves and cry, but God lifts and carries *child, cut, and cry* all together, near his face and bosom.

Perhaps even the very Arm itself is hidden from your eyes beneath that which it is upholding. Your little child does not always *see* your arm when you are holding him.

SIN

3d.—Then, last of all, comes sweeping into view, like some great, gleaming orb, that final and deepest application of the truth before

us: that the helping, rescuing arms of God are underneath even that dark mystery that we call human *sin*.

I must say only a word of this in closing. God forgive us ministers that we put this truth so coldly. We talk of the *doctrine* of the "Atonement." Oh, that we realized the *fact* of the atonement, and the parental passion glowing at the heart of the universe that the word atonement means!

Here, too, we must follow Christ's lead in illustrating the divine sentiment by the human. You do not repudiate your child or drive him from your door because he has done *wrong*, do you? You suffer for his sake, if you can only save him, do you not?

A dear friend of mine once carried his little boy to one of our Brooklyn hospitals to undergo a severe and dangerous surgical operation. The morning of the day of the operation my friend was with me a few moments in my study. He walked up and down the room, clenching his hands in the restlessness of his anxiety, and said: "O my God, if I could only be hurt instead of my child!" How far does that feeling go? Does it stop with surgery? You know it goes far enough to take in the *sin* as well as sickness of a child. Does it stop at the hospital door? I tell you it goes *through and through* the *Living God*. Let us grasp that principle with both hands.

Here was the feeling in my friend. Where did he get it? Where did it come from? I am sure I do not need to remind you that God himself is revealed in that father's feeling. God is not up there in a white, cold heaven watching it, but he is *in it*.

Christianity is the religion which tells us this, by its doctrines of Incarnation and Atonement. Mark that word *incarnation*. We hold to no weak, diluted orthodoxy. On the contrary, we hold that the strong, old faith of the Church Universal incorporates this very idea of a loving rescue in its sublimest form. That word *incarnation*—it is a rich, red word. Remember that we use the same root-word when we say *incarnadine*. The gospel revelation *incarnadines* our pallid thought of God and makes it flush and glow. Christ's Incarnation is with literal precision the blood-red embodiment of God's feeling, his love and suffering. We disavow and repel as puerile and provincial that false orthodoxy which would imply that Christ had one feeling and God another. Hear St. Paul's majestic peal—"God *in Christ*, reconciling the world unto himself." Christ is not a lamb slain in the bleak pastures in front of some rock-

image of a god, in order to make that rock-image weep. *Atonement is not outside of God but in him.*

THE METHOD OF MORAL SALVATION

Illustrations fail. Take one—Christ's own. The domestic analogy comes nearest to the heart of the matter.

You are a father. Your son is wayward and commits some act, not an ordinary misdemeanor, but some grievous public wrong which overwhelms you and the family with sadness and shame. At length concealment is impossible—he comes to you and confesses his wrong. What shall you say to him? What shall you do to him? You cannot command yourself to speak. A hot indignation flames in your soul. You say, "Go away now, my boy, I must be alone," and then you are alone. You lock the door and walk up and down the room in an agony of mental conflict. On the one hand is love—your love for your own flesh and blood; on the other hand, the burning, blistering sense of the disgrace your child has brought on his father's and his mother's name.

How many a parent has passed through this desperate experience! But at length it is over, and you come forth from your room pale but steady, only with some after-quiver of the agony lingering about the cadence of your voice; and then you call your son, and you tell him that you—*forgive him*. But now, mark! This is a forgiveness that *saves* your son. It is as far as possible from the easy indulgence which would make light of the offense and toss the whole affair aside with careless good nature. Such a forgiveness as that would not touch your boy very deeply; but this forgiveness, born out of suffering, has in it a strangely penetrating and vicarious and even remedial and redemptive quality, and it pierces to the heart of your boy.

But now, mark again! It pierces to *that in your boy which you have given to him* in the mystery of your parenthood. It reaches to the *you* in your son. He "comes to himself," as we say; that is, he comes to the *you* that is in him. He is "all broken up," as we say—that is, the family nature in him wells up and overcomes the defective, merely individual nature. He is himself, but he is *you*. He is changed. He is saved. Now Christ tells that through such a lens of human life we can look up toward the Infinite Father. Sacrificial parenthood incarnates itself in the life of one child in order to touch into renewed life the latent or disowned image of itself

in another child. Is this scriptural? Certainly it is. Is it orthodox? Certainly it is. It is the orthodoxy of the universal living soul of Christendom, but stated in the terms of life, and leaving its background of mystery without attempt to solve it. In Christ's parable of the prodigal, the forgiveness was the issue of something which went on in the Father's own heart. May we not say that Christ is the *Father's own heart?* He is not outside that heart.

Yonder man, in desperate self-reproach, exclaims: "The deepest gulf I know is my own sin, my own mad passion, my own accursed folly." Why, no, friend, there is something deeper than that—the forgiving mercy of your God.

Have you ever yet come home so fallen that your mother would not take you in, and does your God love less? Where did motherhood light the lamp of its immortal love? Your God! Who is he? The God you are thinking of is a wooden God. Your God is the Matterhorn at midnight, not the real God. The real God broods and yearns and aches for us mortals, for we are of his own self, as a child is of the mother's self. Christ teaches us that. If you accept Christ's teaching you must believe that. Love is the same sort of love here and in heaven, in motherlove here and in heaven, in motherhood, and in God. We have Christ's authority for that in his parable of the prodigal. Two tiny drops of water unite by virtue of the same force of gravity which holds the planets in on their flying march, though crowding out against the rim of their bright track, as if they rolled against walls of invisible crystal. So love is the same thing here and in the heavens.

You may have heard the story of President Davies. One day he met a man whom he had formerly known well, a man of cultivated intellect, who had become a victim of alcohol, and had lost all power of self-restraint.

"Sir, you can be saved," said the president. "Sign the pledge."

"I have signed and failed," was the answer. "I have no strength of will to keep the pledge."

Said President Davies, "*I will be your strength to keep the pledge.* When your appetite burns, come to my house, sit with me in my study. I will be a shield to you. All that I can do for you with my books, my sympathy, my experience, my society, I will do. You shall first master your appetite, then forget it."

The astonished man said, "Sir, will you do all that?" "Surely, I will." "Then, I will come." And he did and was a rescued man.

This is not fantastic; it is not chimerical; it is the reproduction, in human type, of what Christ reveals as being the truth at the heart of all this wonderful world.

Deeper than the "bottom facts," as you call them, is a love out of sight. We cannot always understand it. Neither can your baby understand you. Be patient with God, dear brother, even as you would have your child patient with you. Wait and see what things really mean.

So shall the ultimate vision of faith grow definite and grow grand, and the perturbed spirit will quiet itself in peace. A divine buoyancy will lift beneath the very foundations of life. And when at last the world falls into shadow, and death draws near, we shall only settle ourselves a little closer, nestling down within those Arms Everlasting, as they carry us still on into and *across* the darkness.

THE ARENA

A PERNICIOUS PROPAGANDA.

DURING the Centenary Celebration at Columbus I had charge of the building which housed the Latin America and European exhibits. In the Latin-American section we had nearly a hundred workers, representing the nine countries which took part. These people, from all parts of Spanish and Portuguese America, both natives and missionaries, were an interesting and wide-awake group. I found them alert to all sorts of international questions. They had opinions on the Monroe doctrine, the League of Nations, the controversy with Colombia, the meaning of the war, and so on. But the very liveliest of all subjects for them and the one on which their opinion was of the hair-trigger variety, was the question of armed intervention in Mexico. The careless and matter-of-fact way in which this thing is advocated in some American papers fairly rendered them frantic.

The reason is not far to seek. An unexampled era of good will toward the United States is on in all Latin-America. Those countries at last look on ours as their friend. As a result missionary work is prospering beyond anything we have ever known. The doors are wide open.

But, and here the opinion of my co-workers was unanimous and agrees with what I have long held, if we go to war with Mexico—and intervention means war, not mere policing, as some would make out—every solitary one of those countries will take Mexico's side. The era of good feeling will depart, never to return. Our missionary enterprise will go into permanent eclipse. In view of this situation is it not high

time that the churches of our country were making their voices heard in Washington to offset the insidious, never-ceasing, cunning, well-paid and well-organized propaganda in favor of armed intervention?

There are plenty of reasons why we should not think of fighting Mexico, and really none why we should. The greatest of all is because we are a Christian nation and through our great President have committed ourselves to the cause of international justice. It was bad enough for the Kaiser, with his ideals and standards, to violate little Belgium. For us to make an unprovoked attack on a weaker neighbor would be so contradictory an act that all our national standards would be nullified by it.

But it would not be unprovoked, someone will interpose. Certainly it would. Not a single thing has Mexico done, not a single thing will she do, to bring us down upon her. It is the one thing which she fears. Outrages by bandits are no cause for war. Controversies over oil wells are not a cause for war. Even if Mexico were in chaos, officious intervention from the outside world would be resented and resisted by her people.

But Mexico is not in a state of chaos. On this point a lot of lying has been done and it is still going on. It is widely asserted, for example, that even now the Carranza government controls only a third of Mexican territory. As a matter of fact it controls it all. There are bandits in various places where the rough nature of the ground aids them. There are a few rebellious Indians in the State of Sonora and a few others in Oaxaca—both of them remote and mountainous states. Altogether it amounts to about what Sitting Bull's rebellion did on our own Western frontier. Neither Villa nor Felix Diaz has any longer an organized army, much less an organized government. They do not control anything. Manuel Peñez, in the oil region, with the help of money paid by the oil operators and guns smuggled by sea from New Orleans and the coast of Texas, still manages to evade the Carranza soldiers. But he is providing a bad investment for the oil operators, and President Wilson has determined to stop this smuggling business. It has sprung up since the tension of war relaxed. Any man who now says that rebels control two thirds of Mexican territory is either a liar or an ignoramus, probably both.

And the man who says intervention would be welcomed by the Mexicans, or will awe them into immediate submission, is a plain donkey. I went to Mexico in 1916, just after the Pershing incident. Every one of my friends there had volunteered for service in the army. They greeted me with the same friendship as of old. "We do not want to fight," they said. "Especially do we not want to fight you. But if your country invades ours we will fight." And they will, every man of them, and many women. They are intense patriots and have the Latin sense of pride. The French are their intellectual and spiritual guides. The Germans fancied that the French could not and would not offer serious resistance. The world knows now. Let us beware lest at some rugged Verdun south of the Rio Grande the embattled manhood of Mexico say

of us, "They shall not pass!" When we go to Mexico let it be with Bibles and schools as our arms, with brotherly good will and for friendly cooperation. Those who thus go will be made welcome. I can testify, for I have been there. But all this unchristian talk of war I hate from my heart, and I have made up my mind to strike this viper wherever it appears.

G. B. WINTON.

Nashville, Tenn.

BRITAIN'S PART

I OFFER, as worthy of publication in your REVIEW, Frederic B. Bard's tribute to England, because every word of it seems true while just credit is apportioned to the other great powers in the stupendous struggle.

I have italicized one line near the middle of the poem because it points to the treason of the papistical party in Ireland, which stabbed England in the back by friendly parleying and intriguing against her with the world's enemy, Germany.

Here is Frederic Bard's just tribute:

England, thy deeds acclaim thee in this war!
Since that grave day when from its peaceful sheath
Thy sword leaped forth at Belgium's cry, till now,
Thou hast been wonderful. Nor do we thus
Forget nor dim the glory that is theirs
Of comrade nations, nor our own great part.

For what could mar the marvel of the tale
That shall be told by firesides through long years?
How tiny Belgium stood forth alone
And kept the road against the Teuton horde
Till help could gather; knowing well the price
She yet would pay for her fidelity.

And France? Proud, debonair, heroic France.
What anguish has been hers, so nobly borne.
What near-defeat, what consummate success.
"They shall not pass!" she said—and kept her word.
And all the world is lover to her now,
Ardent, adoring, eager to be kind.

And Italy! The land of sunny skies
And careless laughter, and the easy life.
Who would have dreamed the spirit of Old Rome
So grim possessed her legions they could rise
From dire defeat to such a victory
As Cæsar knew not even at his prime.

We of the western world were slow indeed
To grasp the meaning of the sudden strife
That seemed so needless and so far away,
Yet was in fact so vital and so near.

But when we did, throughout our wrathful land
 Its countless freemen rose in stern resolve
 That Rule by Force must cease upon the earth.
 What we accomplished in one tireless year
 We do not boast of, History will tell,
 But we rejoice that when the last retreat
 Turned to offensive that was never stayed,
 Our flag was there, in time, and in the van.

But, England, thou, of all, didst face a task
 So huge proportioned, of such varied need,
 It might well have appalled thine own stout heart.
Treason at home, in parley with the foe;
 Intrigue abroad, imperilling thy rule
 In distant climes; and from the seven seas
 To thee as mistress, the insistent voice
 Of Commerce calling for a safe highway.

And just across the Channel, day by day,
 Some fortress crumbling, some vain hope outlived,
 Some dastard deed by the advancing Hun,
 And pale lips asking, "When will England come?"

And from the north, each day, a whispered tale
 Of stealthy cruisers, stealing through the mist,
 Out-bound upon their long-planned pirate raid.
 And the world wailing: "What will England do?"

There is not space to tell what England did.
 How through a thousand patient days and nights
 Amid the tempests and the baffling fogs
 Of that bleak northern sea, her splendid fleet
 Maintained its vigil and its challenge grim,
 So that the vaunted navy of the foe
 Adventuring once, slunk back and came no more—
 Save in surrender! That tale fully told
 Would be an epic in itself.

And then:

How the first gallant army England sent,
 Gathered in haste, outnumbered ten to one.
 Fought, held its stubborn ground, and died at last
 As did the Greeks at old Thermopylae.

And then again: How nobly to her call
 Each child of England answered with its sons,
 Its treasure, and its women's toil. So swift,
 So prodigal in measure, they surpassed
 All rules of filial duty and proclaimed
 What sort of mother England really is.
 And thus was marshaled to her use, a force
 The greatest any nation ever raised
 Without conscription.

There were other things
 That England did, each stern exacting day,
 Of equal value. And she did them all
 With the disdain for show, the steadiness
 Of purpose, the indomitable will,
 That are a part of all her history.
 Were friendly lands, perchance, in straits for food?
 She brought it quickly. Armies to be moved?
 She sent her convoys. Rose an urgent need
 Of guns and shells on some uncertain field?
 Promptly she made her share and carried them.
 When any Ally showed an empty purse,
 She filled it—till at last we brought our gold—
 And every battlefield beheld her flag,
 And every hostile port her warrior ships
 Blockading close. While o'er the open seas
 Her dauntless merchantmen voyaged ceaselessly,
 Keeping the contacts of the marts of trade.

So in the darkest days when anxious groups
 Spake thus among themselves: "Russia is gone,
 And Italy is down, France sorely pressed,
 Ourselves unready. Is the end at hand?"
 Each time some confident, clear voice would cry,
 "England will never yield!" And all that heard,
 Knowing the words were true, took heart again.

And thus she shepherded the Allied Cause,
 Magnificent through four prodigious years.

A CASUAL READER.

ARCHEOLOGY AND BIBLICAL RESEARCH

THE SAMARITAN PASSOVER

We are familiar with the institution of the Passover on the eve of Israel's departure from Egyptian bondage. It was celebrated at the command of Jehovah under the direction of Moses and Aaron on the fourteenth of Abib, later called Nisan, and was to be a perpetual memorial for the emancipated Hebrews. The fourteenth day of Abib was determined by the full moon. Thus sufficient light was afforded for the feast, which was celebrated at night. The lamb was killed exactly at sunset. Its blood was sprinkled on the lintel and two side posts. It was one lamb for every ten persons. If, however, a family had fewer than that number two families might unite together. The law permitted the substitution of a kid, at least in early times (Ex. 12. 5), though a lamb, it seems, was preferred. The lamb must be roasted whole; not a bone might be broken. It was unlawful to boil it. The meat was consumed with unleavened bread and bitter herba. With staff in hand, sandals on their feet and loins

girt, they ate in haste, as if ready for a journey. It goes without saying that only those ceremonially clean could take part in this sacred feast.

This first Passover was naturally observed at the homes of the people, but later it must be at the central sanctuary (Deut. 16. 1-6), and still later the lamb was carried by some member of the family to the court of the Temple, where it was killed by a Levite (2 Chron. 30. 17), then taken back to some convenient place for consumption. According to 35. 10-14 the Levites not only killed the lambs but roasted them for all as well. This seems to have been the case also after the Captivity (see Ezra 6. 20). Every one ceremonially clean was allowed to partake of the paschal meal. Now, as sacrifice could be offered only at the central sanctuary, or the Temple, the observance of this feast has become purely a family affair, without any sacrificial significance. Though sacrifices in the literal sense of the word ceased with the destruction of the Holy Place by Titus Vespasian, the Orthodox Jews still observe the Passover with great punctiliousness.

Strange enough, this most sacred of all feasts is still celebrated by the Samaritans not as a family feast, in house or tent, but as of old, they think, in a consecrated place near the summit of Mount Gerizim, an hour's distance from ancient Shechem, which to-day is called Nablus (new city). There is something solemn and pathetic in the assembling of this rapidly diminishing people, in holy attire, in the moonlight, on the fourteenth of Nisan, for the purpose of fulfilling the law of Jehovah as presented in the Torah or Pentateuch. Our Saviour said to the woman of Samaria: "Neither in this mountain nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father." His words did not find lodgment, for the few Samaritans left still cling with tenacity to their belief in the sanctity of Gerizim, which to them is not only the most sacred place, but the only spot where sacrifice acceptable to Jehovah may be offered. It was on this mountain, they tell us, that Adam, Noah, and Abraham built their altars, and where the latter was blessed by Melchizedek, and where he offered up Isaac. The stones taken out of the Jordan were carried at the command of Joshua to the summit of Gerizim. It was near these sacred stones that he made his last address to the people after the conquest of Palestine. Jacob's ladder from earth to heaven was placed on this mountain, and the very steps down which Adam stepped when driven out of Eden are still shown to the tourists. Gerizim, according to the Samaritans, is not only higher than Ebal—though lacking 128 feet of being as high—but the highest mountain in the world. It was on this sacred mount that the Samaritan Temple stood for many years, but now in utter ruins, so much so that the exact spot where it did stand is not known. No wonder, therefore, that a people believing such tradition should celebrate their greatest feast on this mountain when at all possible. We say, when possible, for the Moslem, true to his nature, has often forbidden them to gather at their "holy of holies." This was true for about twenty-five years in the period preceding 1810 A. D.

The assembling on Gerizim for the celebration of Passover is considered binding upon all males of the Samaritan community if ceremonially

clean. Women, too, are allowed to accompany their fathers, husbands or brothers, and to remain in their tents within hearing distance of the services, and even, but secluded and apart, to partake of the sacrificial meal.

On the day before the fourteenth of Nisan the Samaritan quarter at Nablus is practically deserted, since every one not excluded by the law of defilement or on the very point of death is certain to attend the paschal celebration. Indeed, those seriously ill are often carried to the feast by their relatives and friends, professing to believe that attendance on the Passover services on Gerizim brings with it restoration to health. This is done year after year, notwithstanding the fact that the strain has often proved fatal to some of those in the last stages of disease. Nor is their faith perfect. For a contingency of that nature a tent is pitched at some distance from the other tents of the encampment—"without the camp"—whereto any in the struggle with death, about to breathe his last, may be carried. For a corpse would defile any coming in contact with it, and thus deprive them of the blessings and joy of this greatest of all feasts. In case a death does occur the corpse is cared for by Moslems or non-Samaritans.

According to tradition the Samaritan temple was built on the summit of Gerizim, but the enclosure in which the Passover is now celebrated is at a little distance from the highest point. No doubt the place selected is more secluded and sheltered. It is probable, however, they were forced by the Moslems to give up the summit, or the site of their ancient temple, for military reasons. Be that as it may, the Samaritans have now a title-deed to the parcel of ground within the limits of which they celebrate their four great feasts, and where they pitch their tents for the week beginning with the fourteenth of Nisan.

They leave Nablus as a rule on the thirteenth of this month, so as to be fully prepared for the celebration of the following day upon their "holy of holies" on Gerizim. Some of the more devout are found there a week earlier. If the fourteenth of Nisan happens to fall on a Sabbath (our Saturday) the preparations are then made on the twelfth, so as not in any manner to desecrate the Sabbath, a day the Samaritans observe with extraordinary strictness, much more so than the most orthodox Jew or scrupulous Puritan. In Sabbath-keeping no people can compare with the Samaritans.

The celebration of the Samaritan Passover has been witnessed at close range by many curious tourists as well as by some great students of Old Testament institutions. It is from articles written by some of the latter that we have gathered much of our data for this paper. Here we might state that no two of these agree in every particular. It is possible, too, that the celebrations did not follow minutely a regular plan. It is also possible that the Turkish officials interfered with them in some of the details. When the Rev. J. E. H. Thomson, a missionary of Safed, was present at the celebration of the Samaritan Passover on May 2, 1898—quite late that year—he says that there were thirty tents pitched for the accommodation of those in attendance, who numbered one hundred and

fifty to one hundred and sixty souls. As noted above, one of the tents stood at some distance from the regular encampment. In the plot of ground in which the celebrants were gathered were a shallow trench and a deep pit. A fire was kindled in the former, over which were suspended two large caldrons for the purpose of boiling water for facilitating the removal of the wool from the lambs which were to be sacrificed. For these were not skinned, as once required by the Jewish ritual (2 Chron. 35. 11). Near the trench was the pit, dug in the ground and lined with stone. It was about eight feet deep and from three to four feet across the mouth. This pit, though deeper, is like the oven still used in the Arab villages of the vicinity. At the proper time they begin to heat it by means of brush-wood and other kindling material. It is heated to such a degree that the lambs put in it are roasted perfectly. "They shall eat the meat on that night roasted with fire. . . Eat it not raw, nor sodden at all with water, but roasted with fire" (Ex. 12. 8-9). According to Samaritan tradition this pit dates back to the days of Abraham. See Gen. 15. 17, where we read: "And it came to pass that, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a flaming torch that passed between these pieces."

Not far from the trench and pit may be seen gathered in a semi-circle all the male Samaritans. They are led in prayers and chanting by the high priest, who recites from memory passages relating to the Passover. The people may not have memorized the service, at least they use either Hebrew or Arabic books. This part of the ceremony begins just as the fire is lighted under the caldrons or boilers, and continues, with brief intermissions, till the lambs are placed in the pit to be roasted. All the people are clothed in festive garments, which are usually white. But those who have witnessed the celebration do not agree as to the color of the high priests' vestures, or, indeed, of the other celebrants. They now stand, now kneel, and now prostrate themselves, all with their faces toward the summit of Gerizim. At times the gestures and cries are frantic. The younger children are evidently touched at the killing of the lambs, and give vent to their feelings in loud sobs. At a given signal, just as the sun sets over the Mediterranean, the lambs selected for the sacrifice and brought up Gerizim are killed by some young men. Dr. Trumbull says that when he saw the celebration four of these lambs were killed by the high priest. Professor Montgomery seems to discount this statement. It is possible, however, that the custom differs from year to year. The number of lambs killed, from five to seven, will, however, depend upon the amount to be consumed by those who celebrate the Passover. The blood of the lambs is caught in bowls. Part of it is sprinkled upon the canvas flaps, or doors of the tents and part is applied to the noses, ears, and foreheads of the younger boys. It must be said that this rite is not always observed. Mr. Moulton informs us that the Mohammedans had forbidden this practice for some time previous to 1903. Evidently what is allowed or not allowed depends very largely upon the whims of Turkish officials who have jurisdiction over this portion of the Turkish dominions. One witness tells us that when the blood is applied

to the foreheads, noses, and ears of the children the people rejoice and kiss each other on both cheeks, except in the case of the high priest and very old men. These are kissed on the hand.

The lambs, "without blemish, males of the first year," slain, and the wool having been speedily picked off, were now fixed to long poles with a transverse piece near one end, to prevent them from slipping off, and were carried to the pit or ground-oven mentioned above, which had been heating for several hours. Before the lambs were lowered into this hot oven the entrails were taken out. The liver, however, was put back. The feet and the right shoulder were cut off—the latter being the priest's portion. The lambs were then, one by one, lowered into the oven or pit, over the mouth of which was placed a bundle of plaited twigs. This was covered with green sod or soil in such a way that the cracks were completely filled, so that no heat could escape. The lambs were left in the pit till thoroughly roasted, or for three to four hours.

Justin Martyr, a native of Nablus, may have witnessed the celebration of the Samaritan Passover. In his Dialogue with Tryphon the Jew occurs the following: "The paschal lamb that is to be roasted is roasted in a form like to that of the Cross. For one spit is thrust through the animal from head to tail, and another through its breast, to which his forefeet are attached." As Dean Stanley points out, Justin saw in this a likeness of the crucifixion of the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

While the lambs are being roasted there is an intermission in the regular services, though many continue to pray and chant. The high priest and elders retire to their tents. At this juncture visitors are permitted to visit the high priest and ask him and others any questions relative to the Samaritans and their religion. They seem to court such inquiries and discussions, and seem ever ready to explain every detail of their creed and customs. They never forget to emphasize that they are the true remnant of Israel, the only people on earth faithful to the teachings of Moses, the greatest of all prophets. It goes without saying that they are bigoted and narrow, as well as shrewd and businesslike. They always expect a little *backsheesh* in return for their courtesies, and generally get it. Even the high priest is not above this and is always ready to sell some kind of manuscript for an exorbitant price.

About midnight a solemn silence settles over the encampment. Some of the men now draw near the oven, where the victims are roasted. The plaited covering is removed, and the lambs, black as coal, are taken out. If, as sometimes happens, a piece falls off a lamb, volunteers vie for the privilege of jumping into the hot oven in order to bring it up. The lambs are placed in new baskets and are carried to a large sheet spread on the ground, a short distance away. Around this sheet gather all the male Samaritans, their loins girt, shoes on their feet and staff in hand, as if on the point of starting on a journey, just as the Hebrews on the night they left Egypt. The women, as already mentioned, though not allowed to gather with the men around the roasted lambs, not far away are permitted to partake of the paschal meal, usually in their tents,

to which portions are carried to them. All eat hurriedly and voraciously. No doubt they are quite hungry, since a fast of twenty-four hours must precede this midnight feast.

The inclosed space within which they eat is carefully guarded and reserved for the celebrants alone. No foreigners dare pass over the wall surrounding this Samaritan "holy of holies," lest defilement, either to the food or Samaritans, might take place. Of course, there are numbers of curious people gathered on such an occasion to witness as much as they can of this unique celebration, and, as could be expected, these try to get as near as possible to this out-door ceremony. From the Samaritan point of view the danger of contamination is very great, not only from the hostile Mohammedans, but also from sympathetic, though curious Europeans and Americans, and even from scholarly Christians, and, most of all, rich unthinking tourists. Everybody is intent upon seeing all that is to be seen; the more so as the sight may never be repeated.

The most sacred thing, of course, is the paschal lamb. No one but a Samaritan ceremonially clean may even touch it while being prepared for the sacrifice, much less eat of it after it is roasted. The law is quite explicit: "There shall no alien eat thereof . . . a sojourner and a hired servant shall not eat thereof. All the congregation of Israel shall keep it" (Ex. 12. 43ff). Foreigners may, however, eat of the unleavened bread and the bitter herbs, for these are freely given to any who may desire to taste them.

When the paschal meal is ended the celebrants gather up, with utmost care, every morsel of the meat left over, every particle of bone, every bit of skin or wool or whatsoever may remain of the lamb. According to Mr. Thomson, the foreleg and shoulder given the high priest are also taken up and burned like all the rest. Here, too, the law is fulfilled: "And yet shall let nothing of it remain until the morning; but that which remaineth till the morning ye shall burn with fire" (Ex. 12. 10).

No Semitic celebration could be complete without its accompanying ablutions. Thus the washing of hands is also a part of the Samaritan Passover, just as in the celebration of the feast by modern Jews. The drinking of the four cups of wine, as is done to this day in the Jewish feast, finds, as far as we are informed, no place among the Samaritan celebrants of the Passover.

At the conclusion of this midnight meal prayers and chants are again resumed, with some interruptions, till the break of day, for not until the rising of the sun on the fifteenth of Nisan is the solemn feast ended. Now they retire to their tents, where they rest and prepare themselves for the immediately connected feast of Unleavened Bread, which is also observed by many on Mount Gerizim. They remain here, rather than return to their homes in Nablus, for safety. Here, apart from the world, there is little or no danger of defilement from contact with leaven in any form.

FOREIGN OUTLOOK**DR. LEPSIUS ON GERMANY AND ARMENIA, 1914-18.**

THE lifting of the censorship has made possible the publication of the documents bearing on the relations of Germany to the mortal sufferings of Armenia in the years of the great war. Dr. Johannes Lepsius, with the full consent of Dr. Solz, former Foreign Secretary, has carefully assembled all the official correspondence bearing on the matter, and has published them without omission or addition, only prefixing an historical introduction of 80 pages. The documents themselves are 444 in number and fill just 500 pages of the book (Potsdam, Tempelverlag, 1919).

Probably no man living is as competent to perform the task of presenting this terrible history as Lepsius. It is about a quarter of a century since this brilliant son of the famous Egyptologist, Karl Richard Lepsius, attracted the attention of Christendom by his splendid services in behalf of Armenia. He was so touched by the distress of the Armenians under the fearful persecutions of the Turks that he made request of a furlough of six months from his pastoral office in order to devote his whole time to making public appeals for their relief. For political reasons, that is, because the government wanted to avoid seeming to sanction any agitation against Turkey, his request was denied. Thereupon, Lepsius promptly resigned his place and took up his great work with a freer hand. His addresses, delivered in many places in Germany, made a strong impression, and his pamphlets on behalf of Armenia were widely read. In translations they gained considerable currency in several countries outside of Germany. During all the years from that time to the present his devotion to the cause of the Armenians has been intense and constant. Many years ago he organized the Deutsche Orient-Mission, which, while intended primarily for work among the Mohammedans, brought him also into close and sympathetic contact with the Armenians. All in all Lepsius is quite as well acquainted with the Armenian situation as any man living. Moreover, he has fairly won the confidence of all who know him as a man of the highest courage and of incorruptible integrity.

The book sheds an abundance of light upon two questions of primary interest: (1) What were the motives that led to the Turkish government's policy of extermination for the Armenian? and (2) What role did German politics play in connection with the whole affair?

As to the motives for the almost unbroken and now almost finished process of exterminating the Armenian people—which even continues in spite of the armistice—the Turkish government at first sought to keep everything in darkness. Then, when that effort failed, they gave it out that it had to do with the suppression of insurrections and with the transfer of Armenians from certain districts to others on account of strategic interests in case of war. They even employed German pens to make this lie current in Germany. Also the Turkish ministers and

governors of provinces repeated the lie with brazen Oriental assurance to German ambassadors, consuls, and others, in spite of the fact that the contrary was everywhere manifest to any man who cared to see for himself. If the German officials were really deceived, it must have been a guilty blindness.*

The documents show with absolute clearness that the dominant Young Turks party (calling itself "Comité pour union et progrès"), upon deposing Abd-ul Hamid in 1908, heartily adopted his policy of the unification of Turkey by the slaughter of Christians, first of all the Armenians. And they carried out this program on a larger scale than the Sultan had ever dared to do, who had contented himself with massacres in some of the largest cities. Immediately after the usurpation of power by the "Committee," which proclaimed the principle of Panosmanism, occurred the fearful massacres in Adana (in January, 1909), and the new government scarcely attempted to make it even appear that these were anything else than authorized acts. The documents make very clear that the motive of the government was political and not religious in its nature. They wanted to unify and solidify the empire. The Armenians were believed to stand in the way of their program. Of course, the fact that they were not Moslems was a factor in the case, but it was not the determining one.

In his historical introduction Lepsius gives a brief but adequate account of the course of events from the beginning. But he makes very few comments on the documents which fill the body of the book, indeed, none at all except in the introduction. Of course, the documents are susceptible of various interpretations. Here the interest for students of history will center in the question of Germany's share in the guilt of the extermination of the Armenians. Lepsius, though for many years a severe critic of his people for their apathy toward Armenia, evidently believes that the German government was at the worst only guilty of a measure of toleration of Turkey's crimes. The documents betray no *direct* participation on the part of Germany in the Turkish policy against the Armenians, but it can hardly be doubted that there was in certain official quarters a guilty knowledge of what was planned and being carried out. Lepsius does not publish his book primarily as a vindication of Germany, but he evidently regards it as such. But it seems a psychological impossibility for the German government to have been so effectually hoodwinked as Lepsius supposes.

Incidentally the book is an adequate vindication of the German missionaries who were in contact with the Armenian situation. Even these men have been accused of betraying the Armenians. The documents published by Lepsius amply vindicate them. We must all be sincerely glad to find good faith at least there.

Of course, the documents exhibit a degree of cruelty, treachery, and every other sort of villainy that puts a strain upon the fancy to grasp it. The destruction has gone on so swiftly and so relentlessly that the nation has been reduced from 1,845,000 to about 845,000, and the end is not yet.

A BACKWARD GLANCE OVER THE THEOLOGY OF THE WAR-TIME.

THE theological output of the last five years was in a very large measure determined by the fact and the issues of the war. It could not have been otherwise. Theological books without an immediate pragmatic interest have been few. Such as one can cull from the books published since 1914 are for the most part works which were in preparation before the war.

In all Christian countries the books on the general theme of Christianity and War have been bewilderingly numerous. Of course many of these have been very slight and superficial, yet some have been really profound studies. Then there is a large group of books on the general theme of the rebuilding of the religious thought and life of the people. Here again the quality is very diverse. An example of a book that must provoke thought, perhaps much contradiction, is Orchard's "The Outlook for Religion." But there are many worthy books on the same general theme. These with scarcely an exception emphasize the necessity of giving the largest possible place to the social principles of Jesus. An interesting specimen of the class of books that treat of the new social problems of the church is Chaplain Tiplady's Social Christianity in the New Era. The most characteristic of these books are not systematic studies, they rather represent prophetic voices. Then there are books that deal with the urgent need of the union of the churches. The movement is altogether wonderful. Of course, the difficulties are very great, and some of the proposals for union are wholly impracticable, and even grotesque. But nevertheless the patient thought that men have been giving to the problem is already bearing fruit. It is safe to say that the weight of conviction that the disciples of Jesus *must* find a way to give adequate expression to the unity of the faith and of the Spirit has already wonderfully revitalized theology and will continue to do so.

The impression seems to be widespread that the war has effectually put an end to dogmatic theology. We take an almost diametrically opposite view. Protestant Christendom is sick of sectarian dogmatism—of this there can be no doubt. But the churches want to get together on the basis of the truth as it is in Jesus. The fundamental questions concerning the nature of God and of his will, concerning the place of Christ, concerning the nature and mission of the church—these are the questions which are pressing for answers. They are the questions of life and death for the individual and for the fellowship of the disciples of Christ. It is not books that discuss these fundamental questions that are out of favor to-day, but books of mere historical lore or of criticism with only a remote bearing upon life. The demand for church union will inevitably stir up thought and utterance on the question of the basis for a united church. This is a forward rather than a backward look; but the glance at the recent past warrants the prophecy.

Among the books of a doctrinal character two groups call for special notice: those dealing with the problem of personal immortality and those relating to the Second Advent. Books of the second group are

incidentally very largely exegetical in their materials. Books on immortality have been put forth by able theologians and thinkers in all Christian lands. For the most part these discussions are designed to overcome the doubts as to immortality generally, rather than to give assurance as to the salvation of the individual—which for the most part is assumed if only the dead live again. This literature incidentally shows how extensive the doubts respecting a future life had become. The books and articles on the Second Coming of Christ are not more numerous than one must have expected in view of the great world catastrophe. There is something disheartening in the evidence of so wide a divergence of thought on so fundamental a subject. It is no mere question of divergences in technical exegesis. The questions involved are as deep and as far-reaching as can well be imagined. But we are inclined to believe that in some quarters the differences are exaggerated. It would be well if the fundamental view, upon which evangelical Christians are generally agreed, should be brought out more clearly, so that the common ground should be duly recognized by both parties. This fundamental view we take to be that Christ is the Consummator of the kingdom, not simply its Founder. In him history will have its End. As over against the evolutionistic view that knows only movement, but no goal, even the crudeness of the current premillenarianism is much to be preferred, as being at heart Christian. If our saner opponents of the premillenarian view, whose standpoint we regard as essentially biblical, would but take pains to point out with unmistakable clearness their fundamental opposition to the evolutionistic idealism that has but a faint tincture of positive Christianity, there might be more hope of our seeing eye to eye with our brethren of the other standpoint. Incidentally we venture the opinion that the issue in this controversy is not clearly recognized, so long as the battle turns about the terms "premillennial" and "postmillennial."

It would be possible to name here and there a war-time book that might have been written in times of the utmost tranquillity. But when we look at the great leaders of research in the field of theology, we see that they have produced in the last five years almost exclusively pamphlets or books bearing upon the war. How will it be in the next years? It is hard to believe that there will soon be a period in which mere scholarship will flourish as it did before the war. The most of that research has its value for the life of the church, when its results are duly digested. But we can hardly fancy our great theologians failing to carry with them into their studies the sense of the multitudes that look up to be fed.

THE PASSING OF HAECKEL.

THE death of Ernst Haeckel, in Jena, at the age of 85, has an interest for all well-informed people. One of the most vigorous and able of the disciples of Darwin, he made himself widely known by his unusual combination of scientific content and popular exposition. His

"Natural History of Creation" was translated into at least a dozen languages. But it is particularly because of Haeckel's relation to Christianity that we give some notice of his career in these pages.

About twenty years ago Haeckel, whose wide departure from Christianity was already a matter of common knowledge, published his book entitled "Die Welträtsel," translated into English under the title, "The Riddle of the Universe" (in strict accuracy it should read "Riddles"). Within a few weeks of its publication no fewer than 10,000 copies of the book were sold in Germany. It aroused a very unusual interest, either because its contents seemed worth while or because it attacked positions which multitudes of people regarded as established. The standpoint of Haeckel was that of a naturalistic monism, which the ordinary man will not be able to distinguish from materialism. The book attacked Christianity in a most reckless fashion. The contempt that he displayed toward theology was almost comical because of its extreme assurance. And as for his philosophical discussions, these were almost as supercilious. Naturally a good many pamphlets were written in confutation and then in defense of Haeckel's arguments. The philosophers were scarcely less severe in their criticisms than the theologians. Friedrich Paulsen of Berlin declared that the appearance and the success of such a book in Germany, in the Germany of Kant and Hegel and Schopenhauer, was a deeply humiliating event. Baumann of Göttingen was almost equally severe on Haeckel, only he felt it necessary to let the theologians take a share of his castigation. Dennert, a natural scientist of pronounced Christian faith, attacked Haeckel both from the standpoint of natural science and from that of the Christian faith. But perhaps the most widely read of the confutations of the book was the Anti-Haeckel, by Loofs of Halle. This was a most crushing criticism. The amazing ignorance and effrontery of Haeckel in matters of biblical criticism and church history were mercilessly exposed. Loofs went so far as to say: "My remarks are an attack on Haeckel's honor, and are intended as such." But since, in spite of their vigor and frankness, his criticisms were all well considered, the little book made a strong impression. A reply to the opponents was written by a young assistant of Haeckel's, Schmidt by name. Here again the whole attitude is virtually this: the fact that a man is a theologian is in itself sufficient proof that he has from principle renounced genuine scientific methods.

But there is a special reason why a man like Haeckel should interest us to-day. We are in the habit of charging the moral perversion of Germany, that made possible her modern militaristic role, to men of the type of Nietzsche and Treitschke and Bernhardi. But these do not show the only "roots of the war" so far as the philosophic background is concerned.

Of course, there was nothing directly militaristic in Haeckel's naturalism, but it is a soil in which militarism can flourish. His standpoint of naturalistic monism excludes the conceivability of a self-revealing, personal God. His aim was "to embrace all the exuberant phe-

nomena of organic life in one general scheme and explain all the wonders of life from the monistic point of view as forms of one great, harmoniously working universe, whether you call this nature, or cosmos, or world, or God." He declared that pantheism was the world-view of the modern scientist; and he was frank enough to say that "pantheism is only a polite form of atheism." His flippant attitude toward religion is seen in his remark: "The maxim of the pantheist, 'God and the world are one,' is merely a polite way of giving the Lord God his congé." Here was a philosophy which encouraged the throwing away of all the restraints and the spiritual idealism of Christianity. Though rejected by most professional philosophers and abhorred by the theologians, this materialistic doctrine gained a tremendous hearing among the people of Germany. It can scarcely be doubted that this outlook upon the world and life must have signified an undermining of the foundation, and so helped to make possible the war.

BOOK NOTICES

RELIGION, THEOLOGY, AND BIBLICAL LITERATURE

Reading the Bible. By WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Lampson Professor of English Literature, Yale University. 12mo, pp. 131. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25, net.

WITH the readers of this REVIEW, Professor Phelps is one of its most popular contributors, as he is at the height of popularity personally and as a teacher, with Yale students. His *Browning: How To Know Him* (published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis) is one of the best helps in studying that poet. From some points of view the book now before us might be entitled *The Bible: How to Know It*—how to know it better, or at least in a different way from what some of us have learned, an additional way that will make it seem more wonderful and divine than ever as well as more closely human. We would like to put this fresh and vivid little book into every home in America. It would fascinate young and old with the transcendent charm and overmastering superiority of the Bible above all other literature. "Sprightly and forcible, full of vitality and the gusto that lures us to read," says the *Evening Post*'s critic, whose notice goes on: "Professor Phelps shows how the influence of the Bible pervaded all mediæval literature, but also its equal if not greater powerful presence in the literature of to-day. Kipling and Stevenson are saturated with the Bible; they reek with its influence in style and in matter." Professor Phelps truly says that Mr. Britling Sees It Through could not have been written without a profound knowledge of the New Testament. [The same is true of Ibaner's great book, *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*.] Professor Phelps adds: "That arch pagan, George Moore, who boasts that he has not even a grain of faith,

and who, in an autobiographical sketch, put down as his chief recreation religion, wrote a long novel on the life of Christ; and, although it is filled with sacrilege, it exhibits the sway over his heart and mind held by the greatest personality in history. He found that he could not escape from the Son of man, and wrote this book to relieve his own mind, as old Burton wrote a treatise on melancholy to cure himself of it." Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch reminds us how Edward Fitz-Gerald recognized the superiority of the Bible by asking, "What would have become of Christianity if Jeremy Bentham had had the writing of the Parables?" Sir Arthur adds: "Without pursuing that dreadful inquiry I ask you to note how carefully *the Parables*—those exquisite short stories—speak only of 'things which you can touch and see'—'A sower went forth to sow,' 'The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took'—and not the Parables only, but the Sermon on the Mount and nearly all the most impressive parts of the New Testament." There are but three chapters in Professor Phelps's book. The first is the most convincing, most captivating, and, so far as we know, the greatest essay on "Reading the Bible" ever written. Its forty-six pages are capable of making more converts than tons and shiploads of commentaries. The METHODIST REVIEW for March, 1919, was enriched by an article on the same subject by the same author. Passing the chapter on "Saint Paul as a Letter-Writer," we notice "Short Stories in the Bible." This last chapter says: The Short Story must be based on one event, or on a series of emotions called forth by a single situation. The lyrical poems of Robert Browning are short stories told in verse; he probably invented more plots than any other writer, and it is interesting to recall the remark of one of the shrewdest cinema managers of our time, who emphatically declared, "Robert Browning is the greatest writer for the movies that ever lived." Now as the Bible excels all other books in poetry, in prose historical narrative, in prophetic eloquence, in philosophy, political economy, and in worldly wisdom, so the finest short stories are to be found in the Bible. And these brief tales illustrate every phase of human nature. I heartily wish I might read for the first time the Bible stories, and judge them apart from the years of childhood training and instruction. An interesting and amusing illustration of the effect produced when these narratives salute men's ears for the first time, was given in the New York Times, January 8, 1919. The Rt. Rev. John N. McCormick, Bishop of Western Michigan, who had been overseas in Red Cross work, is quoted as follows: "One of the chaplains in France told me that although every soldier had a small New Testament which went into his pack, he was having constant demands for the whole Bible in English. He had scoured the country for Bibles and the supply was not equal to the demand. Finally he asked a private why he wanted the whole Bible. 'Because I want to read about the wars,' came the reply. 'The Old Testament is full of wars and I want to read those stories.' When one of the transports went over last spring, the chaplain, finding a group of men sitting together on the deck, with nothing to do, began to tell them stories. He just told them for their brilliant values as tales. And he told the story of Paul's

shipwreck and those fourteen days in a typhoon when he was making his famous voyage to Rome. When he had finished, a man called out to him: 'Who was that guy?' The story-teller replied that it was a man named Paul. The soldier went below and aroused his bunkie. 'The chaplain was telling us a story up on deck about a fellow named Paul, and he was some man.'" A few years ago a newspaper offered a prize for the best answer to the question, "Which is the finest short story ever written?" The prize was awarded to a well-known English writer, who voted for the story of the woman taken in sin. I find that this tale, as told in the Gospel of John, contains two hundred and five words. I do not think any small boy ever forgets the story of Jacob and Esau. Nothing rankles in a boy's mind like injustice, unfair treatment. Furthermore, in spite of the intense blood-affection that unites brothers—instantly shown when any of them is attacked by a person outside the family—there is invariably a certain jealousy between two brothers of nearly the same age; and this jealousy is particularly sharp in the difficult matter of paternal distribution of awards. This ugly trait in human nature is the basis of the story of Jacob and Esau, and the story of the Prodigal Son. The most dangerous foe to parental discipline as to the discipline in a boys' school is any suspicion of favoritism; and when the normal boy reads the story of Jacob and Esau, the trick played by the mother for Jacob's benefit, and the cruel disappointment of honest Esau when he arrives too late, the boy in his own heart identifies himself with the deceived huntsman—he is Esau. No amount of exegesis, no reminders of the historical importance of Jacob, no recital of Jacob's subsequent sufferings can ever make a boy forget Jacob's sinister methods; Jacob from that time forth is a swindler, and the boy must look elsewhere in the Bible for a hero. Observe how in that narrative the height of dramatic power is reached with severe economy of words. There is no better story in the Old Testament than the tale of Joseph and his brethren. Every one is interested in clothes—boys and girls, old men and women; and the coat of many colors which Joseph wore when he was seventeen years old is the first picturesque touch in a picturesque career. This gaudy plumage stimulated the envious hatred of his brothers, which his vivid dream enlarged beyond endurance; when they threw the boy into the pit, they stripped the coat off, and added one more color to the famous garment, the color of blood, which was too much for old Jacob's nerves. The subsequent adventures of Joseph in Egypt are dramatic in the extreme; and it is an interesting commentary on human nature, that Joseph's emphatic refusal to betray his benefactor has given him from that time to this an undeserved reputation for priggishness that he will never live down. The very name Joseph savors of pious rather than honorable behavior—consider Joseph Surface, no doubt deliberately named. It is worth remembering, too, that Potiphar's wife is one of the first and most skillful of all the blackmailers recorded in criminal history. Joseph became the Herbert C. Hoover of Egypt. He had the control of the food supply when food was short, and apparently had the sole power of determining rations. It was this official position that brought his brothers

back to him, all unconscious as they bowed down and made obeisance that they were fulfilling the early dream. The passionate excitement of Joseph at the appearance of Benjamin and his inability to control his feelings, show how much stronger is family affection than any pride of place or any political honor. This is one of the greatest of all the great resignation scenes in literature; and the happy reunion of the whole family, father and brothers together, is one of the brightest pages in a book filled with tragedies of sin and pain. The story of Jephthah's daughter has made an indelible impression on the world, although her ultimate fate still rests in doubt—was she slain, or merely condemned to remain unmarried? Byron, who wrote one of the worst of the many poems inspired by this girl, refused to be drawn by a correspondent into a controversy on the subject. "Whatever may be the absolute state of the case," said the poet, "I am innocent of her blood." And on another occasion he remarked, "Well, my hands are not imbrued in her blood!" The fearless realism of the narrator in the book of Judges and his impartiality are plainly shown in the first verse that begins this famous tale: "Now Jephthah the Gileadite was a mighty man of valor, and he was the son of an harlot: and Gilead begat Jephthah." Certainly one of the most dramatic scenes in the Bible is where the captain's daughter—his only child—came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances. The captain rent his clothes, and cried, "Alas, my daughter! thou hast brought me very low, and thou art one of them that trouble me: for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back." No angel intervened, as in the case of Abraham and Isaac; and this splendid girl met her fate with resolution, thinking more of her father's victory than of her own sorrow. It is curious, that although she is one of the most familiar characters in history, the historian neglected to mention her name. The finest tribute to the heroine is to be found in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*.

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower."

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of illa.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thredding the somber boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

The story of Balak and Balaam is one of the first instances in history where a political boss discovers to his chagrin that he cannot control his most influential orator. With bribery and flattery he invited Balaam to come and denounce Israel; but Balaam, as has happened more than once since then, will not play the role assigned to him, because he hears an inner voice of duty louder than the blandishments of Balak. The modern political analogy is complete; for after two severe disappointments, Balak said unto Balaam, "Neither curse them at all, nor bless them at all"—I don't know why I find that remark so amusing, except that I can hear Balak's tone so plainly—"If you find you can't help me, do at all events stay neutral, keep your mouth shut." But the disappointed impresario is to regret even more bitterly that he drew this obstinate speaker into the campaign; Balaam will be neither an advocate nor silent, but pours out a flood of oratory for the other side, winding up with the rather strange invitation to Balak to come and visit, "and I will advertise thee what this people shall do to thy people in the latter days." The invitation does not seem particularly alluring, yet Balak, who is one of the few men in the Bible characterized by undeviating stupidity, seems to have accepted it. From the first half of the Bible Professor Phelps passes on to the last half: Although the Old Testament is filled with short stories of great power and beauty, it is when we turn to the New Testament that we find the supreme examples of the art. The supremacy of our Lord as a spiritual teacher is cordially recognized even by many who do not believe in his divine mission; but he was supreme in other ways as well. The distinguished American playwright Augustus Thomas has in an admirable essay emphasized the physical prowess and endurance of Jesus Christ; from every point of view he is not only the teacher, but the model for all men. We should remember also that he was a supreme literary artist. The short stories that he produced with such colloquial ease are the finest in the world; they are, indeed, the despair of all professional men of letters. No tales ever written combine such amazing power with such impressive economy in the use of words. The parables are the perfection of realistic art; the tremendous paradoxes are driven home with a simplicity that has the apparent unconsciousness

of a flower. The mediæval church made a liturgical drama out of the story of the wise and foolish virgins; the supper at Simon's house is as though it happened yesterday; the three famous parables dealing with money are all equally vivid—I mean the woman who lost the piece of silver, the men who were intrusted with the talents, and the laborers who were hired for a certain sum. No one can forget the two men named Lazarus; Lazarus who died and went to heaven, and Lazarus who died and returned to earth. The resurrection of Lazarus has had an astonishingly germinal effect on literature from that day to this. Tennyson pauses and reflects about him in *In Memoriam*; one of Browning's greatest poems deals with his spiritual transformation; our American poet Anna Branch was inspired by this tale to write one of her most dramatic pieces; and no one who reads Dostoevski's marvelous novel, *Crime and Punishment*, will fail to be impressed by the scene where Sonia with choking voice reads aloud the story of Lazarus to the despairing criminal. Sonia opened the book and found the place. Her hands were shaking, her voice failed her. Twice she tried to begin and could not bring out the first syllable. "Now a certain man was sick named Lazarus of Bethany," she forced herself at last to read, but at the third word her voice broke like an overstrained string. There was a catch in her breath. Raskolnikov saw in part why Sonia could not bring herself to read to him and the more he saw this, the more roughly and irritably he insisted on her doing so. He understood only too well how painful it was for her to betray and unveil all that was her own. He understood that these feelings really were her *secret treasure*, which she had kept perhaps for years, perhaps from childhood, while she lived with an unhappy father and a distracted stepmother crazed by grief, in the midst of starving children, and unseemly abuse. . . . "And when he had thus spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth." She read loudly, cold and trembling with ecstasy, as though she were seeing it before her eyes. . . . She still trembled feverishly. The candle-end was flickering out in the battered candlestick, dimly lighting up in the poverty-stricken room the murderer and the harlot who had so strangely been reading together the eternal book. Jesus not only raised Lazarus from the dead—he did more: he gave him immortal life on earth, in all languages and in all nations. The parable of the Prodigal Son is not properly named. The word "prodigal" occurs nowhere in the Bible. The reason why this is called the parable of the Prodigal Son is because most readers still suppose it to be merely a story of sin, repentance, and fatherly love. But it is really the story of a certain man who had two sons; and there is just as much emphasis on the elder as on the younger brother. The Puritan conception of sin was generally so narrow that our ancestors actually believed that the rich farmer had two boys, one of whom was bad and one good. Now as a matter of fact he had two bad sons, both very bad, of whom the elder was the worst. Let us grant the selfishness and debauchery of the younger. Perhaps he would never have come home at all if his money had not given out, sharpening the importunate spur of hunger. And it

was by no accident that his father met him on his return. The father was sure that the boy would come home again, and who knows how many days he had gone forth to await his appearance? When the ashamed lad tried to apologize, the father made him feel at once that his motive in returning was of no importance compared with the overwhelming joy of the fact. If we could have back from the grave those that we love, should we care very much what motive brought them? Now to regard the elder son as good and his brother as bad is surely to misunderstand profoundly the true significance of this marvelous story. The elder brother was so case-hardened by selfish respectability that no force of love could break through his armor; his petulance is the outward sign of ineradicable and incurable vice. When did I ever transgress thy commandment? When have I ever done anything wrong? . . . That negative conception of virtue has been responsible for the error of all errors concerning the beauty of holiness. Is virtue then negative? If his father had not been so obstreperously happy in his boy's return, he might have asked this cold-hearted prig some embarrassing questions. This most engaging and stimulating author closes thus: "As the Bible day by day exerts its regenerating and vivifying spiritual influence on the souls of men, so its sublime and homely poetry and prose recreate new masterpieces in all literatures, which rise from the inexhaustible spring of living water in the Word of Life." We are constrained to add this from another source: Another short story in the Bible—and a wondrous bit of art—is shorter by half than the 205-word tale cited by Professor Phelps: "And, behold, a woman of Canaan came out of the same coasts, and cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he answered her not a word. And his disciples came and besought him, saying, Send her away; for she crieth after us. But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped him, saying, Lord, help me. But he answered and said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to the dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour." Where else in literature is there the pathos of the three words, "Lord, help me"? Or where such lightning flash of dialogue? We do not stop to discover why we add to William Lyon Phelps's Tribute to the Bible Andrew Carnegie's tribute in his book *The Gospel of Wealth to the church*: "Once within the massive circle its denizens live there an inner life more precious than the external, and all their ways are hallowed by the radiance which shines from afar upon this inner life, glorifying everything and keeping all right within." Nor why we couple with the ironmaster's recognition of the glorifying power of the church somebody's pregnant piece of penetrating insight, worthy of George C. Peck or F. W. Boreham: "The influence of a church in a community, like the influence of a baby in a home, is out of all proportion to its size." Meditate on that shrewd unexpected comparison for a week or two. We say

in closing, there is more value and enrichment in this little book by Professor Phelps than in any other of its size published within a year. So it seems to us.

Hearth and Altar. A Book for Family Worship. By OSCAR L. JOSEPH. 12mo, pp. xii+211. New York: Association Press. Price, \$1.25.

We would not go back to the old ways of living; nor indeed could we. In the endeavor to turn away from the past we should not cut loose from all of its customs even though we may not observe them in the traditional way. Many families acknowledge the importance of regular family worship, but they are shut out from observing it not so much by unwillingness as by embarrassment with regard to methods of procedure. "Where the father has to take the morning train and the children must hurry to school or the older members go to business, the best time for family prayers is soon after the evening meal, when all the family is generally present. The important question is not how much time should be given to it. The more urgent fact is the spirit of faith and reverence in which it is carried out, and its regular observance throughout the year. Five minutes given to this ennobling exercise, from day to day, will bring the blessing of heaven on the home and enable parents and children to enjoy the favor of God and the peace divine, which passeth all understanding." This is well put by the author of this manual. It is unique among books of this character and will help to revive the family altar and to meet a long-felt want in many homes. The plan is beautifully conceived and is carried out in good taste. The daily program cannot fail to make this hallowed custom both attractive and practicable under modern conditions. Each of thirteen weeks concentrates thought on a single general topic which is considered from seven different points of view through the days of the week based on a relevant Scripture portion, which suggests the trend of the prayer. There is also a weekly verse with which the service opens, and it is recited in concert under the direction of the father, who is "the priest of the family and the legitimate leader of family devotions." Take, for instance, "Divine Guidance," the subject for the eleventh week. It is taken up under the following sub-heads: The All-Sufficient Christ, Light in Darkness, Gratitude and Obedience, The Way of Holiness, The Pilgrim Spirit, Magnificat and Benedictus, Testimonies and Testimony. Among the thirteen topics are General Confession, Praise, Prayer, the Glory of Christ, Public Worship, the Christian Home, Faith, the Faithful. The prayers are original. They have a ring of sincerity, are distinctly modern and touch the life of our own day. Provision is also made for the special days of the church year and of the nation's history. Here is a sample program from the seventh week on "The Christian Home." It is for Saturday and the subject is "Definite Decision." The passage for the week's recital is Psalm 112. 1-3, the Scripture selection is Joshua 24. 14-25, and the prayer, here quoted, concludes with the Lord's Prayer: "We thank thee, O Lord our God, for the goodly examples of faithful men and women who had convictions of duty and

the courage to utter them in words and deeds. Their influence abides in renewed lives from one generation to another. May the succession of worthy souls continue, and let the home do much in contributing to the well-being and welfare of all peoples. Let every Christian home be like a city set on a hill, that its light may radiate in the community and render the service of helpfulness in true neighborliness. We pray for the homes in the city, suburb and the country. May thy presence be welcome in every one of them and let thy peace abide therein. May both parents and children find joy as they live according to the truth of the gospel of Christ. We pray for the services to be held to-morrow in the large church, in the small chapel and in mission rooms. Bless the preaching, whether it is under a roof or in the open air, and may the name and Spirit of Jesus impart the fragrance of pure character to all needy and troubled souls, for the Redeemer's sake." The service for Easter Day will illustrate how Special Days are observed. The selection to be recited by all is Hebrews 13. 20, 21; the Scripture passage is Matthew 28. 1-10; followed by this prayer: "Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ, who has given us the assurance of immortality and a foretaste of our heavenly inheritance through the Risen Saviour. On this day we join with multitudes of believing people in celebrating thy glorious triumph over sin and death. Just as the disciples came out of the darkness of Good Friday into the splendid light of Easter, so may we always remember that depressing and tiresome experiences pass away or can be endured only as we welcome thee in our midst, always to abide with us. May the truth of the resurrection of Christ send out rays to illuminate faith, to quicken hope, and to stimulate love to the farthest bounds of earth. May our confidence in the Living One be strengthened, our hope of his coming glories be vitalized, our love of God and man be increased, as we realize thy presence from day to day in the communion of prayer and service. Speak the word of comfort and peace to all who sorrow, and may their sense of loss become endurable by the thought that their beloved are safe with thee, in the land of eternal love and light. Keep us faithful through all our life, by the merits and triumph of Jesus Christ." The author of these daily devotional services has studied brevity and balance, and those who use them in these days of hurry will obtain the needed poise for the best accomplishment of the tasks and duties awaiting them. If the parents of Christian homes should procure this handy volume and use it daily wherever the household altar and priesthood have either been either neglected or forsaken, great good could not fail to ensue. A revival in every home is the motto of divine progress for church and state. Here are the ways and means awaiting the reader, full of grace and benediction.

The Spirit of Service. By RICHARD H. GILBERT, D.D. 12mo, pp. 119. Boston: The Gorham Press. Price, cloth, \$1 net.

WHEN so much is being written about social service and its many applications it is well to be reminded of the spirit in which such service

must be rendered. This is the aim of Dr. Gilbert's brief but earnest meditations. He takes the reader to the center of life—its throbbing heart, its controlling will, its animating purpose, without which there can be no effectual service. There is no doubt about the organization and all its auxiliaries, but the work will at best be superficial unless emphasis is constantly made on the spiritual aspects of it. Above all we should be guided by the ideal life. It would seem as though this was an axiomatic truth hardly needing any special mention. But we often take for granted and as a matter of course what should be repeatedly enforced. Six phases of the subject are considered in as many chapters, and whoever reads them will be impressed with the necessity of cultivating the high spirit and noble personality so distinctive of the devoted follower of Jesus Christ. We must first deepen the life before we try to broaden it, and such is the concern of this little volume. The incident of the feet washing in the Upper Room is suggestively expounded in the first chapter on "High Spirit for Lowly Service," and the thought recurs in the succeeding chapters, so that the truth is brought home with conviction. "Service is a greater, more glorious thing than success; especially when success is more the result of fortuitous circumstances, won by adventitious aid, rather than compelled by inherent personal worth." How true this is, and yet we do not always have the courage of this conviction. We thus surrender to the time spirit and miss the real joys of life. "This thing we call service, irrespective of the adventitious elements of place and circumstance, just plain service, whether it enlist in its accomplishment one talent, two talents, or five talents, is Christianity's heart, the very genius of it, instinct with its essence, the effluence of its spirit. And it is to be noted that all service in behalf of others is conducive to personal well-being; we never stoop but to rise." On the inspiration of service the author has a good illustration. "One day a visitor entered the studio of a famous artist, and after gazing admiringly at one work of art after another, he approached the easel where the painter was at work. His attention was attracted to some flashing jewels resting on the easel. It seemed strange to the visitor that gems of so great value should lie thus carelessly exposed, and so he inquired the reason for it. The artist replied, 'I keep them there to tone up my eyes. When I am working in pigments, insensibly the sense of color becomes weakened. By having these pure colors before me to refresh my eyes the sense of color is brought up again, just as the musician by his tuning fork brings his strings up to the concert pitch.' Do you see now how much is meant by 'looking unto Jesus'? Just as the artist's eye, or the musician's ear, needs the toning up of essential standards in color and sound, so do we require the stimulating influence of an essential standard in moral quality, a true pattern in life-service. And such we find only in Him!" This little book has value because it leads us to the spiritual dynamic; it enables us once more to distinguish between the things that differ; it encourages us to seek and find the true secret of power, peace, and blessedness.

The Uttermost Star. And Other Gleams of Fancy. By F. W. BOREHAM. 12mo, pp. 265. New York and Cincinnati: The Abingdon Press. Price, net, \$1.25.

For gleams of fancy Boreham is amazing, without peer. Were there ever such essays? So unlaboried, spontaneous, juicy, racy, exhilarating. While we read Boreham, Carlyle seems austere, ancient or remote, Benson academic, Brierley almost dull and flavorless. He lives at the Homestead of Humanity, close to its very hearthstone, and aeroplanes through the universe, flies to the uttermost star. We are going to give his publishers their biggest advertisement. No words of theirs or ours have such compelling power as Boreham's own words. Whoever reads this notice of his latest volume will, if they can afford it, order the book chockful of richness in its twenty-five essays. No need to select from among them. Go in anywhere haphazard, you cannot find a dull spot. Take this on Picking Up the Pile Light: "To passengers below—dressing in the cabins or breakfasting in the saloon—the measured and rhythmic throb of the engines was the only indication that the great ship was in motion. After a smooth and uneventful run across the Bass Straits, the Loongana was gliding swiftly across the broad, unruffled waters of Port Philip Bay. In an hour's time we confidently hoped to be greeting friends ashore. But just then, to our profound disappointment, the unexpected happened. Right ahead of us a long, low, leaden bank of fog lay languidly across the waters, blotting out all trace of land. The Loongana pushed her bows straight into it, and in a few minutes we could scarcely see the vessel's length in any direction. Clouds of grey, misty vapor drifted to and fro; and nothing was visible to us but a narrow circle of sea. The bells in the engine room rang out sharply, communicating to the powerful turbines below the will of the officer high up on the bridge. The ship perceptibly slackened her pace. The bells rang out again, and the ship moved still more slowly. She simply crawled. Her loud and raucous siren proclaimed to all the craft in the vicinity her sure approach. Every few minutes great, ghostly ships, lying at anchor, sprang suddenly out of the mist. We were almost up to them before we saw their tall and shadowy masts looming spectrally above us. More ringing of bells, and the engines stopped altogether. Then, after a pause, we crept cautiously forward again, like a man groping his way in the dark. The apparitions that came suddenly upon us, and that as suddenly vanished again, were all of them the ghosts of things movable. From not one of them could we glean any sure knowledge as to our exact position. Here is a clumsy old dredge; there lies a tall ship riding at anchor; yonder is a snorting little motor-boat. But nothing fixed; nothing stable; nothing reliable. We are whelmed in uncertainty. A little later came the change which I have set out to describe; but at this stage we were enveloped in the haze and surrounded by objects from which our position could not with confidence be reckoned. Such an experience has three perils. There is the danger of getting into

shallow water and going aground; there is the danger of running down some other vessel; and there is the danger of being ourselves run down. All three of these disasters are fairly common. I fancy I have noticed that the people who get into the shallows of life, and become stranded there, are invariably people who were getting on very rapidly without being quite certain of their course. Although the horizon was by no means clear, and no fixed objects stood bravely out to guide them, they found a certain exhilaration in continuing at topmost speed. Unhappily, in such cases, the exhilaration does not last; there is nothing particularly exhilarating in being stuck in the mud! And, worse still, there is certainly nothing very exhilarating in being fast on a jagged reef! In either of these situations, a ship becomes a misery to herself and a menace to all the craft around her. I remember, years ago, seeing the *Elginshire* hard and fast on the rocks on the east coast of New Zealand. She had been wrecked on her maiden trip. There she stood, a fine vessel, as erect as a ship in port! It seemed incredible that, looking so trim and taut, she was nevertheless wrecked beyond redemption. The New Zealand Government eventually ordered her to be blown up, lest other ships, seeing her lying there in apparent safety, should be decoyed by her to a similar fate. On the whole it is better to forfeit the exhilaration and to proceed slowly, with bells clanging and sirens screaming. And then of course, there is the risk of a collision. It would be distinctly unpleasant to see, looming darkly out of the mist, and bearing down upon us, the gigantic proportions of some huge liner, several times as large as our own ship! It was thus that the *Empress of Ireland* perished in the fog on the St. Lawrence a few years ago. These deafening blasts on the siren are a contrivance for our own protection and for other people's. George MacDonald tells of a blind man who always carried a lantern. People used to ask him of what use the lantern could be to his sightless eyes. 'I do not carry it,' he replied, 'to prevent my stumbling over others, but to keep them from stumbling over me!' The man who, uncertain as to his course, goes calmly on, without in any way expressing his perplexity, is courting a most terrible disaster. By his very silence he may easily destroy his own ship—or somebody else's. Yes, his own or somebody else's; and other people's ships are worth thinking about. Once, in my New Zealand days, I revisited England. Shall I ever forget the excitement of sighting the English coast and of anchoring in Plymouth Sound? We sent telegrams to the home folks, telling them the exact hour at which they might expect us next day. Then once more the great ship stood out to sea and began her voyage up the Channel. And, off the Nore, down came the fog? Down, too, to our unspeakable disgust, went the anchor! There we waited and waited and waited, half deafened by the screamings and hootings of the horns that answered to our own, and half blinded by the frantic efforts that we made to pierce the all-enshrouding mists and see the land near by! Presently the captain came sauntering along the deck, a picture of colossal calm. 'This is very exasperating,' I observed. 'We sent telegrams from Plymouth, telling the people at home when to meet us, and

they'll be waiting at the docks now. Is there no possibility of getting on?' 'All very fine for you!' the skipper replied cheerily. 'You are on a ten-thousand ton liner. And you would like me to go on up the river, crumpling up everything we happen to strike as though it were made of brown paper! No, no; we've got the other ships to think of!' To be sure! We have the other ships to think of. Many a time since, when the thick fogs have enveloped me, and I have been uncertain of my course, and have nevertheless been tempted to go full steam ahead, I have recalled the old sea captain's rebuke. There are others to think of. But I spoke just now of the change that came later. It came quite suddenly. All at once the clamorous bells in the engine room became busy again. The powerful turbines at the stern are once more churning the water into foam, and very soon a broad wake lies out behind the steamer. She is moving forward, not timorously, but with obvious confidence. What has happened to effect so striking a change? Ah! Away to the right we can make out through the haze the rude, ungainly timbers of the Pile Light. It is not much to look at; but it is at least a fixture. It is something to argue from. A shag stands perched upon it, craning his neck and staring timidly at us. Perhaps the strange appearance of the enshrouded ship alarms him, for, when he get abreast of him, he spreads his wings and, keeping close to the surface of the water, flies to a more distant perch. Going at this rate we soon penetrate the bank of fog. The land breaks suddenly upon us. We are out in the sunshine again. The low, leaden wall of mist lies gloomily across the bay behind us. Before us are wharves, houses, trees, the entrance to the river, and the city in the distance. The sighting of the Pile Light made just all the difference. It always does. He is the skillful mariner whose vigilant and practised eye is swift to discern, amidst the haze of shifting things, life's fixed and stable qualities. The captain on the bridge saw the Pile Light long before I did. I felt the new and confident movement of the ship, and looking about in surprise for an explanation of the change. The sighting of the Pile Light marked the transition from doubt to certainty. And life knows no greater transition than that. Those who have followed the adventures of George Fielding in *It is Never Too Late to Mend* will remember the search for the lost cattle. George took Jacky, the black fellow, and they set out under a broiling Australian sun. Presently Jacky broke the silence abruptly. 'I find one,' said he. 'Where? Where?' cried George, looking all round. Jacky pointed to a rising ground at least six miles off. George groaned. 'Are you making a fool of me? I can see nothing but a barren hill with a few great bushes here and there. You are never taking those bushes for beasts?' Jacky smiled with utter scorn. 'White fellow stupid fellow; he see nothing.' 'Well, and what does black fellow see?' snapped George. 'Black fellow see a crow coming from the sun, and when he came over there he turned and went down and not get up again a good while. Then black fellow say, "*I think!*" Presently come flying one more crow from that other side where the sun is not. Black fellow watch him, and when he come over there he turn round and go down too, and not

get up a good while. Then black fellow say, "*I know!*" They tramped the six miles, climbed the hill, and found one of George's best bullocks at its last gasp, with tongue protruding, a crow perched upon its ribs. '*I think!*' said Jacky to himself; and in his uncertainty he simply sauntered by his puzzled master's side, and kept his eyes wide open. '*I know!*' said Jacky; and with that brave confession came his master's enlightenment and a new and brisker pace. '*I think!*' said the captain of the Loongana; and we crawled slowly and painfully and cautiously forward. '*I know!*' said the captain of the Loongana on sighting the Pile Light; and the whole behavior of the ship was changed. Life holds few greater transitions than that notable transition from the realm of '*I think!*' to the realm of '*I know!*' Carlyle never forgot the hour of that transition. 'It is from that hour,' he says, 'that I date my spiritual new birth, or Baphometic Fire-Baptism; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man!' 'What was it,' asks Dr. Fitchett, in his Life of Wesley, 'what was it that happened in that little room in Aldersgate Street on the night of May 24, 1738? Something did happen; something memorable; something enduring. It changed Wesley's life. It transfigured weakness into power. Nay, it did something more: it changed the course of history.' And what was it? It was, Dr. Fitchett says, the passage of Wesley's soul from the realm of doubt to the realm of certainty. That night Wesley sighted the Pile Light; caught a glimpse of things that are immovable; and his life took on a new spirit and a new temper in consequence. A very similar experience visited the soul of John Bunyan. 'After I had been in this miserable condition some three or four days, as I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, "*I must go to Jesus.*" At this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, "Wife," said I, "now I know! *I know!*" Oh, that night was a good night to me. I never knew but few better. I longed for the company of some of God's people, that I might have imparted to them what God had showed me. Christ was a precious Christ to my soul that night. I could scarce lie in bed for joy and peace and triumph through Christ!' Bunyan had sighted the Pile Light. It is wonderful how little we need to see. The captain on the bridge could not see the land, nor the houses, nor the trees, nor any of the thousand and one things that he could generally see from that spot. But he could see *one* fixed object, and that sufficed him. I used to think that, before my soul could move forward with confidence, she must see everything. I thought that, before I could venture with any assurance upon the religious life, I must understand the story of Creation, must grasp the wonder of the miracles, must have some theory of the Atonement, must understand the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and must be able to prove the immortality of the soul. I fancied that it was necessary, before proceeding with confidence, to see the trees and the houses and the towers of the distant city. 'Unless all these are clear to me,' I said to myself, 'I can never make the port!' I have since discovered my mistake. I do not need to see the houses and the trees

and the things along the shore; I only need to see the Pile Light. I do not need to see *everything*; I only need to see *something*.

'I have a life with Christ to live,
But, ere I live it, must I wait
Till learning can clear answer give
Of this and that book's date?
I have a life in Christ to live,
I have a death in Christ to die;
And must I wait till Science give
All doubts a full reply?

'Nay, rather, while the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,
Questioning of life and death and sin,
Let me but creep within
Thy fold, O Christ, and at Thy feet
Take but the lowest seat,
And hear Thine awful voice repeat
In gentlest accents, heavenly sweet,
"Come unto me and rest;
Believe me and be blest!"'

That is all; but it is enough. It is not everything; but it is the Pile Light standing out bravely through the mist. As soon as we saw the Pile Light we quickly left the fog behind us. So did Bunyan. 'Wife,' said he, 'I must go to Jesus!' And 'at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view.' That is the precise counterpart of our experience in the Bay. 'What are your speculations?' asked a friend who stood beside the death-bed of Michael Faraday. 'Speculations?' he replied in astonishment. 'Speculations? I have none. I know whom I have believed. I rest my soul upon certainties!' It is a great thing, when the mists of death are closing in on every side, to approach the last report with the outline of the Pile Light in full view!—Nothing in Boreham is more wonderful than his infinite variety, which no number of volumes can wither or stale, no amount of output exhaust. Take now something different, his inimitable story of Marjorie: "Marjorie is ninety-two, although you would never suspect it. Her hair is as black as it was when, more than seventy years ago, her tall young lover first stroked it. Marjorie is English—as English as English can be. The fact stares you in the face as soon as you put your hand to the latch of her gate. For the little front garden is the condensed essence of England. It is as English as the garden of a Kentish cottage. You inhale the scent-laden English air as you walk down the path to Marjorie's door. You drink in the fragrance of the roses and the wallflowers, the sweet-peas and the jasmine, the carnations and the gillyflowers, the musk and mignonette; and then, as you pause for a moment in the porch, awaiting the opening of the door, the soft petals of the honeysuckle brush against your face. They must all be flowers of rich perfume to be of any use to Marjorie now, for Marjorie is blind. I had been in conversation with her for some time before I realized that the eyes that seemed to look so wistfully into mine were

unable to convey any impression to her alert and hungry mind. Her sightless eyes and the slight stoop at the shoulders are the only indications that she gives you of her heavy burden of years. She cannot see the pictures on the wall, representing the scenes of her childhood—the village street with its comfortable inn and its odd medley of stores; the thickly wooded lane in which she so often found nuts and blackberries; the fields of golden buttercups; and the village green with its rustic seats and shady grove of oaks. She cannot see these pictures now; but she says that the scenes all come back to her, as clearly as if she had visited them yesterday, when she sits out in the porch, luxuriating in the fragrance of the flowers, listening to the droning of the bees, and enjoying the song of the thrush who sings to her from his perch in the lilac by the side of the house. Even if I, like Marjorie, live to be ninety-two, I shall never forget that first visit that I paid her. It came about very simply. 'I wish,' said a gentleman, as he left the service on Sunday morning, 'I wish you could find time to call on my old mother. She would appreciate it.' He gave me the address, and I set out the very next day, little dreaming that so very ordinary a mission was destined to bring into my life so wealthy an enrichment. Very abruptly sometimes life's casual ministries unlock for us the gates of gold. We turn a bend in a dusty road, and catch a glimpse of Paradise. We reach unexpectedly the brow of a hill, and obtain a vision of infinity. So was it with me that day. As I sat in the cosy little parlor awaiting the old lady's entrance, I expected that I should have to make the conversation, and I wondered how I could best secure that it should serve some profitable end. I smile now at the ignorance that led me into such a line of cogitation. I had not then met Marjorie. When she entered the room, the conversation made itself. I had simply nothing to do with it. I came to minister; but I found myself being ministered to. Not for a moment do I suggest that Marjorie was what Bunyan would call a brisk talker on matters of religion. She was far too reverent and far too modest for that. I mean rather that she had something really great to say, and she said it really greatly. Hers was the grand style, glorified by transparent sincerity. Her speech was dignified and stately, while her voice was tremulous with deep emotion. There was a majesty about her very diction. She employed phrases that are never now heard, and that are only to be found in the mellow pages of a school book never now read. Outside a second-hand bookshop you may often see a box into which the desperate dealer has thrown all his rubbish, offering it to an unappreciative public at a nominal price of a penny a volume. To turn over this ill-assorted collection of literary flotsam and jetsam is as interesting and pathetic as to wander through the casual ward of a workhouse. No two cases are alike, yet all have come to this! Here in the box is a Spanish grammar, badly torn; there, too, is the second part of a three-volume novel. Like Euclid's ideal circle, it is without beginning and without ending. Yonder is the guide-book to a long-forgotten exhibition. Such a higgledy-piggledy box! But if you delve a little more deeply, you will be sure to come upon some old volumes

of eighteenth-century sermons. The leather backs are badly broken, and the leaves are yellow with age. But if you will sacrifice the necessary penny and go to the trouble of carrying one of these old volumes home, you will find the very vocabulary to which I listened as I sat that day in Marjorie's pretty little parlor. Yet, as this dead language fell from Marjorie's lips, it came to life again: It was full of energy and vigor; it was instinct with spiritual significance and with holy passion. It throbbed and quivered and glowed and flashed. It was as if some ancestral castle that had stood deserted and gloomy for a century had been suddenly inhabited, and was now ablaze with light and vibrant with shouts and laughter. The antique phrases simply sparkled with vitality as they tripped from her tongue. It was, as I say, a great story greatly told. Marjorie had been buffeted in a long, stern struggle; she had known heart-break and agony and tears; yet her memory remained at ninety-two absolutely unclouded, and her lip retained its power of forceful utterance. And sitting there in her cosy parlor, while the breath of the garden came pouring in through the open window, did Marjorie unfold to me the treasures of her rich experience. 'Ah, yes, she replied, with a smile, when I made some reference to the remarkable length of her pilgrimage, 'I was only a girl when I entered into the sweetness of religion.' The phrase, illumined by that bright though sightless smile, and interpreted by accents so full of feeling, fastened upon my memory at once. '*The sweetness of religion.*' 'I was only a girl when I entered into the *sweetness of religion*.' And then she went on to tell me of the rapture of her first faith. Seventy-five years earlier, religion had come into her life like a great burst of song. Amid the sunshine of an English summertime, while the fields were redolent of clover and of new-mown hay, her girlish soul had sought and found the Saviour. Instantly the whole world had stood transfigured. Her tongue seemed to catch fire as she told me of the radiant experiences of those never-to-be-forgotten days. I saw, as I listened, that the soul has a rhetoric of its own, an eloquence with which no acquired oratory can compare. She told of the joy that she found in her own secret communion with the Lord, sometimes in the quietude of her little room—the room with the projecting lattice window from which she loved to watch the mists rising from the hollow as the sun came up over the hills; sometimes down among the alders along the banks of the stream, sitting so still that the rabbits would scurry up and down the green banks without taking the slightest notice of her; sometimes in long, delicious rambles across the open park—rambles in which she was only disturbed by the swish of a frightened pheasant or the tramp of fallow deer; and sometimes amid the leafy seclusion of the primrose woods. And often, at sunset, when Dapple and Brownie had been milked, and the tea-things put away, she would take her knitting and saunter down the dusty old road. And as, one by one, the stars peeped out, and the nightingale called from the woods in the valley, and glowworms shone in the grass under the hedge, and a bat flapped and fluttered in its queer flight round her head, it seemed as though the miracle of Emmaus were repeated, and Jesus came

and walked with her. She spoke of the wonders that, under such conditions, broke upon her spirit like a light from heaven. Her Bible became a new book to her; and an unspeakable glory fell upon the village sanctuary, the dearest spot on earth to her in those days of long ago. A wave of happy recollection swept over her as she told of the walks along the lanes and across the fields, in the company of a group of kindred spirits, to attend those simple but memorable services. The path led through a tossing sea of harebells and cowslips; the lane was redolent of hawthorn and sweet-brier. As they made their way to the church that peeped shyly through the foliage of the clump of elms on the hill, the solemn monotone of its insistent bell mingled with the chatter of the finches in the hedges and the blither note of the lark high up in the blue. Marjorie's blind eyes almost shone as she recalled, and, with glowing tongue, recounted, all these precious and beautiful memories. 'I was only a girl,' she said, 'when I entered into the sweetness of religion!' 'But,' I interjected, 'you speak of the sweetness of religion as though it were a thing of long ago. Do you mean that it became exhausted? Did that happy phase of your Christian experience fade away?' A cloud passed over her face like the shadow that, on a summer's afternoon, will sometimes float over the corn. 'Oh, well, you know,' she replied, after a thoughtful pause, 'the tone of one's life changes with the years. I left my girlhood behind me. I married; children came to our home in quick succession; life became a battle rather than a frolic; and sometimes the struggle was almost grim. Then troubles fell thick and fast upon me. In one dreadful week I buried two of my boys, one on the Tuesday and the other on the Friday. Then, last of all, my husband, the soul of my soul, the best man I have ever known, was snatched rudely from my side.' Marjorie hid her face for a moment in her hands. At last my impatience compelled me to break the silence. 'And do you mean,' I inquired, 'do you mean that, under the stress of all this sorrow, you lost *the sweetness of religion*?' 'Well,' she replied thoughtfully, 'under such conditions you would scarcely speak of *sweetness*. I would rather say that, during those sterner years, I entered into *the power of religion*.' A ring, almost of triumph, came into her voice. 'Yes,' she said, 'in those years I entered into *the power of religion*. Only once did my faith really stagger. It was on the night of that second funeral—that second funeral within a single week! I was kneeling in my own room on the spot on which I had knelt, morning and evening, through all the years. But I could not pray. I felt that God had failed and forsaken me. My shrine was empty, and I burst into tears. And then, all at once, a Hand seemed laid gently upon my shoulder and a Voice sounded in my ear. "Am I a man that I should lie?" it said. I was startled. I felt chastened and rebuked. I had treated Him as though He were no wiser than I, and as though He had broken His word. Then, through my tears, I prayed as I had never been able to pray before. A great peace soothed my broken spirit. I was ashamed of my distrust. It was the only time my faith had wavered. No; I should not speak of *sweetness* as I recall those years of bitter sorrow and sore struggle. In

those days I entered into *the power of religion!* 'But now look, Marjorie,' I pleaded, 'you tell me that, as a girl, you entered into *the sweetness of religion*, and that, in the graver years that followed, you entered into *the power of religion*. But your girlhood and your struggle have both passed now, and here you are in this quiet little cottage looking back across the intervening years at those far-away periods. Would you say that you now enjoy the *sweetness* or the *power*?' Her face shone; it was almost seraphic. Her whole being became suddenly animated and luminous. She reached out her hands toward me as though she held something in each of them. '*I have them both!*' she cried in a perfect transport of delight. '*I have them both!* The *sweetness* that I knew in my English girlhood has come back to me in the days of my old age; and the *power* that came to me in the years of trial and loss has never since forsaken me. *I have them both;* oh, bless His holy Name, *I have them both!*' It was too much for her. Overcome by the rush of recollection and the tempest of exultant emotion, she sank back in her chair and lapsed into silence. 'Why, Marjorie,' I said, 'you have given me the very thing I wanted. As I walked along the road I was wondering what I should preach about on Sunday. But I know now. I shall preach on those words from the swan-song of Moses in which the old leader, in laying down his charge, bears grateful witness to God's goodness to Israel. "He made him," he says, "to suck *honey* out of the *rock*." I was reading in a book of travel only yesterday that in the Orient the wild bees store their honey in the crevices among the cliffs, and on a hot day you may see it trickling down the face of the granite in shining streams of sweetness! As a girl, you say, you entered into *the sweetness of religion*. As a girl, girl-like, you gave little thought to the rock itself, but you loved to taste the *sweetness* of the *honey*. You entered into *the sweetness of religion!* But, as a woman, in the turmoil and tussle of life, buffeted and storm-beaten, you forgot the *honey* that oozed from the cracks and fissures, and were glad to feel the massive strength of the rock itself beneath your feet. You entered into *the power of religion!* And now, the fury of the storm all overpast, you tell me that you still rest upon the great rock, rejoicing in its firmness; and, as in your earlier days, you once more enjoy the *honey* that exudes from its recesses. You enjoy both the strength and the *sweetness*; *you have them both!* "With *honey* out of the *rock* have I satisfied thee!" I shall certainly preach on that text on Sunday!'"—Again we say there is no easier reading, nor any more refreshing and rewarding, than Boreham's captivating essays, homely, heartening and highminded. Now, for your own sake, go buy this book, everybody who has the price.

Forgotten Faces. By GEORGE CLARKE PECK. 12mo, pp. 219. New York and Cincinnati: The Methodist Book Concern. Price, net, \$1.25.

On the "jacket" of this book the publishers print at the front a list of F. W. Boreham's books, eight volumes of *Essay Sermons*. On the back a list of Dr. Peck's books, eight volumes of *Sermon-Essays*. We

are on the point of calling George Clarke Peck the Boreham of the American Pulpit, and F. W. Boreham the Peck of Australia. There is nothing far-fetched or strained in such a coupling. The two are kindred minds in sympathy, fertility, poignancy, intuitive insight, penetration into human nature and life. If either excels in poignancy, it is Peck: for which there are reasons. Both are palpitant with living spiritual power, also in volume, variety, value and inexhaustibility of output. Peck and Boreham are peers, fit to be put side by side, sixteen volumes on your shelves. Said an elder of the Brick Church on Fifth Avenue, New York: "Dr. Van Dyke was especially literary and appealed most to a certain class or classes. Maltbie Babcock was boundlessly, intensely human, knew no classes but drew them all,—young and old, rich and poor, educated and uneducated, sick and well. They crowded the aisles, and the pulpit steps, and thronged vestibule and sidewalk to hear him." That is the kind of minister George Peck is. His sermons are *lived* before they are preached. So they go thrilling home to throbbing human lives. This new volume is a portrait gallery of seventeen typical intensely human faces. In sampling Peck or Boreham haphazard is safe. Take the first picture in the gallery, *The Face of an Outcast*: The old-fashioned family album is, pretty generally, a thing of the past. I do not mean to say that the species is extinct: merely this, that it is a survival. Modern folks do not buy and fill family albums, but everybody has seen one specimen at least. Usually it comes into view when conversation flags or waxes reminiscent. Down from the shelf, or out from the closet, or up from under something—the album. This is grandmother when grandfather first met her. And that is "Uncle Fred" when he first donned trousers. And here is cousin Mary who ran away to get married. And there is the great Mr. So and So—a special friend of the family. And over the page is?—well, now, really, I've forgotten just who that is. But yonder is the likeness of the baby that died. Everybody knows the look of such an album. Very likely you have puzzled your brains over one more than once. Nay, if the truth were to come out, you have *suffered* over it. Perhaps you own one. But it is a perfectly safe assumption that you do not *keep* one. Nobody does nowadays. Curious old volume, with its half-forgotten faces, its freight of memories that bless and burn, its thoughts too deep for tears! The purpose of this modest book is to point out the faces of a group of Bible characters whose names are unfamiliar, if, indeed, you ever heard them. Everybody recognizes at a glance the features of Moses and David, of Elijah and Paul—as of Cromwell and Shakespeare, of Washington and Grant. The name itself is a key to unlock rich treasures of memory. But I am not to show you the familiar faces in this great Album; I am to pause over pages you perhaps never lingered at before; to read with you the features of men concerning whom you cannot recall a single event; to speak names that suggest nothing in particular. My word for it, that the subjects were very much alive one day, long ago, when the photographs were taken; and, what is more to the point, are to be met any day on the street or in trade. Respectfully, then, as dealing with human

life; soberly, without pharisaism or sneer, we shall take a look at some of the unfamiliar faces in the Album. And, first, at this one. Before I mention the man's name, let me quote the description of him: "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." It is the best likeness we have of the man. God took it, as you will learn from the Record. "His hand against every man, and every man's hand against him." The likeness lacks nothing of tragedy. When you can say of any human brother that he lives in arms against all his brethren, and they against him, you have described loneliness utter and corrosive. One of my friends, an adopted Englishman, used to say, in his dry way, "I hate the whole world, and yet I am not happy." The drollery of the speech always set me shaking. As if anybody could expect to be happy, hating the whole world! Yet some do, apparently. They cannot seem to figure out what ails the world—that it fails to make them happy in spite of themselves. They go up and down the highways of life with a very conspicuous chip on the shoulder. And, lest anybody should miss sight of it, they call attention to it in various ingenious ways. Usually there is somebody to knock it off, accidentally or otherwise. Frequently there is a specialist in the chip-knocking business who is more than willing to accommodate the man with the chip on his shoulder. Then something happens. Sometimes it is a world-tragedy that happens. One day, more than five years ago, Servia knocked the chip off Austria's shoulder. I do not think it was intentional. But, in the mêlée that followed, it looked as if every nation in Europe carried a chip on the shoulder. And, then, we were drawn into the dreadful fracas. Of course, we could not *stay out*. But alas that there should have been any occasion to *go in*! I wonder if the day will soon come when the nations will cease carrying chips on their shoulders, or when there will be none to knock a chip off. There is the remedy. A chip on the shoulder is as harmless as a chip on the floor until somebody knocks it off. Until somebody knocks it off there can be no quarrel. Let him wear it if he enjoys that sort of ornamentation. And let him be lonely with a new and redeeming loneliness when he discovers none to dispute his wearing of it. I do not mean "non-resistance." I am talking about *picking* quarrels. Most quarrels are "*picked*." But the man in the Album—the man whose hand was against every other's. His name? Ishmael, of course. I need not retell the story. It is a pitiful story, spotted with jealousy and streaked with tears. Ishmael was Abraham's "natural son." In our day he might have been called a "war-baby." According to the Record, he was given the "bar sinister" before he was born. Illegitimate? I suppose. But a wise friend of mine declares that there is no such thing as an illegitimate child. The first time I heard him say it all the Puritan in me was shocked. He was battering down the family altar. He was opening the doors to wanton impulse and unhallowed life. So it seemed—until I looked into his face again. Then I understood. He meant, so far as he meant anything with which I can agree, that we have no right to brand a child with the sin of his parents. Nor have we. God help us to be fair if we cannot be pitiful. The latest-born foundling

of our city streets is as innocent of the sin of his parents as he is of responsibility for the European war or for the last killing frost. Ishmael was Abraham's son as truly as Isaac was. He was Hagar's own flesh and bone, as Isaac was Sarah's. Moreover, he was a child of the Eternal just as essentially as Isaac was. This is the factor we churchmen ignore. We are such ignorant Christians that we utterly lose sight of the divine stake in every new baby born. No child comes into the world without the kiss of the good God upon the white soul of him. Whatever the sins of his parents, his own soul is as clean as the morning until he soils it for himself. If we mean anything at all by our pious talk about the Fatherhood of God, we ought to be able to clear the name of any foundling. He is a child of God. No child of God can, in the bleakest sense of the word, be "illegitimate." I am not suggesting that we condone the sins of parents; I am merely insisting that we honor the spark of the Infinite by giving it full chance to break into full flame. Suppose that David's first son by Bathsheba had lived. Would he have been less worthy than the second son to realize on Mount Moriah a father's dream? For that matter, in what respect was Solomon more "legitimate" than his older brother? No thanks to their parents, God has done some beautiful work by the hands of waifs and foundlings. It was out of the heart of God that Burns caught the refrain of his most famous lines:

"For a' that and a' that,
A man's a man for a' that."

For all the pitiful accidents of his human parentage, he traces his ancestry to God. Aren't there foes enough to face without making a son of God spend the best part of his strength living down an unfortunate name? And so far as that goes, I wonder if any man alive is proud; or, knowing all the facts, *would* be proud of every drop of blood in his veins. He that is absolutely without misgiving on that score, let him first cast a stone or two at Ishmael. Ordinarily, when people adopt a child they take no end of pains beating up the family tree to see what is up there. A prudent proceeding, doubtless, especially in view of the fact that most of us have had to accept ourselves as we found ourselves, family tree and all. We came into the world through that mysterious gate which opens to a woman in the valley of the shadow of death; since which time we have been endeavoring to make the best of what was not an altogether good bargain. Then, for the sake of the God for whom Ishmael is named, give him a chance. In the name of the God of hope, let Ishmael read hope, not suspicion, in our eyes. By the grace of the God of mercy, let Ishmael forget the "bar sinister" if he can. But my story leads on. Things went from bad to worse in Abraham's household. Sarah could not stand by the bargain she had made. Few women could, I suppose. Remember that Sarah had planned for Hagar's child. The home was childless—like too many modern homes. No incarnate hope to which to pin the divine promise of a race named after Abraham. But Sarah could not abide the success of her own plan. She hated the slave-woman's child before he was born. She hated him when he lay

in his mother's arms. She hated him when he began to toddle about the house. Most of all, I suppose she hated him for the proud father-look in her husband's eyes. Besides, Hagar was insufferable. The sneer in the slave-mother's face lashed Sarah's soul. I am not blaming Sarah overmuch. I am thinking of the misfortune for the child. To be born into such an atmosphere! There is an atmosphere more deadly than the deadly gases used by the Germans. You breathe it before you know that you are breathing. And your soul wilts under the noxious fumes. "What did you hit me for?" gasped the under-dog in a boyish encounter. "I didn't say nothin'." "No, and you didn't *need* to say nothin'," was the reply; "it's your *look* that got me." Often it is that. People do not need to open their lips; all they need do is look the distrust or hate they are feeling. Only a man with a rhinoceros hide can do his best work and show his best self under such blasting glance. Personally, I would rather be raged at or beaten up with hard fists than to be the object of the kind of look I speak of. You will remember that as the "First Settler" stood viewing his word-work on the floor of their shanty—his lovely child-wife dead as result of the storm into which his ugly speech had driven her the night before—he confessed brokenly, "I killed her with my tongue." Nothing of storm or exhaustion—just a pitiless review of the evidence: "I killed her with my tongue." There is no law against that kind of murder. But I am thinking of another kind of murder, less noisy and more certain still; the kind we commit with our eyes. For there *is* a look which kills: kills hope, kills trust, kills endeavor, kills love—kills the soul. I do not find record of any altercations between Sarah and Ishmael. I cannot affirm that she ever spoke a cross word to the boy. But, so far as that goes, she did not need to *say* anything; all she needed to do was to let him *feel* her scorn. Her look was enough to embitter the growing boy. Suspicion, hate, insolence, accusation—and what more?—may be put into a look. Sometimes I fancy that the lordly *looks* of the prosperous are specially responsible for the growing bitterness of the working classes. Everybody resents lordliness—except in himself. I have watched it grow in men who had been lifted to eminence of fortune or scholarship or office. They took on an air of superiority which could but sting. Why, all you have got to do to render some men as inaccessible as the stars is to let them make a few thousands of dollars, or be elected president of a bank or to Congress. Said one of the Roman emperors, when dying: "Alas, I am about to become a god." He was thinking, evidently, about the Roman custom of deifying dead emperors. He was not avid of that sort of immortality. So he said "alas." But I have known a good many folks who would almost be willing to die in order to escape kinship with the common herd. Don't you suppose such spirit hurts? Honestly, I do not think it is the disparity between the mechanic's wage and the magnate's income, nor the contrast between the houses they live in, nor the differences of texture as between the clothing they wear—nor anything of the sort—so deeply as it is the overbearing or supercilious way of the "classes" that sets the "masses" hard and revengeful. May I refresh your memory of a charac-

teristic speech of Lincoln's? They were walking together, he and a friend; and suddenly the great Commoner turned aside to let another pedestrian pass. "Why did you give way?" asked the friend, in protest. "Because if I hadn't," was the quizzical reply, "there might have been a collision." Of course it was the business of the other to step aside for the President. But would you be willing to lose the memory of a President who could waive the honors due his exalted office? Only a hopeless Philistine will begrudge honors or office, wealth or power, to a knightly soul like that. "Papa" Joffre, as they affectionately call him, is the idol of France because of his beautiful approachability. No pedestal, no aloofness, no snobbery of power—just a frank winsomeness toward the commonest soldier in the ranks or the humblest peasant by the road. The world can stand a good deal of *that* sort of power and still not be envious. If your scholarship is like that, or your wealth, or your preferment, the man "lower down" (as we say) will fight for you, to help you hold your place. It is the knighthood of Jesus Christ. But the storm in Abraham's home eventually broke. Hagar and her fourteen-year-old boy must go. I do not know the whole history of the disaster. The Record says that Sarah caught Ishmael "mocking" her: making faces perhaps, or mimicking her tone, or what not. Tradition says that Ishmael was a husky lad, while Isaac, the son of Sarah's old age, was a cripple. Maybe Ishmael had himself to thank for the final rupture. At any rate, out they went, he and his mother; while Sarah breathed normally again; and Abraham's heart went strangely cold. (It was *his* boy, you know, his first-born.) Evidently, Abraham had to consider the peace of his home. Ishmael must go—an outcast, as his race has been ever since. It was to Ishmael that Esau turned for a wife when his brother defeated him. They were Ishmaelites to whom his brothers sold Joseph that tragic day in the field. Gypsies, Bedouins, freebooters—what you will—always an outcast to start the tribe! Of the tragic day on the moor, when Ishmael nearly died of thirst, I shall not stay to speak. One can guess the added depth to which it drove the iron in Ishmael's soul. But I am thinking of the outcast himself, and of the crime of helping to make a man that. There are men who have *sought* exile as the logic of their own evil. And I suppose there is, usually, an element of personal accountability for any ostracism. But I am thinking of the part we wittingly or unwittingly play in *making* men outcasts. It is a dreadful thing to help shut the door of hope or human sympathy behind any man. Whatever the accident of his birth, however unlovely the man himself, notwithstanding his personal demerit, it is a dreadful thing to help make him an outcast. I am not sure that there is *any* sin which justifies us in making the sinner an outcast. Jesus came to call even Ishmael back to the Father's house. That is the genius of his ministry. In his heart and practice there were no outcasts except self-constituted ones—like the prodigal son. And the prodigal son came home—to the immense scandal of his brother. Are we helping making outcasts or helping men home?—Buy this book and put it beside Boreham's *travologue* of his aeroplane trip to The Uttermost Star. It

is hard to tell which of the two is closer to both your fireside and your pulpit.

The Nemesis of Mediocrity. By RALPH ADAMS CRAM. 8vo, pp. 58. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. Price, \$1.

WE welcome this book for the sake of its protest but not for its program. It is a fearless indictment of many contemporary conditions, the fruitage of previous years of sowing. The spirit of this writer is pessimistic, but his diagnosis of the situation should be considered. There is a random criticism of life which we can afford to discard, but discerning criticism must be seriously reckoned with in spite of all its strictures. The right attitude to it is not retaliation but investigation. Cram laments the loss of real leadership in every walk of life and among all the nations. He recalls the stars of the first magnitude which blazed in the firmament of the world of a former day, and he finds that the leaders of the present day pale into utter insignificance in comparison. "The years just before the war were tumultuous with the petty machinations of the degenerate political and diplomatic successors of the masterly manipulators of destiny of the nineteenth century. Noble or cynical, they were leaders, these men of a dead generation: Metternich, Cavour, Disraeli, Bismarck, Gladstone, Gambetta, Lincoln, and they have left few successors, either to their glory or their infamy. Whether you like them all or not, these men of an elder age, one thing you must concede, and that is their capacity and their dominance as leaders." To be sure some of these men were striking personalities, but we can hardly characterize them as leaders in the best sense where they were lacking in genuine character. Anyone who would read the memoirs of Francesco Crispi cannot but reach the conclusion that several of these diplomatists of a former day were not leaders but conspirators working with sheer heartlessness against the rights of mankind. It was with reference to these despoilers of humanity that John Bright said: "As to the title of statesman I have seen so much intrigue and ambition, so much selfishness and inconsistency in the character of so-called statesmen, that I have always been anxious to disclaim the title. I have been content to describe myself as a simple citizen." We hardly agree with Cram's generalization that "inch by inch the valleys are being filled and the mountains brought low," and that society has been democratized, "not by filling in the valleys and lifting the malarial swamps of the submerged masses, but by a leveling of all down to their own plane." Such a statement is in the style of Carlyle, whose idea of greatness led him to magnify and place on a pedestal that blasphemous buccaneer misnamed Frederick the Great. A better explanation of the present situation is given by H. G. Wells in his book, *Italy, France, and Britain at War*, published in 1917. "One of the larger singularities of the great war is its failure to produce great and imposing personalities, mighty leaders, Napoleons, Cæsars. It is not that the war has failed to produce heroes so much as that it has produced heroism in a torrent. The great man of this war is the com-

mon man." Surely, is this not an advance beyond the days when one or two men dominated the situation? Is it not better to hear from the majority which has at last found its voice and which is of such large volume that it has drowned the rasping voice of the minority? If true democracy means "the abolition of privilege, equal opportunity for all, and utilization of ability," and if this ideal is being realized by the common man being reckoned with as a genuine force in life, we cannot complain because the uncommon man has not spontaneously made his appearance. We cannot eat our cake and have it. The present is one of transition, but without ignoring the evils can we not say that it is better than the past? Cram should take to heart the exhortation of him who has been called the sceptic of the Old Testament: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this" (Eccles. 7. 10). Cram voices the sentiments of the eugenist on the subject of mixed alliances, and while there is much truth in heredity and environment, the remedies of eugenics and euthenics have often been superficial because they have practically discarded the spiritual factors in human life. We need to be constantly reminded that the gospel of Jesus Christ is "not the survival of the fit but the revival of the unfit." The serious error in this stimulating book is that it really offers a materialistic basis for life. We certainly need vision; we must assuredly guard against those leaders who masquerade in the regalia of greatness; we must see to it that democracy raises the right sort of leaders who are not "little men, little in spirit and crafty rather than creative"; we must be careful that the new leadership is distinguished by "character, intelligence, and capacity." But let us guard against panaceas which heal lightly and slightly the hurt of the nations. The only inconclusive peace is that which has no place for God. Without him all standards are vain and all achievements empty.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

A Pilgrim in Palestine. By JOHN FINLEY. 8vo, pp. xiv+251. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$2, net.

Syria and The Holy Land. By the Very Rev. Sir GEORGE ADAM SMITH. 12mo, pp. 61. New York: George H. Doran Company. Price, 50 cents.

Zionism and the Future of Palestine. By MORRIS JASTROW, JR. 12mo, pp. xix+159. New York: The Macmillan Company. Price, \$1.25.

THE dignified entry of General Allenby into Jerusalem on December 10, 1917, was worthy of the great traditions of the British Empire. The notable changes that have already taken place in the Holy Land are an earnest of future achievements. It was Dr. Finley's peculiar privilege, as American Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine, to witness and share in many of the dramatic events since its occupation by the British. His intimate friendship with General Allenby gave him unusual opportuni-

ties to see and hear. His book is a stirring recital, and his observations and reflections make it a welcome and timely contribution. He traveled the length and breadth of the land on foot in the capacity of a devout pilgrim as well as in the discharge of his office as a Red Cross commissioner. He was once recognized as a stranger in the Russian Church on the Mount of Olives and one of the worshipers, a Russian woman, questioned him as to his persuasion. "*Quelle croix?*" she asked, speaking in French. "I did not at first understand the import of her inquiry, though I realized that she was putting to me an all-important question: '*Quelle croix—grecque ou latine?*' (What cross do you make; that of the Greek Church or of the Latin Church?) My answer was, '*La Croix Rouge*' (the Red Cross), the sign of mercy universal, the symbol not of a creed, nor even of a Christian faith, but of human kinship and brotherhood." On another occasion he entered the desolate village of Halhul when the "women and children fled as birds or prairie dogs into their burrows," fearing this stranger in uniform, for they knew only too well the afflictions visited on them by the unspeakable Turkish officers. When they learned that the visitor was specially interested in the children of Palestine the situation was gradually changed, their suspicion was dissipated and an Oriental welcome was accorded him. The chapter on General Allenby is a eulogistic testimony to the high character of the real Deliverer of the Holy Land, so unlike the military commanders of a former day—Thothmes, Rameses, Tiglath-Pileser, Shalmaneser, Sargon, Sennacherib, Necho, Nebuchadnezzar, Cambyses, Alexander, Geoffrey, Richard Cœur de Lion and Napoleon. There is an interesting but fanciful play on the name Allenby, suggested by the euphonious union of two Arab words, "Allah," meaning "God," and "Nebi," meaning "prophet"—so "Allah-Nebi," a God-prophet. "And surely no one in the history of Palestine in the Christian era has come with a more godlike prophecy. If it were not known that every movement of his campaign of deliverance was planned down to the last meticulous detail what he has accomplished would seem a miracle, something of superratural achievement." The battle of Armageddon, unlike the historic encounters on this plain, was such a signal victory because "it was a battle without a morrow." Finley accompanied Allenby when he entered Damascus without pageantry or pomp. "But it was the first day of a new epoch for that old part of the world. An English colonel had been for three days of the occupancy the acting governor of Damascus; on that day an Arab was installed as governor of his own people, after a Turkish reign of four hundred years. And it was all without ceremony. Feisul, with a group of his attendants, called upon the commander-in-chief at his room in the Victoria Hotel; an hour later, as Emir, Feisul was standing beneath the Arab flag on the Government House, and in another hour the commander-in-chief was making his way in his gray Rolls-Royce car across the dun plateau to the fords of the Jordan." Dr. Finley writes with animation about Nazareth, and adds, "I shall ever consider it the greatest privilege and honor of my life that I was permitted, first of Americans—after the army of occupation and its attachés—and first of pilgrims on foot to enter this

'home town' of the Christian world in this new epoch and to enter it weering the sign of humanity's brotherhood, the Red Cross." Every page of this volume breathes the spirit of enthusiastic devotion and the reader frequently finds himself envying this pilgrim, who was not a vagrant, as he traversed the sacred places from Beersheba to Dan, from Jaffa to Jericho, and beyond Jordan. His description of the night on the Mount of Olives is written by one who is at once a student of history, a devout Christian and a poet. The prayer he wrote after this experience must be quoted: "O Thou whose feet upon the mountains of Moab are beautiful with the golden tidings of a new day, who dost walk upon the sea with sandals of silver and dost hasten across the desert hills, which thou makest to glow as jewels, on thy way to this mountain of light where thou didst often meet thy Son when on earth. Here shall I come each day though far away, on sea and land, to meet thee on this holy hill, and do thou go with me to the day's work in whatever city it lies, near or far. Help me to do it, whatever and wherever it be, in the spirit of him who prayed here. Amen." Dr. Finley had his historic imagination at work all the time, so that this volume will be read with great pleasure by clergy and laity. He received great courtesy and hospitality all along the way from the British officers as well as the fellahs, particularly in being kept supplied with water. "I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water." Remarks like this, made in passing, throw welcome light on passages in sacred Writ. The nine poems are beautiful meditations amid scenes conducive to the spirit of contemplation. In the concluding chapter, on "The House of My Pilgrimage," he expresses the hope that Palestine might become an "international reservation within the circle of the whole earth, even as a great park is set apart within the bounds of a single country—a reservation holy unto the cause of the human brotherhood proclaimed there two thousand years ago. . . . It is the ground on which to visualize in the earth the dreams of the civilization gathered at the peace-table, to show a practicable internationalism, not a nebulous thing, but a working model to which the East may look up from one side and the West from the other, and find themselves, in looking toward the same thing, brought into consciousness of a practical planetary brotherhood." He is not in sympathy with the aspirations of those who would establish a Jewish commonwealth in Palestine. There are serious difficulties in the way, largely due to the fact that Palestine has not been the exclusive home of the Jews for two thousand years and more. It has also been the home of Arabs and of native Christians, both Syrian and Greek. This point is well made by Principal Smith in his little volume on Syria and the Holy Land. Within a small compass and with unusual insight he discusses questions relevant to this and other issues. And no one is more competent to do it than the author of *The Historical Geography of the Holy Land*, which Finley describes as "a veritable epic poem in prose form." The political Zionists who are clamoring for an autonomous Jewish State have both history and humanity against them. They are trying to juggle with the name "Palestine," which represents a country

whose borders have always been as indefinite as the program of Zionism is vague. He advocates the creation in the Holy Land of a "government wholly devoted to Peace, with no temptation to war in itself and no provocation to other States, because founded by the agreement and solemn guarantees of all peoples to whom the land is dear and holy. What fitter soil could be dedicated to this ideal, which we pray to be gradually fulfilled all the world over, than that on which the coming of the Prince of Peace was predicted, on which he was born and suffered and died, that he might draw all men to himself and to one another?" With these two writers Dr. Jaastrow is in hearty agreement. His volume is a concise and thorough review of the claims and contentions of religious, economic and political Zionism, the three parties between whom there is no agreement because all three are lost in the mists of vagueness, without any historical basis. It is the most informing volume on Zionism, about which so much has been written. More important than its demands is what is known as the Jewish Question—"the struggle to secure for Jews in all lands the same political rights as their fellow citizens, compatible with the spirit of democracy." With reference to religious Zionism some searching remarks are made concerning those orthodox Jews and sincere Christians who misread the prophecies of the restoration, for lack of the perspective of history. "A Jewish State would simply mean a glorified ghetto, narrow in its outlook, undemocratic in its organization, and that may well turn out to be reactionary in its tendencies. I should like to envisage a Palestine that may become a beacon-light for the world, that may again become a spiritual focus, furnishing further inspiration for mankind as it proceeds in its march through the ages to a still higher, albeit unknown and unknowable, goal."

A READING COURSE

The Disease and Remedy of Sin. By the Rev. W. MACKINTOSH MACKAY, B.D. New York: Hodder and Stoughton. Price, \$2.50, net.

We have got away from the introspective habit and in doing so have lost something of the personal touch with people. The pastor is a watcher of souls. He is also an interpreter and guide of those who unburden themselves to him during the dark and confusing hours of their life. We have unfortunately become too evasive from lack of spiritual discernment. We have not recognized the deep concern of our people, often disguised by the appearance of indifference. Pastoral visiting is often such a superficial affair because the pastor has not realized that he is a "spiritual practitioner," who is supposed to understand the distempers of his patients and the remedies for them. We should encourage people to open their hearts to us, not after the enforced fashion of the Roman Confessional but in a manner that is suggestive of the fraternal basis of the Christian life. Those pastors who have succeeded here held the key of sympathy and insight which unlocked the doors and led troubled souls

into liberty and peace. The book we are to study this month throws light on many of the pastor's problems in the real things of his calling. It is written from the standpoint of a physician and a pastor, and the author draws many interesting analogies between religion and medicine which he found exceedingly helpful in his own pastoral work. "True religion, so far from being apart from real life, is the very essence of it; its truths are the laws of spiritual health, and, far from being a dispensable luxury, they are more necessary than the bread we eat or the air we breathe." At a time when we hear random and irresponsible remarks to the effect that the sense of sin has disappeared and that the higher man of to-day is not worrying about his sins, it is well to understand how to discriminate. May it not be that we have confused religious phraseology with religious facts?

"The name is out of date, but things sometimes
Survive their names, as names so oft live on
When things and men are dead."

This book is a course on "spiritual diagnosis." If at times the author is merciless, as the surgeon might seem to be, it is for the sake of the cure. There is nothing morbid in this discussion of sin as a disease. Among its symptoms are melancholy, or vague depression of spirits, which is much more than a question of temperament and calls for delicate treatment; sense of guilt, or spiritual pain with its root in fear of man, of one's higher self, or of God; but this is more often a hopeful symptom than a dangerous one because it shows that conscience is not dead and points the soul to the true remedy; moral paralysis is a symptom demanding radical measures; loneliness of soul, if not rightly treated, may result in hatred alike of God and man. The chapter on "The Sources of Soul-Sickness" considers the doctrine of original sin in the light of heredity and environment, and also reviews incentives like the infection by temptation. The conclusion of this searching study is that "the deepest root of sin is simply the want of God in the soul of man." After a preliminary discussion of the natural history of sin, various phases of this disease are dealt with in separate chapters. The "Diseases of the Flesh" are gluttony, sloth, intemperance, and the incontinent use of the sexual function. The "Diseases of the Heart," due to an exaggerated self-love, are ambition, vanity, pride, avarice—the passion for wealth, untruthfulness, anger, envy, jealousy. The "Diseases of the Spirit" are doubt, or deficiency of faith, superstition, or the misdirection of faith, hypocrisy, or insincerity of faith, irreverence, or contempt of faith. Note the distinction between belief and faith (p. 87) and how the perversions of faith have produced unfortunate results with their vitiating effects on character. These are all very real maladies, and it is their presence within the church which makes the pastoral office so arduous and calls for the diligent cultivation of the pastoral art, in many ways and more exacting than the preaching art. We cannot get away from the fact of the solidarity of sin, nor can we ignore the issue of irremediable sin, which makes the whole situation so serious because perilous.

What, then, is the way out? The answer is given with illuminating detail in Part II, on "The Remedy of Sin." Salvation is interpreted as a new principle of life to be appropriated by faith in the historic Christ (p. 115A). This faith is a personal trust, consisting of feeling, knowledge, will, and directed towards Christ, who is the Revealer of God and the Redeemer from sin. Note the distinction between the imitational and the evangelical views of faith: they are based respectively on the words, "Follow Me" and "Believe in Me," and are not contradictory but complementary. You will be interested in the exposition of *The Imitation of Christ*, by A. Kempis, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, two of the religious classics with which the present generation should be made acquainted. There is an important chapter, on "The Faith of Little Children," which removes many prevalent misconceptions. The attitude of Christ toward children needs to be understood, and it will serve as a healthy corrective of some of the evangelistic methods employed in work among children. The author warns against the danger of forcing upon the young mind experiences which are not natural to it. His interpretation of "salvation by education" is in accord with the principle of growth and reckons with the life of childhood far more adequately than some of the negative methods of repression. In the chapter on "Conversion by Crisis" the author takes issue with certain psychologists who confine this change to the period of adolescence and who seem to have an overfondness for the questionnaire methods of investigation, which often "tend to create the answers they wish only to elicit." Note what is said of the tendency of psychologists to explain away the miraculousness and mystery of conversion, and that it is discounted by the testimony from life (p. 148ff). What is meant by sudden conversion? How does it compare with conversion by *lysis*, where, as in disease, there is a gradual recovery? Such cases of protraction are generally found among those of an unsanguine temperament. A classic illustration of this type is that of Bunyan, related in his "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners." Other instances are found among those who suffer from alcoholic intemperance and of some who are converted during revivals. They fall away and recover themselves more than once before being finally established in Christ. What is your experience with such cases? With reference to the backslider it is stated that the deeper elements of the soul were not touched. Is this always so? (p. 173). On another page backsliding is called a spiritual relapse (p. 43). Some of the explanations of the author show his Calvinistic bias. It should be corrected and balanced by the Arminian view of the Christian life. The chapter on "Remedia Crucis" is a splendid exposition of the healing efficacy of the Cross. The sufferings of Christ make three great appeals to man—to his longing for sympathy, to his instinct for hero-worship, and to his need or pardon. These three points are discussed with rare discernment. The appeal of hero-worship is the exhibition of the beauty of self-sacrifice, but we are not to think of Christ merely as our example. It is only by union with him in mystical oneness that we can make imitation of him. "The Christ in us is quite compatible with the Christ for us." Consider what is written about "the mystic

union between the follower and the Followed," and make more of this neglected truth in your preaching (p. 183). The deepest appeal of the Cross is made to the conscience; the guilty soul is liberated by the acceptance of the divine forgiveness mediated through the Cross. The chapter on "Spiritual Convalescence" discusses the Christian's growth in grace. The author misunderstands the Methodist doctrine of Christian perfection and should re-read Wesley's classic on this subject. We do not think of holiness as a one-sided experience but touching the wholeness of life, although some of its exponents have not sufficiently reckoned with the depth and versatility of personality as understood at the present day. This subject needs to be more frequently preached from our pulpits.

The "means of grace" for the development of Christian character are called the "materia medica of faith." They are prayer, common worship, the Holy Communion, on which there are separate chapters. "Meditative prayer" is the highest form of prayer; it expresses "the purest faith, the most perfect hope and charity; which in itself purifies the soul." Among the purifying effects of such prayer are penitence and mental peace. A necessary protest is uttered against the custom of excluding the pastor from the bedside of the sick, under the delusion, sometimes of the pastor himself and more frequently of the relatives of the sick person, that bedside intercession might terrify the sick person. This is one of the reasons why Christian Science and kindred heresies are so popular. The church is at once a hospital and a home. We should therefore make more of "The Healing of the Sanctuary," with its regular periods of worship through prayer, praise and exhortation, which brings relief from spiritual depression, cures doubt and imparts the vision of God. Note what is said in a previous chapter on "the converting power of edifying preaching" (p. 144). Aim to be a "feeding preacher," and discharge your ministry not only as a "good physician to the convalescent" but also as a "spiritual nourisher of the healthy." The Lord's Supper has been called "the potion of Immortality." It acts as a purgative of sin by quickening the conscience afresh; it is a spiritual tonic in times of discouragement; it feeds and nourishes the soul which assimilates Christ as the Bread of Life.

SIDE READING

The Indwelling Spirit. By W. T. Davison (Hodder and Stoughton, \$1.50, net). The place of the Holy Spirit in pastoral work is frequently referred to by Mackay. There is no better book on the subject than this by the great Methodist theologian of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of England.

The Development of a Christian Soul. By George Steven (Doran, \$1.50, net). The influences that make and mar Christian character are forcefully interpreted in these suggestive chapters.

For information about books of interest to preachers, address this department, *Reading Course*, care of the **METHODIST REVIEW**, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

